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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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Peace, Plenty and Prosperity in the abundance of the Harvest

COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Talkers are seldom good doers.
Amusement is the waking sleep of labor.
It is easier to find fault than not to find it.
Tale bearers are as bad, as if not worse than, tale makers.
Temperance is the preservation of divine order in the body.
If you make money your god it will plague you like the devil.
A stubborn person does not hold opinions, but they hold him.
Weave a thread of habit every day and at last you cannot break it.
Success has a tendency to throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.
Those feel poetry most and write it best who forget that it is an art.
A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in mathematics.
The devil never tempted a man whom he found wisely employed.
Flowers are Nature's jewels with which she decks her summer beauty.
If you do what you should not, you must bear what you would not.
Modest expression is a beautiful setting to the diamond of talent and genius.
Find earth where grows no weed and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.
The best government is that which inspires the nobler passions and destroys the meaner.
Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.
Envy makes us see what will serve to accuse others, and not perceive what will justify them.
There are glimpses of heaven to us in every act, thought, or word that raises us above ourselves.
Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but ordinary things extraordinarily well.
True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life in whatever shape they may challenge us to combat.
Memory can glean, but it can never renew. It brings us joys faint as the perfume of faded flowers of the summer that is gone.
A smile is the light in the window of the face by which the heart signifies to those we love that it is at home and waiting.

GIFT of GOD A Halloween Love Story

By Constance Beatrice Willard

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SOME of the girls did not understand Susie Wheaton's feelings with regard to Howard Nelson. They thought of him as the young man who had the most money in their little village, and therefore best suited to make them a good husband. In the meanwhile, they liked to go about with him, and were proud when he invited them. However, Susie was different. Having early joined the church, she looked upon life a little more seriously, and realized that a man who scoffed at everything sacred, and who refused to attend church except on Sunday night when he went as to a social affair to take home some girl, was not one who could be trusted with the happiness of any woman. Yet, it was to him her heart had gone forth, and not unsought, for Howard loved her, and had told her so many times, and begged her to marry him, but she always gave him the same answer:

"Howard, you know what I believe—that to be unequally yoked with an unbeliever will produce all kinds of unhappiness. When you join the church, I'll marry you."

"But Susie," he said time and again, "How can I pretend to believe what I don't?" and she could only pray that he be made to believe.

During the summer of 1909, the young people of Mapledale, as the little New England village was called, had been very gay. There had been numberless excursions to various points of interest: picnics, rowing parties, and on Fourth of July, they had all united in a Sane Fourth celebration, following the suggestions offered by COMFORT. As the summer melted into autumn, they went for apples and nuts; gathered wild grapes, and had gypsy fires, in which they roasted corn and potatoes, and told stories in their light.

Naturally, as October drew towards an end, their thoughts turned towards Halloween, and the good minister of the church, Mr. Cloud, suggested to them that they have their entertainment in the church parlors, charge a nominal admission, and in this way add to a fund they were raising for a new organ. Susie eagerly took up with the idea, and finally induced the others to fall in with her plans, although Esther Hollis, who had been off to boarding school, and spent the preceding winter in Boston, felt that it might be as she termed it, "slow," if they had it in connection with the church.

"We ought not to want to do anything that is contrary to our church," Susie reminded her, and they all knew that she spoke the truth.

Howard begged Susie to let him call for her. He always asked her first, and was always refused. Susie either going with her brother George and Janie Smith to whom he was engaged, or with some of the girls. It hurt her terribly to have Howard go with the others, especially Esther, who she knew was trying to make him forget the village girls for her more refined self, but she was one who never allowed inclination to warp her judgment, and so she remained true to her colors, and again said sadly:

"Don't ask me, Howard, you know how impossible it is for me to be with you as long as you and I are traveling different roads."

"Teach me, Susie," he whispered, looking at her with a real love in his eyes, and Susie felt herself wavering, then she realized that if he could not do for his sweetheart and for right, he could not do for a wife, and so she drew back.

"You must find the right road for yourself, Howard," she told him.

"Esther will teach me whatever I ask," he cried angrily.

"I cannot help it," she returned quietly, and he dashed off and asked Esther to go with him, while Susie cried herself into a headache.

Halloween falling this year on Sunday, it was decided to celebrate on Monday, and considerable interest was awakened in the entertainment, but none of the secrets were told.

When the crowd arrived on that Monday night, they found the inn doors locked, and they had to wait in the vestibule until 7.30 exactly, when the door was opened, and those who had been outside found themselves in the presence of some twenty white-robed figures. The effect was remarkably funny, and produced with sheets and pillow-cases. Very funny faces had been marked on the cases, and with holes cut for eyes, nose and mouth, an admirable mask was afforded. It was almost impossible to distinguish the identities of those behind the white coverings, and much amusement was afforded by guessing. Esther betrayed herself by her habit of tossing her head. Howard was known by his great strides, but no one guessed Susie until she removed her case.

The refreshments were sugared pop corn, made into balls; a dainty kind of doughnuts, made by cutting out the doughnuts very thin, spreading jelly on top of one, pressing another over it, and then frying in very hot lard, then rolling in powdered sugar before cold. There were also apples and nuts with plenty of fresh apple cider made the Saturday before, and hot coffee.

One of the contests that awakened much amusement was the diving for apples, and some of the most dignified of the church members joined in the fun, old Deacon Smart, whose parents had brought him when a baby to the village, eighty years ago, beat all the records. They named apple seeds, matched nuts, walked out into the darkened vestibule with a mirror, and did all the many things which form so important a part of the fun at such entertainments.

Many put a pair of nuts to roast on the stove and shout of laughter testified the way they popped. Howard could not get any of his nuts to behave properly. Every one of them jumped off the stove, thus showing according to the saying that he would not prove steadfast in love. Each one put on for Susie burned with a clear, steady blaze, but Esther's all followed his in jumping into corners. George and Janie took great satisfaction in watching theirs burn together but it was suggested that they were very careful where they put theirs and saw to it that there was no danger of either catching fire before the other. When two nuts burn together in this way, it is believed it shows that the two who have named them, will be married.

Mr. Cloud explained to them the origin of Halloween, and read them Burns' beautiful poem called "Hallowe'en," in which are described many of the old customs which prevailed in his day in England and Scotland. The good clergyman added when he had finished the poem:

"I believe in taking all the good there is from these old customs. It never has hurt a Christian to be cheerful, and as long as he does not harm others I believe in him praising his Maker with laughter as well as prayer. The happy truly joyful person is much less apt to be tempted than the one who is discontented. If you will all notice in these customs, it is the faithful, steady true love which is sought. No one cares for that which will not last, which will not stand the stress of hardship and

trouble." He smiled about his people and encouraged them to resume their fun. His kindly eyes saw many things thought to be hidden from him. He knew the struggle Susie was having, and sympathized with her and prayed that she continue to do what he knew she felt was right.

"Bless her heart," he told himself, "she will bring Howard into the fold in time, unless he prevails upon her to marry him first." She is the kind of woman who makes only an obedient wife. As her husband is, so will she in a large measure be," and he sighed, but then he smiled for he was one who had unbounded belief in the Divine Wisdom, and felt that his people would eventually do what was right, although sometimes he grew weary waiting.

All the evening Susie felt as though she would burst out crying. In the midst of the fun and merriment, her heart ached so she could scarcely take part in the festivities. Not only did she long to win and hold Howard's love, but she felt all the stress and worry over him that any good, Christian girl must feel with regard to one she knows has not yet been awakened to the spiritual life.

She went to the kitchen in the dark to get some more apples for the others, and had a painful in her hand, when there was a dim flash before her eyes, and Howard's voice whispered:

"Look in the glass, dearie, and see your future husband," and in the flicker of the match he held, she saw his face peering over her shoulder in the mirror he was holding in front of her.

"Oh, Howard, I wish it might be true," she said with a gasp in her voice.

He took the apples from her, and drew her to a seat.

"Let's talk this over for a few minutes," he said decidedly, and she felt too tired to remonstrate.

"Now listen, Sue! What have you against me? I don't drink. I never have used tobacco, and you know I don't swear. I earn a good living, and have property so I can take care of you as you ought to be. You know I would be good to you," and his hand closed over hers with such a comforting pressure.

"I know all that, but Howard, you aren't a Christian," she said finally.

"I'm going to be sometime," he said quickly.

"When?" and her voice had a wail in it.

"As soon as I get converted. Men don't take these things as seriously as you girls," he continued bending nearer, until his cheek touched hers. She did love him so, more than ever, and she tried to soothe her conscience by telling it she could lead him in right paths, but she knew his mother and sister had tried and failed, and she had done her best, and she knew she dare not.

"See here, Susie, I'll promise you that I'll go to church and prayer meeting with you every week, and I'll never laugh at you. You can do just what you want with me. My future lies with you."

"No, Howard," she said quietly, "it lies with God. If his goodness and kindness cannot make you a Christian, my poor efforts will surely fail. Listen. I love you too well to marry you unless we think alike. My aunt did that, married a man who was an unbeliever. I'm just like her, everyone says so. Little by little, he prevailed on her, instead of her on him, until now she is worse than he ever was," and she shivered.

"But Susie, I love you," he pleaded.

"I know it," she said miserably.

With a quick gesture, he threw his arms about her, and kissed her on the mouth, a tender, loving kiss, that brought from her a quick response, and as they sat there, his arms about her, their lips together, the door burst open, and half a dozen came streaming in, looking for their apples.

Howard felt Susie sway; he knew she was nearly fainting with shame that they were thus seen, but he rose to his feet, drawing her with him, and said quickly, with a note of pride in his voice:

"Congratulations, folks, we are the first couple to find each other through this Halloween," and he held up the mirror.

They all crowded about Susie, the girls kissing her, and the news of the engagement was told to everyone. Susie was so quiet over it all, that many wondered, but Esther said with a toss of the head:

"She's so astonished to think she managed to get him, that she can't get back her breath." Howard of course expected that Esther would release him since he could take Susie home, but she did not, and he tried to get Susie to wait until he returned for her, but she told him she would go home with George and Janie.

"You must come and see me as soon as you can tomorrow," she told him sadly, and he knew he was going to have difficulty in having her stick by the engagement thrust on her. His heart sung with joy. Not for the world would he have imposed upon her himself, but he was very glad indeed that circumstances had so shaped themselves, and while supposedly listening to Esther's chatter, he was already laying plans for a future made bright indeed with Susie's love and companionship.

Like one in a dream he reached home, and went to his room. There he found his mother had made things comfortable for him by lighting a wood fire in the little room stove, and as he was undressing he remembered one of the customs mentioned in Burns' poem. In it was told of the custom of wetting a shirt sleeve, hanging it before the fire to dry, and then lying in bed to watch. Before the sleeve was dry, at midnight precisely the spirit of the future wife would come to turn the wet garment.

"I've done so much already, I" do that, too," he told himself laughingly, and plunged his sleeve in the pitcher, then hung the shirt over a chair in front of the glowing stove.

Lying down, he began to think of Susie, and his heart pounded away with joy as he remembered the sweet, shy pressure of her lips on his.

"Bless her, I'll have many another, and all our lives through," and thinking of her, he forgot the shirt sleeve, and finally everything else, dropping off to sleep. The sleeve dried, the fire died down, and the young man slept on, as did the rest of the village, with the exception of one. Lured to Mapledale by reports of large harvests sold, and money stored in ill-protected houses, a professional burglar had come to the village which had never had a serious crime in all of its history.

Slowly he raised the window, and crept inside. On the bed lay the young man, whose lips were parted in a smile for he was dreaming of Susie.

Beneath his pillow was a canvas bag, containing more money than he had ever carried before, for he had made some heavy sales that very day, too late to bank the money. The burglar's hand slid under the pillow, reached the bag, and was drawing it out, when Howard's dream took a strange turn. He was dreaming of the shirt sleeve, and thought it was drying, when Susie, in her sheet and pillow-case disguise crept into the room, and tried to turn it. To him it seemed as though the sleeve was nailed down, and pull as she might, it could not be turned. In his dream he saw her wring her hands, heard her sobs. With a mighty heave he sprang up, and caught what he thought was the sleeve. It was a sleeve, but a man's strong muscles were in it. Scarcely awake, Howard struggled with the burglar, the country boy's brawn and weight proving too much for the desperate skill of the thug. Finally, though, the burglar wrenched his hand free, so he was able to give Howard a sickening blow in the face, which made him relax his hold, but fully awakened him, and he knew he was fighting with something of flesh and blood.

In the instant that he relaxed his hold, there were footsteps on the stairs, and he knew his father and the hired man had heard the noise. With grim determination, his strong fingers clutched at the burglar once more, and he managed to get out his revolver. There was a blinding flash; a hot tearing sensation on his arm, and then he held like grim death to the burglar until

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Birthday Anniversary COMFORT

for November will be a large, especially fine and interesting number to celebrate COMFORT'S twenty-third birthday next month.

Like our previous November Anniversary numbers, it will contain puzzles, games and Thanksgiving stories, an article by Mr. Gannett describing his recent balloon trip through quaint old Normandy in France, and a humorous poem by Uncle Charlie; these are some of the special features of next month's Big Anniversary COMFORT.

"Ruby's Reward"

one of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon's very best love stories will begin in November COMFORT and run as a serial through the coming winter and spring.

Children's Jolly Hour

is the title of the new department which we have added for the especial benefit of the little ones. We have done this in response to many requests from our subscribers who cherish COMFORT as an indispensable household institution; the Corner for Boys is so highly prized that the mothers want a similar department to amuse, entertain and instruct the small children.

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It costs only 30 cents for a two-years renewal if you do it now. Fill it out and send it along with three dimes now, before you forget it, and take no chance of missing the big Anniversary COMFORT next month with "David Harum" continued.

Christmas COMFORT

for December will be a rousing, good number and you will find COMFORT even better next year than it has been the past year.

To all who subscribe or renew at once we shall send our

Beautiful Household Calendar

for 1911 as a Thanksgiving present. It is an exquisite ten color lithographic reproduction of a beautiful picture painted especially for COMFORT and is even more beautiful and attractive than our 1910 COMFORT calendar which was so immensely popular; everybody wanted one.

Use the buff envelope folder renewal blank, if you find it enclosed, now; don't put it off.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; l. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; el. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pks. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Timely Suggestions

WITH the coming of the early fall days, one naturally begins to think and plan work for the lengthening evenings, and especially all those who love fancy work and fashion most of their Christmas gifts will begin to be on the lookout for good ideas and suggestions.

This month's fancy work was selected with the idea of helping just such workers. Most of the articles illustrated would make attractive presents, and as some of them require considerable time to complete, it is surely none too early to, at least, begin to think and plan for the festival which is now scarcely three months away.

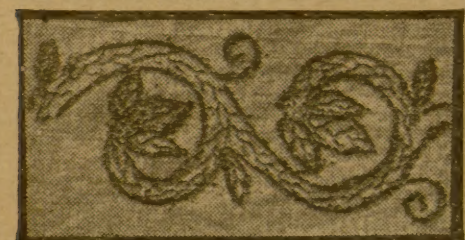
The writer recently visited a bright young girl living on one of Maine's numerous islands, who had made her home unusually attractive with many things fashioned from what material came to hand.

A cover for a center table and the cushion and head-rest on a large rocker will give an idea of her ingenuity. They were all made from scraps of blue and white cotton goods left from making shirts for the men. As the material was only printed the stripes scarcely showed on the wrong side. Squares two and one-half inches were cut, then sewed together in strips, having every other one wrong side out. Afterwards the strips were sewed together so that the stripes would alternate, right and wrong sides coming together. Stars of white darning cotton were worked at the corners of each patch and the table cover was finished with white hooked-in fringe. The cushion covers were made in the same way only of smaller squares. Upon a home-made couch was several pillows, one of which was especially pretty and well worth copying. The pillow was covered with white sateen and then scrim worked out as here illustrated with gold silk-teen. Take a square of scrim, draw ten threads and leave eight, then starting in a corner, overcast the two outsides of the square, then take a stitch in the center of one side, then in the second, next over two threads on each of the two remaining sides of the square, and back to the first stitch over and over to first group of eight threads. Darn over two and under two along two sides of this corner square. Over-

cast along the edge, take a stitch in each of the four sides of the next squares and darn over and under two threads as before. A new thread can be started anywhere in working by running it in on the wrong side. The pillow was edged by a ruffle of white lawn over yellow ribbon. When finished the effect is of yellow daisies with white centers sometimes, while in other lights it is of an entirely different pattern.

Practical Ideas

An old subscriber comes with a few suggestions which are good and gives practical ideas for home decorations. Either of the de-



RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

signs could be used in many ways. The Russian embroidery is simply a combination of outline and feather-stitching. For this work only patterns having double lines are suitable,

as shown in the illustration. Effective work will result from using two shades of the same



DESIGN IN APPLIQUE.

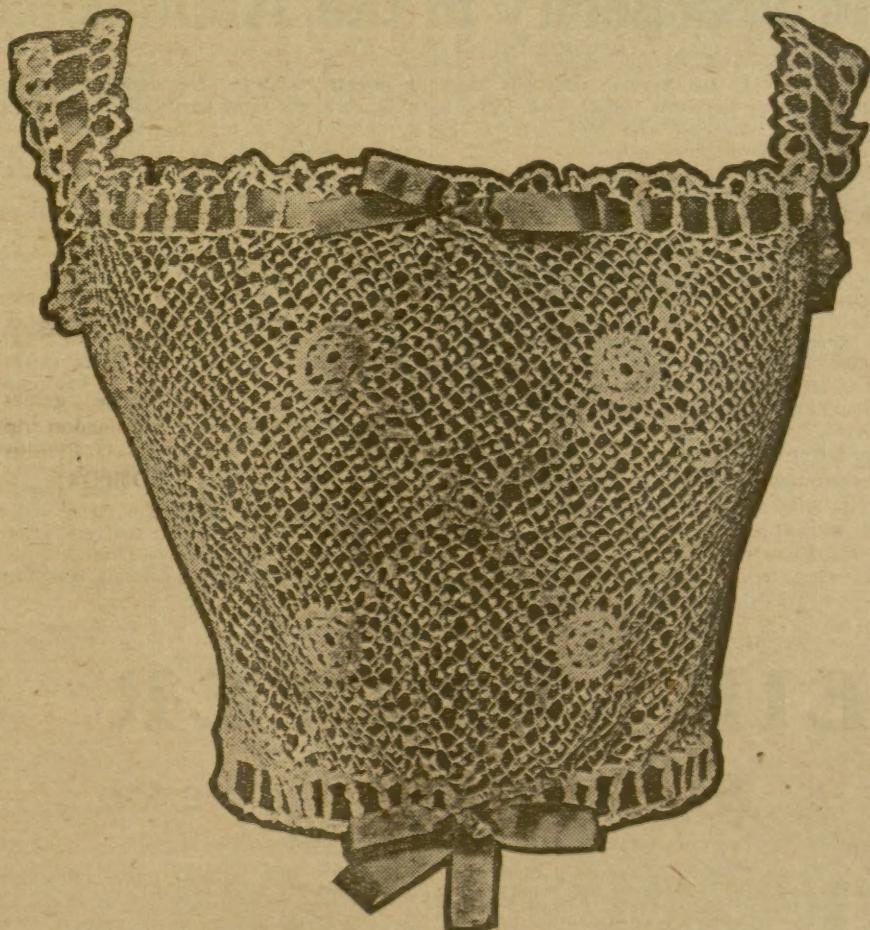
color or contrasting colors may be used if harmonious.

Applique can be used for sofa pillows, table cover borders, bags, curtains, etc. The work can be quickly accomplished and is a good way to use up small pieces of material. Button-holing, feather-stitching, outlining and solid embroidery can be added wherever needed to elaborate the design, then continue by duplicating the pattern. In this way very handsome borders may be worked out.



BUNCH OF DAISIES.

ing one petal slightly over another sew six or seven together. For the centers use double orange silk, tied and flossed out. Irregular chains crocheted of green silk are attached to the back of the daisies for hanging. A bunch of



CORSET COVER IN IRISH CROCHET.

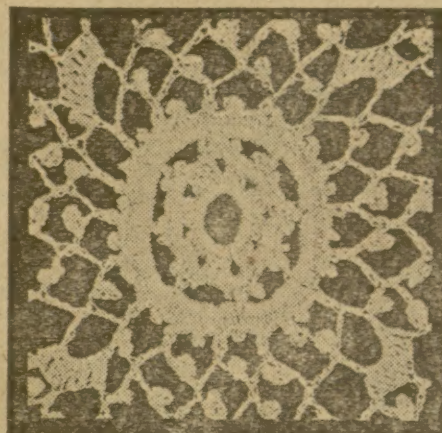
these on a lace curtain looks very pretty, and would make an attractive and inexpensive gift for a friend who likes such things, but is not handy with the needle.

Corset Cover in Irish Crochet

The body of this cover is made of 16 squares, each worked from the center as shown in illustration Fig. 1. Begin by winding thread 10 times around lead pencil, on this work 4 tr. c., ch. 4, repeat 7 times. Next round work over padding cord size of 10 strands of thread * 4 d. c. on 4 tr. 2 d. c. just over padding cord, ch. 4, 2 d. c., ch. 4, 2 d. c., ch. 4, 2 d. c., * repeat from * to * all round. Slip st. to central picot of next group, 1 s. c. in this ch. of 2, ch. 8, 1 s. c. in central picot in next group, repeat around. 4th round.—3 s. c. over cord then over cord and first ch. 8, work * 4 tr. c., ch. 4, 1 slip st. in last tr., repeat from * 3 times. Work the same under each ch. 8, all around, this completes the center. Slip st. to next picot, ch. 8, slip st. into third, st. to form picot, ch. 5, skip 1 picot 1 s. c. in next, repeat around, ch. 8, form picot, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in st. after picot in former row, * ch. 8, no picot, 4 picot chains, * repeat from * to * twice, ch. 8, 5 picot chains, 9 tr. c. under ch. 8. * 5 picot chains, 9 tr. c., * repeat from * to * twice. In next row sl. st. picot chains in fifth, tr. c. in each corner, thus making extra picot ch. Following row work, ch. 8 in each corner and next row 9 tr. c. in each corner. Twelve squares have 4 rows of 9 tr. c. and last row all picot chains excepting each corner which has 3 d. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch.

3, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c. worked between 4 and 5 tr. c. in previous row.

Four squares have each one rounded corner to form armhole.



CENTER OF A SQUARE. FIG. 1.

The squares are joined by ch. 8, picot, ch. 3, catch in a square, picot ch. catch in opposite square. In the small spaces formed by joining of 4 squares, put a ring made by winding thread 10 times around pencil fill with d. c., then catch with chains to center picots of corners of the squares.

Put a straightening line chain st. around top, bottom and armholes, making a sufficient number of stitches to allow the work to lie flat. For beading around top and waist line, fasten thread in ch., ch. 5, * thread over needle 3 times, work off leaving last loop on needle, repeat from * twice drawn through all loops on needle, ch. 5 s. c. on chain till full, ch. 5 repeat from * all around.

2nd row of Beading—Ch. 9, shell on shell.

3rd row.—7 s. c. on ch. 9, turn, ch. 5, 1 sl. st. in 6 s. c., 3 s. c. on ch. 5, ch. 3, 3 s. c., ch. 3, 3 s. c., ch. 3, 3 s. c., 5 s. c. on ch. 9, repeat.

4th row.—Ch. 16, catch to center picot of previous row. Then over these chains work 5 s. c., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 5 s. c., ch. 3, 5 s. c.

The beading is omitted around the armholes.

The shoulder straps are made of the beading finished on both sides with the picot scallop.

Over the straightening chain around the waist work one row of d. c., two rows shells for beading and finish with double crochet.

This cover has no opening, slips on over the head and can be made fuller by adding squares. Five spools of crochet cotton will be needed and a steel hook.

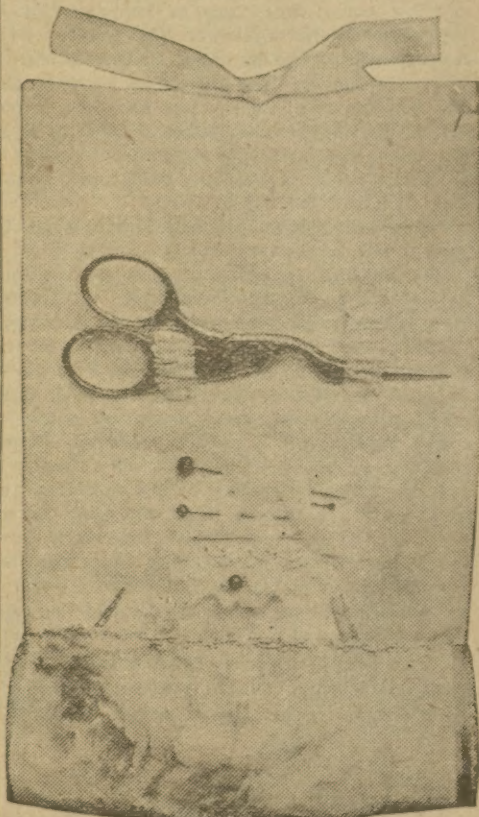
ANNIE L. FRAZER.

Traveling Case

Little cases for carrying the ever necessary small articles such as pins, needles, scissors,

of the pocket just formed. One side can be divided by bias stitching into two pockets for holding wash ribbons. The other side into three partitions, for scissors, ribbon runner, etc. Above these run another inch and a half pocket, bound across the top, from here, line to the end with white flannel, which forms a good foundation for sticking in pins, and needles. Bind all around and finish with button and buttonhole for keeping together when rolled up.

For the other larger case, eleven inches of Dresden or fancy ribbon for the outside of the case will be needed, and the same amount of white for lining. First cut two and one-half inch circles of cardboard, cover each, one side with Dresden the other with white ribbon. Line nine inches of the colored ribbon with the white, then overcast the edges of the ribbon, at one end, around the small covered circles, see illustration. This forms a small open roll convenient for holding thread, thimble and other articles which are easily misplaced or lost.



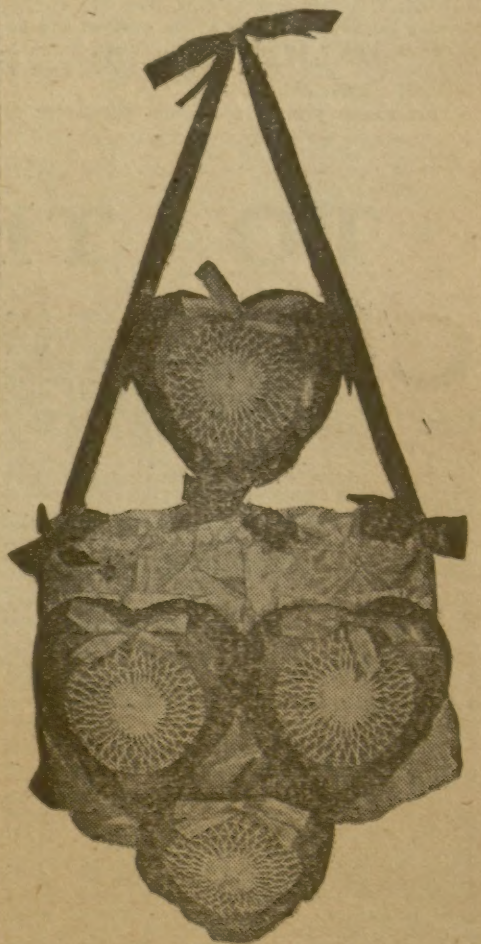
TRAVELING CASE.

Just above this opening place a few leaves of pinked out flannel for pins and needles. Then shirr and stitch in place two bands of narrow white ribbon under which a small pair of scissors can be slipped.

Roll up and tie with narrow ribbon.

A Wall Pocket

Cut four heart-shaped pieces of cardboard two inches in width, use silk, mull or velvet material, cut one half inch larger than cardboard. Sew over the card neatly and stuff with cotton. Sew ruffle of narrow ribbon around all hearts; finish with bow of the same or some color to form a contrast. If you have small wheels of tenebrife or crochet sew them on the front of hearts. Now cut two pieces of cardboard, one four by five inches for front, and one four and one half by five inches for back.



A WALL POCKET.

Puff the silk on the front of each of these pieces and cover the back plain. Sew together along the bottom and hold sides in place with ribbon bands. Catch three of the hearts together, and then sew them to the top of the front of the pocket, and let them hang loosely. Place the fourth as shown in the illustration. Finish with bows and ribbon for hanging.

MISS OLIVE HILL.

A Few Words by the Editor

A CONGRESSIONAL election is close upon us. The nation is facing a great crisis, probably the greatest crisis in its history. The issues at stake are tremendous. It is the age long struggle, old as the world itself, of human welfare against human greed.

Party politics have in the past so befogged the public mind, that the people never knew exactly where they stood in regard to the great issues of the day. To be disloyal to the party machine was to be a traitor.

A great change has taken place in the last few years. Men are beginning to do their own thinking, and thinking men no longer vote a certain party ticket just because their fathers did under different conditions twenty-five to fifty years ago. They are voting for principles and for men of principle, not for party candidates at the dictation of party bosses. Party lines are fading away. The question of the qualification and integrity of the candidate is of vastly more importance than party differences. The differences between the present opposing factions within the parties are more important than those which distinguish the parties. There is a great progressive movement of the younger element in both the old parties to get rid of the rule of professional politicians, to down the grafters and overthrow the stand-patters.

The insurgents are not confined to the Republican party, nor to Kansas and the middle West, for in Georgia, which has but one political party, the Democratic insurgents have won their big fight against the old-liners and have nominated their progressive candidate for governor.

The overwhelming Democratic victory in the recent election in rock-ribbed Republican Maine is the result of the political unrest and dissatisfaction with existing conditions which is manifesting itself north and south from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it means, as former Governor Cobb says, that "the people apparently wanted a change in laws, methods and men and they made it." We hope that those in authority will view it in the same light and that the echo of the Maine election with Governor Cobb's interpretation will even reach the White House and cause the immediate resignation or removal of that member of the Cabinet in whom the people had lost confidence long before the divided report of the investigation committee of Congress had been published.

The people have a right to insist that public officials, like Caesar's wife, "should be above suspicion."

As bearing on the political duty which attaches to

American citizenship we quote the following extracts from the recent speech of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, former Chief Forester of the United States.

Mr. Pinchot said:

"This nation has decided to do away with government for profit, and return to the government our fathers died for and gave to us—government by men for human welfare and human progress.

"The alliance between business and politics is the most dangerous thing in our political life. It is the snake that we must kill. The special interests must get out of politics or the American people will put them out of business. There is no third course.

"Because the special interests are in politics, we as a nation have lost confidence in Congress. This is a serious statement to make, but it is true. It does not apply of course, to the men who really represent their constituents and who are making so fine a fight for the conservation of self-government. As soon as these men have won their battles and consolidated their victory, confidence in Congress will return.

"But in the meantime the people of the United States believe that, as a whole, the Senate and the House no longer represent the voters by whom they were elected, but the special interest by whom they are controlled. They believe so because they have so often seen Congress reject what the people desire and do instead what the interests demand.

"For a dozen years the demands of the nation for a pure food and drug bill was outweighed in Congress by the interests which asserted their right to poison the people for a profit.

"Congress refused to authorize the preparation of a great plan of waterway development in the general interest, and for ten years has declined to pass the Appalachian and White Mountain National Forest bill, although the people are practically unanimous for both. The whole nation is in favor of protecting the coal and other natural resources in Alaska, yet they are in grave danger of being absorbed by special interests.

"Who is to blame because representatives of the people are so commonly led to betray their trust? We all are—we who have not taken the trouble to resent and put an end to the knavery we knew was going on. The brand of politics served out to us by the professional politician has long been composed largely of hot meals for the interests and hot air for the people, and we have all known it.

"Some of the men who are responsible for the union of business and politics may be profoundly dishonest, but more of them are not. They were trained in the wrong school, and they cannot forget their training. Clay hardens by immobility—men's minds by standing pat. Both lose the power to take new impressions. Many of the old style leaders regard the political truths which alone insure the progress of the nation and will hereafter completely dominate it, as the mere meaningless babble of political infants. They have grown old in the belief that money has the right to rule, and they can never understand the point of view of the men who recognize in the corrupt political activity of a railroad or a trust a most dangerous kind of treason to government by the people.

"The black shadow of party regularity as the supreme test in public affairs has passed away from the public mind. It is a great deliverance. The man in the street no longer asks about a measure or a policy merely whether it is good Republican or good Democratic doctrine. Now he asks whether it is honest and means what it says, whether it will promote the public interest, weaken special privilege and help to give every man a fair chance. If it will it is good, no matter who proposed it. If it will not it is bad, no matter who defends it.

"It is a greater thing to be a good citizen than to be a good Republican or a good Democrat!

"The protest against politics for revenue only is as strong in one party as the other, for the servants of the interests are plentiful in both.

"The overshadowing question before the American people today is this:—Shall the nation govern itself or shall the interests run this country? The one great political demand underlying all others, giving meaning to all others is this:—The special interests must get out of politics ***** must be put out of politics. I believe the young men will do it."

Comfort is a household magazine. It is not in politics and has no intention of going into politics, but we know that our readers look to Comfort for information on great moral issues which, like the one under discussion, rise superior to all partisan considerations and vitally affect the welfare of the whole people regardless of party, and that if we should fail to take a decisive stand in favor of honest, progressive leadership in both the great political parties as the only efficient means of obtaining honest government our readers would rightly judge us cowardly in shirking a reasonable responsibility.

Comfort's Editor

Peace, Plenty and Prosperity in the Abundance of the Harvest

SO impressed were the ancients by the bounty of nature that in their mythology they deified the harvest in the person of their goddess Ceres who is pictured on our title page with her famous "horn of plenty" from which poured forth, as they believed, all the good things that spring from the earth. It is in honor of Ceres that the grains are commonly called cereals.

A late, cold spring followed in some sections by a dry summer has caused some damage to the crops, though much less than was predicted by the experts and anticipated by the speculators whose business is to gamble on future prospects.

The all-nourishing land has yielded the husbandman an abundant return for his toil and a handsome dividend on his investment, for the harvest, although less in bulk than the record-breaker of last fall, is up to the average and because of higher prices its total money value is greater this year than last by more than a hundred million dollars.

This means peace, plenty and prosperity in

the abundance of the harvest which is large enough to feed our own people and leave a surplus to be exported and paid for by the foreigner at a good round price.

Perhaps you wonder why we predict peace as one of the consequences of the harvest; but we do so advisedly, for both international peace and domestic tranquility depend largely on the general prosperity which results from plentiful crops. By Nature's law which governs all animate creatures human beings when well fed are contented and peaceably inclined; the more so with humanity because with mankind that state of adversity which results in scanty food brings with it all manner of deprivation and want involving mental distress as well as physical suffering.

Hard times have frequently produced social, industrial and political strife even to the extent of riot, pillage and civil war, and hunger, in early times at least, has been a factor in bringing on foreign war.

The wheat crop is nearly up to the average

in quantity and is of unusually good quality, while corn, the most important of all our crops, is reported to be next to the largest, and the most valuable that this country ever produced. Other grains, average fair in quantity and quality. It is estimated that the cotton crop will exceed 13,000,000 bales; it is somewhat less in quantity but, because of the present high price, will bring more money than the 1907 record crop of 13,700,000 bales.

Now let the farmers who are apt to complain of hard luck when the crops do not equal their hopes or expectations be grateful to Providence for the present harvest and thank their lucky stars that higher prices even up the profits on short crops.

Those who work in the cities and are inclined to grumble at the high prices of farm produce should remember that it costs the farmer just as much to raise his crop when unfavorable weather conditions reduce the yield, and so he must get a higher price for the smaller crop.

Let us all rejoice in the nation-wide prosperity of the farmers on whom depends the prosperity

of all in any and every line of labor, trade, commerce and manufacture.

The farmers buy more than half the goods manufactured in America, and when money is scarce with them it shuts the factories down and makes hard times for everybody.

The billions of dollars which the farmers will put in circulation will make the coming year very prosperous, and there will be employment at good wages for every able-bodied competent, honest, industrious man and woman who is really willing to work.

We thank Heaven for the bounteous harvest. Good luck to the farmers, and may they prosper.

All you who are not farmers get busy at your employments so as to help on the prosperity of the country and win your share of the harvest money which the farmers will spend.

This is a land of great opportunities and the coming year will be full of them for those who are wide awake and not afraid of work, but like the farmer you must sow before you can reap, and you will reap only what you sow.

TO THEIR BETTER SELVES

By Grace Peabody Pence

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CYRUS BORDEN had just come down the steps when he met Nick Carthurs standing at the last step ready to start away. Nick was greeted by Cy saying: "By Garry Nick, I just heard Lois Lormer was in Newhaus all the week. Golly, but I would give my old shaved head to hear her again. I heard her sing in Grand Opera just about three years or more ago. That was when I was a lawyer down home." And Cy seemed to shamefully drop his head and toyed among the dead leaves with the toe of his coarse heavy shoe.

"Talk about your song-birds Nick," he continued, "I never heard a voice like Miss Lormer's. I believe she could sing Yankee Doodle Dandy and make it so sweet and so pathetic, that all the angels would be wanting to sing Yankee Doodle after they had heard her once. Really, when I heard she was to sing so near us, it made me nearer homesick than I have been since I landed here at Barbers. If I could only rid myself of these stripes long enough to go and hear her again, I would be perfectly willing to don them again, and work as hard as a street cleaner 'till my next two years are out. And Nick—"

"Haw! Haw! Gus, you ought to have landed sooner," said Nick as another convict came up toward them.

"You ought to have been here and heard this squashy lawyer telling me about some song-bird he has seen sometime. Sometime when he sat up in a box at Grand Opera, I believe he said. When he wore one of those dress-suits with two handles in the back, and the tail silk hat."

"Haw! Haw! Cy, how did you like such duds? I'll tell you Gus, Cy is almost verging on sentimentality, sure he is. I suppose he has been touched sometime. But I guess not like I used to touch 'em up, when I used to beat the Western Central and shoot at his diamonds or cash. That's the way I like to touch 'em. Wait 'till I return to the easy-going public again. Say Cy, repeat the first part of that verse over for Gus. That part about the Angels and Yankee Doodle."

"Sure Cy, tell me about it," said Gus. "Well, it's like this, Gus, I was just telling Nick about a Prima Donna I heard sing a few years ago, and I heard today she was to be down to Newhaus this week, Lois Lormer—"

"Lois Lormer! Well, I'll be darn dittered! I guess she is a bird. I came so near being carried away with just one little encore I heard her give once, that I almost forgot my duty the next day. Really that voice captivated me so, that I nearly forgot to take out the good money from the bank vault and put my own counterfeit dollars in its place. Say Cy, did you say she was to be in Newhaus? When?"

"All this week."

"Well boys sing the bird's praises to each other; it's too much fluff for me," said Nick, and left the two alone. They remained silent for several minutes. The Prima Donna's appearance in the town so near the prison seemed to bring back fond memories of the past, that past which one can never forget. Each was thinking of the time he had heard this warbler, of the place where he had seen her, of his companion who had sat and listened to the same sweet voice that he had. Now these men were at Barbers, along with with nearly six thousand others who wore the stripes. A mist of melancholy dew seemed to fall upon them as they gazed into space, speechless.

Perhaps no man ever gets so far beyond redemption, but what there are moments in his life when he could be redeemed; when, at a very small incident to some, a wayward life could be turned back to better things; to be led along by some gentle impulse; until, by and by, the man is changed. A noble, remarkable character is formed out of what seemed to be just a mass of flesh and blood. Sadness, at times, overtakes the gayest of natures, and then, oftentimes, the atonement begins.

As the two prisoners sat on the narrow steps that led to the rooms above, the cold October rain began to fall. The dry faded leaves began to flutter down to the earth, singing their sad farewell to the branch that had borne them. The gloomy sky above, added to the weirdness of their song; and the rain's mournful patter, on the cold stones below, made the world appear to be one dark cloud; this life a dismal failure.

Suddenly their dreaming was interrupted by Nick's familiar voice saying:

"Say, boys, if this little girl is such a singer, and you would like to hear her again, we'll just hear her, by Gosh!"

Nick's twenty-nine years' residence at the place, gave him a superior position over all the others, he thought.

"As I said, we'll just hear her. We'll write her out an invitation to come down to Barbers and warble a little for us six thousand. But I bet," he added with his usual touch of irony, "that if your lady accepts and comes, she will be so terrified when she sees us, that she can't open her little mouth."

"Wonder if she would come?" said Gus.

"We'll just see," said Nick.

So Nick got busy and started the movement among the prisoners. Many had heard this great singer and many more were wanting to hear her. All alike were dying for the sound of a sweet, gentle voice.

They sent Miss Lormer an invitation to come and sing one simple little song for them, and to the surprise of the six thousand, she consented to come! And she sent them word she would come that afternoon.

The rain still continued to fall against the barred windows and the cold wind to beat it harder against the panes. The men were waiting in the Chapel for their song-bird. Soon a little lady, so tiny and so frightened, peeped in at the door. All eyes were turned to at way, but not a sound was heard from the men; not a move was made, only by Nick. He looked over at Gus and Cy with his usual sarcastic grin.

When the singer saw the crowd she was startled, and wanted to go back. How could she enter such a place? How could she mingle with those stripes, those hard, cruel faces and those shaved heads? But in a second she was herself again, and walked on to the piano. When there, she could hardly realize that surrounding her on every side were thieves, train-robbers, crooks, forgers, murderers; in fact, a man to represent every crime.

Sitting down at the piano, and touching the keys, she began to strike the notes of "My Old Kentucky Home." At the sound of the melody her fear gave way, and she sang the old song as she never sang it before.

Again, singing to her own accompaniments, she sang to the convicts, "Annie Laurie," then "Juanita," and by the time the sweet tones of her beautiful voice pealed forth the touching old ballad, "Swanee River," most of the convicts began to wipe their eyes. She could hear a sob here; one over there; and the more she sang the more the hard-hearted, law-breaking men wept.

At the sound of "Home, Sweet Home," hearts broke open again that had been sealed against virtue and righteousness for years and years. The convicts sat and sobbed, all but one. But it remained for Nick's horny hand to wipe away the first tear that had been shed since a dear mother had been laid away to rest, years and years ago, when the sweet strains of "Tell Mother I'll be There," echoed through the room.

The singer arose to leave, then turning back to the piano, she began to softly sing, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." As she turned to leave, she saw how the faces had softened that had known nothing but scorp, and how eyes were filled with tears, that perhaps had never before seen anything but evil. As she looked at the thousands, she was completely overcome; burst into tears, and left the prisoners alone with their sobbing.

As she left, the sun broke forth from the clouds, and shed its beautiful rays over the institution of Barbers. God, in his wonderful kindness, increased the ray of light. He had given through his song-bird, and not a man went back to his cell whose soul had not been touched by the music. It had appealed to their better selves.

Once more the spark of love and light and goodness was kindled anew into the basest of hearts; the most cruel of natures; and many breathed to God, their first prayer for forgiveness, as they marched to their little iron-barred rooms, their homes.

As Nick passed along, he laid his hand gently on Cy's shoulder, and, with all his keen irony gone, said:

"Cy, thanks to you, for having heard that singer before."



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families, as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

It is with sincere regret that so many letters containing valuable hints must be laid aside for lack of space. Beginning with our 1910 Household number Mr. Gannett has given considerable more space to our corner than ever before and yet all the letters cannot be printed.

In the 1911 Household number, among its many excellent features will be extracts from these unused letters, giving name and address of writer. And for this same number how many of the sisters are planning to send in directions for making useful and ornamental devices which may be made in the home? Some have already been sent in and others have been promised.

As the time is fast approaching when we shall be thinking of Thanksgiving and Christmas candles, some good recipes with careful directions for making would be very acceptable for the November COMFORT.—Ed.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I will write you a few lines in answer to your kind letter which I received yesterday. I hardly know how to thank you for your kindness to me.

I am glad to say that since my first letter appeared that I am greatly improved; able to do my own work by going around in a rocking chair. I can't walk yet, except with crutches, but that is better than not to walk at all.

I certainly would send you references if I thought I needed a wheel chair, but I think I will soon be able to walk. When I wrote my first letter there was little hope of my ever walking, and a friend advised me to get a wheel chair through COMFORT. At that time both of my limbs were drawn so I could not straighten them, now the left one is about straight and the right one is better than it was.

I want to thank the sisters for their kindness to me. I received many letters and cards and some good papers but there's none like our good old COMFORT.

The best remedy I used was the angle or fish worm oil. Put them in a bottle and hang in the sun or by the stove and they will turn to oil. Rub the joints and tendons with this oil.

I would like the song "Wedding Bells" if any sister can send it to me.

I was twenty years old on my birthday, Sept. 12th. My baby is well and we think he is very wonderful. MRS. CARRIE CLARK, 109 W. Deadrick, St., Jackson, Tenn.

Mrs. Clark. Your letter telling me that you had so far regained the use of your legs as not to need the wheel chair brought a prayer of thanks and gratitude to my heart. It seemed particularly hard to me that in your youth, and with the care of your infant son you should become helpless. Please accept my congratulations on your timely recovery.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will any of you slip over a little and make room for a new subscriber, for I read the sisters' letters and could not help but knock.

I like the advice given to mothers on bringing up children as I have been married twenty years and have seven and not one to spare (good luck to Teacher).

Well Sister Brothers, I want to sit by you a little while. Let the women vote that want to, but let's say I stay at home and take care of the babies and do John's work while he does the voting.

And I would like to say to dear Mrs. Fairbairn that I don't think because a man has been unfortunate enough to have no education that it ought to interfere with his vote. Not knowing how to write doesn't make a fool of any man. I wonder how many men could write that voted for George Washington, the father of our nation, and put him at the head of our government. If our uneducated fathers were good enough to go to the front and stand in the gory depth of the battles and fight for our freedom and make laws for us to grow up by, it looks as if the men of today ought to have sense enough to make laws for us to live by. But don't think there is a much greater blessing than education. When our forefathers were growing up, they did not have the privilege of a public school, and how many were able to hire a teacher to come to their homes and teach their children? How many of us could if we had to, and how many would have a common-school education? But the law nowadays compels the parents of Iowa to send their children to school, and it seems that they are educated. Who made this law? It wasn't woman! You and I never want to vote unless Uncle Charlie is nominated president, and then I want to throw my old bonnet in the air and cast just one dozen votes. I would like to hear from some of my more worthy sisters on this subject.

My oldest boy is eighteen years old and my youngest three, and all are happy, hearty and healthy. Wishing COMFORT a long and happy life, I remain your sister,

Mrs. LIZZIE THOMPSON, Coatsville, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I always read your letters with great pleasure, but I like those concerning the care of children best, as I have three little ones, the oldest four years and the youngest seven months. They keep me busy, but I enjoy working for them.

How many of the sisters know that common baking soda and molasses is a sure cure for the most dangerous case of croup. Mothers don't be too careful of your children; if the wind happens to blow on baby, don't shut the door, but let it blow, not too hard at first but teach them by degrees and you will soon find they can stand any amount and not take cold. My children are out in all kinds of weather and seldom take cold. If they do I give them a little petroleum jelly with sugar and a little ginger tea at night and let them go out just the same and they are soon as good as new.

Always thank the children for any little thing they do and don't forget to praise them sometimes.

Never cover a little new-born baby's head and you won't be bothered with snuffles.

Will any sister living in Connecticut who knows of a good place one could rent and let the rent pay for the place, please write me?

If any of you would like a white or damask rose-bush and will send postage for same I will send them one both.

Will some sister please send me a slip of the Crimson Rambler.

I hope my letter may help someone.

MRS. G. O. JOHNSON, E. Holden, R. 2, Box 15, Maine.

TO DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Several of the sisters desire advice how best to treat nervous children.

Have these sisters not learned what best soothes them when they are nervous? Like mother is the child.

A few days ago a woman passed on the opposite side of the street with two little children, holding in her hands a few small parcels, presumably having been to the grocery store. The older child had in its hand a little parcel, given it to carry. It dropped it on the sidewalk. It was frightened and cried. The mother scolded the little one when it surely would have been better for all concerned if she had spoken kindly, but instead she slapped it on the back of its head. The child fell, trampled upon the parcel, crushing the contents. The mother became furiously angry, picking the dear little one up by the arm, dragging it along, dropping several parcels she had in her arms. I felt very sorry for the child and very sorry for the mother that she had not better control of her temper. If she had picked up the parcel which the little one had by accident dropped and went on home speaking kindly to the little child, showing she was not displeased by the accident having happened, it would have given better results. Never scold a nervous child when it cries. Be patient and try and remember that when you are unnerved and your feelings hurt, that a harsh word or a blow would not soothe you much. Be patient with your dear little ones. They will in kindness remember you.

One more thought. I want to speak to the mothers and fathers upon the profanity habit. So many fathers in the presence of their children use profanity. In all the catalogue of vices and sins there is nothing so senseless as the habit of profanity. It degrades a man without giving any recompense. A drunken man may forget for a time his troubles, or he may feel briefly a sense of exhilaration preceding the after period of remorse and shame, but the profane man derives no form of pleasure from his profanity. Profanity is the language of the illiterate and the vulgar. The profanity habit is so senseless that any intelligent person should be ashamed to acquire it. It is inconsistent with gentlemanly conduct, and what doth it profit?

Be kind to the boys so they will turn to father and mother in all confidence. Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until the dear children are dissatisfied with home and seek sympathy and kind words elsewhere. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their young hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you feel and mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. You will be happier and they will as they remember every look and word. If they are kind words it will be like music to their souls to recall them.

If my friends have fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered while I can hear and while I need them.

"If you have loving gifts to make,
Do not too long withhold them,
But give them now that we may take
And in our hearts unfold them.
Oh crown us with the wreath today,
Our hungry spirits ask it.
We'll never see the rich bouquet
You place upon our casket."

I have long been a reader of dear COMFORT, and will continue to be a subscriber as long as I can read. I get many magazines that come regularly but not one is opened till after COMFORT is gone over.

All put forth a little extra work for the wheel-chair club.

Oh, by the way, I had a card sent me to send ten cents to the Endless Chain Club, not my name, only ten cents. I did not send it as I did not like the thought of not wanting my name. It was to benefit some far-away invalid.

"Plant blessing and blessings will bloom,
Plant hate and hate will grow,
You can sow today—tomorrow shall bring
The blossom that prove what sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow."

Mrs. M. A. BARNHART, 1007 So. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading the sisters' letters in the July COMFORT, I feel that I too, might be able to add a few helpful hints.

I made a few things which I saw in the March Household number, a cheese-box work-stand, a folding darning bag and a wall cabinet. I couldn't get the cigar boxes, but my husband works in a grocery store, and he got me six boxes that Marie Yeast cakes are packed in. They are just about the size of a cigar box. First I painted them a light yellow and then stained them with dark oak staining.

I enjoy the pen pictures of the sisters, and think I can see just how they look. Perhaps you can tell how I look when I say I am five feet, four inches tall have brown hair and eyes and dark complexion and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds.

Let me say to anyone who has to lie in bed to draw up their legs and place a pillow under their knees, or lie on their side and press a pillow down against their back and see how it will ease them.

With best wishes to

Mrs. C. H. MORGAN, Plymouth, Pa.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit another Mormon sister? I have taken COMFORT off and on for twenty years and it is like one principle, for I believe we can't stand still, we get better or worse; we either draw nearer to God or draw from Him. Mr. Gannett, Uncle Charlie and the COMFORT sisters are doing better all the time.

I live sixteen miles from Leavenworth. It is hilly with small valleys and good sandy loam. Land sells from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. Crops are good, including wheat, oats, corn and potatoes.

We have a small church here where we meet. We don't visit on week days, but we all have telephones.

I say to all the sisters who have no children to adopt one. I took one and he is so sweet I should like to get another this fall not older than one year.

Can the sisters help me find one?

My heart goes out to the poor and sick and I wish I was able to help them all. I live in hopes I can. I know what it is to suffer. I am thirty-seven and my life has been a bitter one, but I try to look pleasant and cheerful when among others. I have a good husband.

I ask the Lord's blessing on you all.

Mrs. Jas. E. McGEE, Easton, R. R. 1, Kans.

COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER:

I have been greatly interested in reading the letters about women voting.

I am twenty-eight years old, have four children, the eldest seven years and the youngest six months, and I have always found time to vote.

We, in this part of the world are struggling with the problem of prohibition and we sisters are exerting every effort in our power to pass this law, and elect men who will enforce the law.

I do not think it unkindly to go to the poles to vote. I do not believe in stepping into a man's place on any occasion, but if you had voted once, your whole soul would be enthused with the desire to take part in these matters.

I do all my own work, washing, ironing, cooking, etc., also find time to take part in public work, such as the Village Improvement Society. I find by reading, studying, associating with one's friends, etc., we can keep ourselves young much longer than if we decide that we have too many children and can stay at home.

Now just a word about our valley: We live in what is known as the upper Snake River Valley, which is a beautiful land, yielding abundant crops to those who do an ordinary amount of work. Dry farming has become a fact here. Although we have had no soaking rain since the last of April, our thousand acre dry farm will average twenty bushels of wheat per acre, which seems very wonderful to me.

We live on the tops of the Rocky Mountains, have no cyclones, or any destroying storms of any kind. A number of people have come here lately from Missouri and Iowa.

Have taken COMFORT for ten years, so you can tell my sentiments.

Mrs. MARY LEE HANSEN, Iona, Bingham Co., Idaho.

Moisture Will Spoil Ordinary Soda Crackers

NO matter how good the ingredients or how careful the baking, once expose soda crackers to the slightest dampness of air and they lose their taste and much of their food value.

That's why bulk crackers kept in barrels, boxes and cans get tasteless and tough and hard to swallow. They absorb moisture, and they also gather dust, germs and store odors. What a pity that this most nutritious of flour foods is so contaminated!

But there is a soda cracker too good, too perfect to be thus treated! After baking, Uneeda Biscuits are immediately placed in dust tight, moisture proof packages which preserve their crispness, flavor and nourishment.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

(Never sold in bulk)

5¢

for a package

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

So many are desirous of knowledge of this part of the country that I will give the following description: Somerset lies on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, on the North Fork of the Gunnison river, about ten miles above the North Fork fruit valley, about four hundred and twenty-five miles from Denver. Alfalfa, grain, vegetables and small fruits are raised here. Water rights are free and we have no alkali. The lands are rolling table tops, some sage brush flat. Our timber is spruce, pine and cottonwood.

The government land offices are at Montrose and Glenwood Springs, Colo.; all other useful information can be obtained from them by making inquiries concerning the Battlement and Gunnison Forest Reserves in Gunnison Co., Colo.

God is a good country for those afflicted with catarrh or tuberculosis, but sentimental widows addicted to heart failure cannot endure this altitude.

Mrs. E. D. REDMOND, Somerset, Colo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for years and a reader of it since a little child.

After being married over thirteen years and will be thirty the twenty-second of next December. I have one little boy of twenty-one months, a big, rosy fellow, healthy and full of mischief.

How beautiful the world is if we only stop to look at it right. We who have plenty to eat, a good husband and home ought to send up our thanks hourly to God for letting us live in His beautiful world.

Whenever I feel discontented I read over the shut-in column and I tell you I feel ashamed of myself and very thankful for my lot in life. I am lame, too, but not a shut-in, for I do all my own work. Whenever I have a yard of cloth left over from anything I am making, or an extra apron, or drape or anything useful that I do not need or can get along without, I put it in my shut-in box, and then each month I look over the names and send out the little gifts where I think they will be needed and appreciated.

Some child or old lady will always appreciate a bundle of ribbon and lace ends or an apron. One feels so much happier after giving something, no matter how small, if it is a useful gift.

This is a beautiful place and also very interesting on account of it being the home of the Mormons. The great Mormon temple and tabernacle are the wonder and attraction of people from all parts of the world; also Great Salt Lake, the most wonderful bathing resort in the world. One goes in the water and has to float, as the water is so heavy with salt that it bears up the body and you cannot sink. It is the most delightful sensation one can imagine, to lie on your back, as on a soft bed, and float on the shiny green surface, and watch the deep blue sky, as you drift away, away, like a fairy boat adrift on a sea of glass.

And oh, the sunsets! What mortal tongue can truly describe them in their grandeur and beauty. I can only half tell you about them. I stand on the eastern shore and look out over miles of green splendor. The sun like a great orange with a golden halo, the blue sky, the green sea, the purple mountains, black at the base and tipped with every shade of red and gold, and patches of snow on them like great quivering wings ready to lift them out of the earth into the golden unknown. The crying sea gull, hundreds and thousands of them (no one is allowed to kill them, they are a sacred bird out here), flapping their great white wings, dipping them in the water and shaking off the drops like green and silver jewels; the agates and pebbles and salt moss on the bottom of the lake, catching the pink and gold rays look like jewels on the pathway to fairyland. Only those who have seen our sunsets can believe the wonderful grandeur in them. And then after looking at the beautiful water you taste to find it extremely bitter and salt, yet clearer than the clearest glass ever blown, because when you look down through it, it is as nothing between you and the pebbles on its bottom. Nothing lives or can live in it; nothing grows on its white sandy shores; it is dead in all its shimmering beauty.

I live in the most beautiful part of the city, the northeast section, in a cosy red brick cottage, overhung with roses and vines and surrounded by green lawns and private hedges, so surely I am contented.

Ever since a child I have enjoyed writing stories and poems, but have kept them to myself.

With love I am ever a COMFORT sister.

Mrs. D. A. STRAUBACK, 263 G. St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Greetings to the editor and all of COMFORT's family.

As I am an entire stranger, I shall not feel greatly surprised if I do not see my letter in print. When I read Mrs. Sallie Clark's letter I sympathized with her.

I am the mother of six children; the oldest is nine years, the next five, and the baby six months old, so that five were born in the last five years. I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to our good paper for the great blessing it has been and is to me. Every time I am

down-hearted I turn to its cheery pages and am sure to find a word which shows me a way out of my trouble. I remember when seven years ago I came to this country I could not speak read or write English, but I found COMFORT my school teacher.

I extended my subscription for two years and got a set of fifty Passion Play Post Cards, and they are delightful.

How many of the sisters do fancy work? I do several kinds and make some pin money at home. I make paper flowers, roses, lilies, snowballs, etc., besides many kinds of needlework. I wish I could send them to COMFORT, but I cannot write the directions for working them.

I should be glad to hear from the sisters. My birthday anniversary was September 28th. I wish to hear from Christian mothers how to train the children.

We are poor, for my husband works in the factory, but we don't mind that for our little home is a happy one.

Wishing success to COMFORT and all its readers, Mrs. NOEMI CAPPELLETTI, Crosby, Box 73, Pa.

Mrs. Cappelletti. I think you must have been brave and persevering to learn our language so well in seven years' time, and I have no doubt that the thought of the little ones growing up in a foreign country made you doubly ambitious. I feel sure that in time you will be able to send some of your pretty needlework to COMFORT, and that the directions will be clearly written.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Like so many others I think COMFORT the best household paper I ever read. Mr. Gannett voiced my sentiments exactly about that Jeffries-Johnson fight. I am disgusted with the rulers of our country for allowing such a disgraceful thing to occur.

I am so glad Uncle Charlie is well again. Long may he live to wield that mighty pen and continue his good work!

I will send Sister Griffith a remedy for her stiff hand although a rather cruel one. Fill a quart bottle with angle worms, cock and pack in corn meal dough and bake slowly six hours. The worms will turn to oil. Massage the hand and arm for half an hour at night and unless it is a very bad case it will cure it.

If Mrs. Boucetal will write me I will send her a sample of an herb that grows here which is good for hay fever. I have lost her address.

I live eighteen miles north of Dallas, in the black land belt, a fine country, where lots of money is made and spent. I am your sister,

Mrs. M. G. H. CAW, Plano, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of your noble paper for a number of years and I enjoy the Sisters' Corner more and more, for in it I get so many helpful hints.

I am a farmer's wife, forty-four years old. Have seven children and one of the best of husbands. We live in Buchanan county in the good old state of Virginia. Our farm contains one hundred and fifty acres. About one hundred acres in grass and under cultivation, the balance in timber. We have a large orchard consisting of apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries and grapes. We live near the town of Whitewood, where we market all of our farm and dairy products that we can spare. Our weekly sales net from five to ten dollars.

I know by experience (as I suppose all other farmers' wives do) the work and toil of farm life who do their work without any hired help. I wash, iron, mend, cook, clean up, milk and churn. I also tend a good garden, pick and can berries, make jellies, jams, preserves and butter. So I do not find much leisure time.

Besides all my household duties, I am called upon for miles around to attend the sick and afflicted, as I am a lady physician of several years' experience and practice. So I will say to Sister Ruth Hartwig that I was also born on Thursday, and I don't believe the day has any influence on our temperament, for I was always of a joyous, happy nature. As to her disease (anemia) there are so many causes, too numerous to mention. This condition of the blood predisposes to the development of other affections, providing they are in existence, and is often found associated with Bright's disease and lung difficulty, but you must live in hopes and not despair, for I was in the same condition and regained my health by the timely use of tincture of iron. Take ten drops before each meal and get all the rest and sleep you can.

Will all the sisters give me a letter whenever on Oct. 16th? I will answer all who write me.

Mrs. FLORENCE SHORT, Shack's Mills, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been married a year and three months, and of course, have the best of husbands. We live near Turlock, as thriving a town as there is in California. The summers are a little warm, but the winters are mild,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

DAVID HARUM

A Story of American Life

By Edward Noyes Westcott

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CHAPTER I.

DAVID poured half of his second cup of tea into his saucer to lower its temperature to the drinking point, and helped himself to a second cut of ham and a third egg. Whatever was on his mind to have kept him unusually silent during the evening meal, and to cause certain wrinkles in his forehead suggestive of perplexity or misgiving, had not impaired his appetite. David was what he called "a good feeder."

Mrs. Bixbee, known to most of those who enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance as "Aunt Polly," though nieces and nephews of her blood there were none in Homeville, Freeland County, looked curiously at her brother, as, in fact, she had done at intervals during the repast; and concluding at last that further forbearance was uncalled for, relieved the pressure of her curiosity thus:

"Guess ye got somethin' on your mind, hain't ye? You hain't hardly said aye, yes, ner no sence you set down. A n'ythin' gone 'skew'ed?" David lifted his saucer, gave the contents a precautionary blow, and emptied it with sundry windy aspirations.

"No," he said, "nothin' hain't gone exactly wrong, 's ye might say—not yet; but I done that thing I was tellin' ye of today."

"Done what thing?" she asked perplexedly. "I telegraphed to New York," he replied, "fer that young feller to come on—the young man General Wolsey wrote me about. I got a letter from him today, an' I made up my mind 'the sooner the quicker, an' I telegraphed him to come 's soon 's he could."

"I forgit what you said his name was," said Aunt Polly. "There's his letter," said David, handing it across the table. "Read it out loud."

"You read it," she said, passing it back after a search in her pocket; "I must 'a' left my specs in the settin'-room."

The letter was as follows:

"DEAR SIR.—I take the liberty of addressing you at the instance of General Wolsey, who spoke to me of the matter of your communication to him, and was kind enough to say that he would write you in my behalf. My acquaintance with him has been in the nature of a social rather than a business one, and I fancy that he can only recommend me on general grounds. I will say, therefore, that I have had some experience with accounts, but not much practice in them for nearly three years. Nevertheless, unless the work you wish done is of an intricate nature, I think I shall be able to accomplish it with such posting at the outset as most strangers would require. General Wolsey told me that you wanted someone as soon as possible. I have nothing to prevent me from starting at once if you desire to have me. A telegram addressed to me at the office of the Trust Company will reach me promptly.

"Yours very truly,"

"JOHN K. LENOX."

"Wa'al," said David, looking over his glasses at his sister, "what do you think on't?" "The ain't much brag in't," she replied thoughtfully.

"No," said David, putting his eye-glasses back in their case, "th' ain't no brag ner no promises; he don't even say he'll do his best, like most fellers would. He seems to have took it fer granted that I'll take it fer granted, an' that's what I like about it. Wa'al," he added, "the thing's done, an' I'll be lookin' fer him tomorrow mornin' or evenin' at latest."

Mrs. Bixbee sat for a moment with her large, light blue, and rather prominent eyes fixed on her brother's face, and then she said, with a slight undertone of anxiety, "Was you callin' to have that young man from New York come here?"

"I hadn't no such idee," he replied with a slight smile, aware of what was passing in her mind. "What put that in your head?"

"Wa'al," she answered, "you know the ain't scarcely anybody in the village that takes boarders in the winter, an' I was wonderin' what he would do."

"I s'pose he'll go to the Eagle," said David. "I dunno where else, 'less it's to the Lake House."

"The Eagle!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "Land sakes! Comin' here from New York! He won't stan' it there a week."

"Wa'al," replied David, "mebbe he will an' mebbe he won't, but I don't see what else there is for it, an' I guess 'twon't kill him fer a spell. The fact is—"

"The fact is—"

"The fact is—"

"The fact is—"

"The fact is—"

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ben playin' some trick on the deakin, an' you'll own up. I do wish," she added, that if you hed to git rid of a balky horse onto somebody you'd hev picked out somebody else."

"When you got a balker to dispose of," said David gravely, "you can't alius pick an' choose. Fust come, fust served." Then he went on more seriously: "Now I'll tell ye. Quite a while ago—in fact, not long after I come to enjoy the privilege of the deakin's acquaintance—we hed a deal. I wa'n't jest on my guard, knowin' him to be a deakin an' all that, an' he lied to me so splendid that I was took in, clean over my head. He done me so brown I was burnt in places, an' you c'd smell smoke 'round me fer some time."

"Was it a horse?" asked Mrs. Bixbee gravely.

"Wa'al," David replied, "mebbe it had ben some time, but at that partic'lar time the only thing to determine that fact was that it wa'n't nothin' else."

"Wa'al, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bixbee, wondering not more at the deakin's turpitude than at the lapse in David's acuteness, of which she had an immense opinion, but commenting only on the former. "I'm 'mazed at the deakin."

"Yes'm," said David with a grin. "I'm quite a liar myself when it comes right down to the hoss bus'nis, but the deakin c'n give me both bowers ev'ry hand. He done it so slick that I had to laugh when I come to think it over—an' I had witnesses to the hull confab, too, that he didn't know of, an' I c'd 've showed him up in great shape if I'd had a mind to."

"Why didn't ye?" said Aunt Polly, whose feelings about the deakin were undergoing a revolution.

"Wa'al, to tell ye the truth, I was so completely skunked that I hadn't a word to say. I got rid of the thing fer what it was wuth fer hide an' taller, an' stid of squealin' 'round the way you say he's doin', like a stuck pig, I kep' my tongue between my teeth an' laid to git even some time."

"You ort to 've hed the law on him," declared Mrs. Bixbee, now fully converted. "The old scamp!"

"Wa'al," was the reply. "I gen'ally prefer to settle out of court, an' in this partic'lar case, while I might 'a' ben willin' to admit that I hed ben did up, I didn't feel much like swearin' to it. I reckoned the time 'd come when mebbe I'd git the laugh on the deakin an' it did, an' we're putty well settled now in full."

"You mean this last performance?" asked Mrs. Bixbee. "I wish you'd quit beatin' about the bush an' tell me the hull story."

"Wa'al, it's like this, then, if you will hev it. I was over to Whiteboro a while ago on a little matter of worldly bus'nis, an' I seen a couple of fellers halter-exercisin' a hoss in the tavern yard. I stood 'round a spell watchin' 'em, an' when he come to a standstill I went an' looked him over, an' I liked his looks fust rate."

"Fer sale?" I says.

"Wa'al," says the chap that was leadin' him, "I never see the hoss that wa'n't if the price was right."

"Your'n?" I says.

"Mine an' his'n," he says, noddin' his head at the other feller.

"What ye askin' fer him?" I says.

"One-fifty," he says.

"I looked him all over agin putty careful, an' once or twice I kind o' shook my head 's if I didn't quite like what I seen, an' when I got through I sort o' half turned away without sayin' anythin', 's if I'd seen enough."

"The ain't a scratch ner a pimple on him," says the feller, kind o' resentin' my looks. "He's sound an' kind, an' 'll stand without hitchin', an' a lady c'n drive him 's well 's a man."

"I ain't got anythin' again him," I says, "an' prob'ly that's all true, ev'ry word on't; but one-fifty's a considerable price fer a hoss these days. I hain't no pressin' use fer another hoss, an', in fact, I says, 'I've got one or two fer sale myself.'"

"He's wuth two hundred jest as he stands," the feller says. "He hain't had no trainin', an' he c'n draw two men in a road-wagin better'n fifty."

"Wa'al, the more I looked at him the better I liked him, but I only says, 'Jes' so, jes' so, he may be wuth the money, but jest as I'm fixed now he ain't wuth it to me, an' I hain't got that much money with me if he was,' I says. The other feller hain't said nothin' up to that time, an' he broke in now. 'I s'pose you'd take him fer a gift, wouldn't ye?' he says, kind o' sneerin'."

"Wa'al, yes," I says, "I dunno but I would if you'd throw in a pound of tea an' a halter."

"He kind o' laughed an' says, 'Wa'al, this ain't no gift enterprise, an' I guess we ain't goin' to trade, but I'd like to know,' he says, 'jest as a matter of curiosity, what you'd say he was wuth to ye?'"

"Wa'al, I says, 'I come over this mornin' to see a feller that owed me a trifle o' money. Exceptin' of some loose change, what he paid me 's all I got with me,' I says, takin' out my wallet. 'That wad's got a hundred an' twenty-five into it, an' if you'd sooner have your hoss an' halter than the wad,' I says, 'why, I'll bid ye good-day.'"

"You're offerin' one-hundred-and-fifty fer the hoss an' halter?" he says.

"That's what I'm doin'," I says.

"You've made a trade," he says puttin' out his hand fer the money an' handin' the halter over to me."

"An' didn't ye suspicion nuthin' when he took ye up like that?" asked Mrs. Bixbee.

"I did smell woolen some," said David, "but I had the hoss an' they had the money, an' as fur 's I c'd see, the critter was all right. However, I says to 'em: 'This here's all right, fur 's it's gone, but you've talked putty strong 'bout this hoss. I don't know who you fellers be, but I c'n find out.' I says. Then the fust feller that done the talkin' 'bout the hoss put in an' says, 'The hain't ben one word said to you about this hoss that wa'n't gospel truth, not one word. An' when I come to think on't afterward,' said David with a half laugh. "It mebbe wa'n't gospel truth, but it was good enough jury truth. I guess this ain't over 'n' above interestin' to ye, is it?" he asked after a pause, looking doubtfully at his sister.

"Yes, 'tis," she asserted. "I'm lookin' for-

tered to where the deakin comes in, but you jes' tell it your own way."

"I'll git there all in good time," said David, "but some of the point of the story'll be lost if I don't tell ye what come fust."

"I allow to stan' it 's long 's you can," she said encouragingly, "seein' what work I had gettin' ye started. Did ye find out anythin' 'bout them fellers?"

"I ast the barn man if he knowed who they was, an' he said he never seen 'em till the yesterday before, an' didn't know 'em f'm Adam. They come along with a couple of horses, one drivin' an' t'o'er leadin'—the one I bought. I ast him if they knowed who I was, an' he said one on 'em ast him, an' he told him. The feller said to him, 'seeln' me drive up: 'That's a putty likely-lookin' hoss. Who's drivin' him?' An' he says to the feller: 'That's Dave Harum, f'm over to Homeville. He's a great feller fer hosses,' he says."

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He was leanin' over the fence, an' as I jogged up he hailed me, an' I pulled up.

"Mornin', Mr. Harum," he says.

"Mornin', deakin," I says. "How are ye? an' how's Mis' Perkins these days?"

"I'm fair," he says; "fair to middlin', but Mis' Perkins is aillin' some—as usual," he says.

"They do say," put in Mrs. Bixbee, "thet Mis' Perkins don't hev much of a time herself."

"Guess she hez all the time the 's," answered David. "Wa'al," he went on, "we passed the time o' day, an' talked a spell about the weather an' all that, an' an'ly I straightened up the lines as if I was goin' on, an' then I says: 'Oh, by the way,' I says, 'I jest thought on't. I heard Dominie White was lookin' fer a hoss that 'd suit him.' 'I hain't heard,' he says; 'but I see in a minute he had—an' it really was a fact—an' I says: 'I've got a roan colt risin' five, that I took on a debt a spell ago, that I'll sell reasonable, that's as likely an' nice ev'ry way a young hoss as ever I owned. I don't need him,' I says, 'an' didn't want to take him, but it was that or nothin' at the time an' glad to git it, an' I'll sell him at a barg'in. Now what I want to say to you, deakin, is this: That hoss 'd suit the dominie to a tee in my opinion, but the dominie won't come to me. Now if you was to say to him—bein' in his church an' all thet, I says, 'that you c'd git him the right kind of a hoss, he'd believe you an' you an' me 'd be doin' a little stroke of bus'nis, an' a favor to the dominie into the bargain. The dominie's well off, I says, 'an' c'n afford to drive a good hoss.'"

"What did the deakin say?" asked Aunt Polly as David stopped for breath.

"I didn't expect him to jump down my throat," he answered, "but I seen him prick up his ears, an' all the time I was talkin' I noticed him lookin' in my hoss over head an' foot. Now I member," he says, "bearin' sunthin' 'bout Mr. White's lookin' fer a hoss, though when you fust spoke on't it had slipped my mind. Of course, he says, 'the ain't any real reason why Mr. White shouldn't deal with you direct, an' vit mebbe I could do more with him 'n you could. But,' he says, 'I wa'n't callatin' to go t' the village this mornin', an' I sent my hired man off with my drivin' hoss. Mebbe I'll drop 'round in a day or two,' he says, 'an' look at the roan.'"

"You mightn't ketch me," I says, "an' I want to show him myself; an' more'n that, I says, 'Dug Robinson's after the dominie. I'll tell ye, I says, 'you jest git in 'ith me an' go down an' look at him, an' I'll send ye back or drive ye back, an' if you've got anythin' special on hand you needn't be gone three quarters of an hour,' I says."

"He come, did he?" inquired Mrs. Bixbee.

"He done so," said David sentimentally. "Jest as I knowed he would, after he'd hem'd an' haw'd about so much, an' he rode a mile an' a half liveller 'n he done in a good while, I reckon. He had to pull that old broadbrim of his'n down to his ears, an' don't you fergit it. He, he, he, he!"

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

and as I never see any letters from this vicinity I will tell you of our section of California. We raise watermelons, peaches, cantaloupes and berries in abundance. Most of the land is under irrigation. Dairying is one of the chief occupations and is a very paying one, there being from one to sixty or seventy cows on every ranch. I don't think it easy to beat Turlock district. Our fruits are of excellent flavor and hard to excel.

Birdie Snow. You seem to have contracted a lot of our California sunshine.

I sympathize with the poor shut-ins and hope to send in a few subscriptions to the credit of the wheel-chair club. How nice it would be if every sister would send in a few! How long do you suppose it would take to get a dozen wheel chairs? Let's all try to get a dozen subscriptions anyway.

I have always had excellent health myself, but nevertheless, I can feel for those poor shut-ins, who must always stay out of the sunshine, for the want of a wheel chair.

Can any of the sisters send in explicit directions for making pulled rugs? I find rug and quilt making a pleasant occupation in winter, when the weather is bad.

Anyone sending self-addressed envelope, stamped, will receive a sample of our California poppy seed next March or April. The poppies carpet the earth in places with a beautiful orange carpet.

I would like to correspond with sisters.

BERTHA M. PRIEST, Turlock, R. R. 1, Box 24, Cal.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Years and years ago I remember reading COMFORT, though I am afraid at first I read only Uncle Charlie's page. Now I read it from cover to cover, and never find anything that isn't useful and interesting.

I very nearly found my twin today in looking over the June COMFORT. Mrs. Robert B. McLeod, I am one day older than you are. I would like to hear from you.

I would like to hear from anyone whose birthday is March 20, especially those about my age, twenty-five.

Are there any sisters who have children born on February 24th, 1910? We had a little boy born that day, but July 9th we had to give him up again, and next day we laid him away. We are oh, so lonely, but we know he is out of pain at last. For almost seven weeks that dreaded disease, spinal meningitis, held him in its cruel grasp. We know that God knew best but it is so lonely without him.

How many have ever tried laying silver over night in buttermilk to clean it? It takes off every stain. If moths get into any of your clothes, put them in an air-tight can with chloroform (ten cents' worth is enough) poured on pieces of cotton and wrapped inside the garment. I did that with my fur-lined coat last spring.

When I read "Transplanted" by Mrs. Bales in the August number of our paper, I felt as if it had been written expressly for me.

I have those large black ants in my pantry and cannot get rid of them. Someone suggested borax, and I tried it but they walk right through it and do not seem to mind it at all. I cannot find where they come in. Can any sister recommend anything to drive them away?

Will any sister living where there is land not yet taken up write to me? I will return postage.

Mrs. OLIVIA (WILLMARTER) GROBEY, Rushford, Minn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading COMFORT for sometime, but never thought I could write anything that would be of any benefit, but when I read the Editor's letter in the August number, I felt as though I had just made the acquaintance of a dear friend, as I have been so worried all summer over that dreadful Johnson-Jeffries prize fight. To think that we are sending out missionaries to work among the heathen, and then to allow such heathenish brutality right here at home among civilization. And another astonishing feature is that the fight was attended by many that pretend to hold themselves above such acts. Just think dear mothers of being present at such a sight and then going home to your little ones and trying to ask God to bless them. It makes a woman feel like wearing a veil to know that one of her own sex would have so little respect for herself, her mother or her darling babies, than to enter such a place as that.

God bless our editor in his work and may we all agree with him about going to see those demoralizing moving pictures.

As for me and my house, we will remain at home.

Mrs. NANCY E. BREWER, Cashmere, Wash.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading COMFORT for several years and think it the best family paper I ever saw, particularly the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's page.

I am thirty-five years old, have three children living and four waiting on the other shore. They all died when quite small so you see I have had my share of sorrow, but it is a sweet consolation to know that they are all with God and are much better off than though they were here to fight life's battles. If I can rear my thirteen-year-old boy and my two little girls, aged four and one years and teach them in a way that will make them useful in this life and fit subjects for life eternal, then I think I will have done a noble work.

But this is a day of trials, and dear sister dear sisters, be on your guard. I think sometimes that women could almost control everything if they would be firm enough and use their influence in the right way. Let's keep our boys at work and in school and not have them sitting around country stores listening to some nobody who possibly is partially intoxicated, telling vulgar tales and using blasphemous language. I long to see the day when women will rise up against such things and so strongly that men of this character will be glad to seek better employment. Don't understand me to mean that all men are like this, for I do not by any means, but you know that nearly every community has enough to ruin some boy.

Just a word about women voting: I can't say that I want to vote, for I do not care anything about it, but the time is not far off when women will vote everywhere, and if I think I can help to better our government by voting, then I am ready to do so, for I think there is great room for improvement.

Your loving friend,
Mrs. SALLIE RUSSELL, Kendall, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just finished reading my August COMFORT and note what Mrs. Wilkinson says about the moving picture shows of the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight. I heartily agree with her for I neither believe in prize fights nor Sunday baseball and horse racing. I believe it has a demoralizing effect on our children.

God has blessed my home with three boys and one girl, the youngest one year old and the pet of the family.

Our home is in the town of Wall Hill, the center of Thurston county, in the Omaha Indian Reservation. Just at present the Indians are holding an old-time festival, or Pow Wow five miles from here, and it keeps livery and automobiles busy taking people back and forth to see the Indians dance and beat drums and give away to each other and other visiting Indians, horses, silks, shawls and dress goods of all kinds. It is a very interesting sight to those that have never seen a Pow Wow.

This is a hilly country and very rich and productive. Although only four years old, Wall Hill is a very thriving town of seven or eight hundred people and some fine residences.

I should enjoy a letter shower on my birthday, December 6th.

Mrs. D. C. JOHNSON, Wall Hill, Nebr.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank all who sent me letters and songs and to say they were appreciated. Also to say we have not adopted a child as yet and that the following description is what we wish the child to be: American, between the age of six months and two years, blue eyes, curly hair and fair skin.

Mrs. PEARL LACKEY, Georgetown, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will the Western sister who asked for tree seed please send me her address as I have lost it, and I want her to have some trees on her place.

I should be grateful for different kinds of cactus slips.

An excellent remedy for eczema is made by steeping red clover blossoms and drinking the tea in place of all other liquids.

Mrs. E. E. SCHWEDTFOER, Bensenville, Box 17, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

Could some of you kindly tell us where and how we could arrange to find a little child in need of a good home? We are farmers and have a good chance to bring up one of the many homeless children. It is a good place to live in and go to school.

Mrs. FANNIE R. FAULKNER, Margaretville, Del. Co., N. Y.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have received so much help from your letters that I want to add a few remedies and at the same time ask for one.

My husband is a devoted "Will" and we have four girls, the eldest four years of age. So you see I have my hands full.

Here are a few remedies I hope will be of benefit to some sister:

A sure cure for corns is to bathe them in a strong solution of sal soda, pare and touch with carbolic iodine, repeating the application of iodine next day and a cure will speedily follow.

To remove warts, rub with a slice of raw potato. For chilblains make a liniment of ammonia, one half ounce; spirits of turpentine, one ounce, with as much gum camphor as this will dissolve, and use often.

Now dear sisters can some of you experienced ones tell me a cure for chronic diarrhea? My baby has been afflicted since birth and we can find no relief, so I come to my old friend COMFORT for help and feel it will not fail me.

Does anyone know of a remedy for erysipelas in the face? If so, please tell me for I have suffered a long time with it.

May God bless the dear shut-ins, one and all; also our good editor and Uncle Charlie.

Thanking you in advance for any help you may give me, I am, your sister in Christ,
Mrs. FLORA E. LANE, Mexico, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to help all those dear people who have rheumatism. Someone told my friend who is seventy-five years old, and was entirely helpless, could not even feed herself, to eat poke berries. She began by eating five, increased the dose to a small handful and soon became able to gather her own berries. She gathered and made a syrup of three cups of juice, two cups of sugar, adding one half cup of whiskey to keep it from spoiling. She took one teaspoonful three times a day. Now she can do her own work.

I also want to give to everybody a never-failing remedy, received from a nurse, to take fever out of the lungs. Get twenty-five cents' worth of gum camphor and break up in very small pieces. Put a small cup of lard in a baking powder can, add all the camphor, cover tightly and set on the back of stove where it will not boil, but get hot enough to dissolve the camphor, which takes quite a long time. Shake once in a while to hurry the process if needed quickly. The main precaution is to keep the can covered tightly so as to keep the strength of the camphor in, or it all goes off in the melting. When cold it makes a firm cream that comes in handy many times for colds, sore throat, or fever in the lungs. Rub on freely and put on a layer of cotton batting in winter and a cloth in hot weather. A person can go right out in a cold north wind and not take cold as they do when using a turpentine cream. This remedy has been worth hundreds of dollars to us in sickness and has saved many lives besides. It kills the fever and on the patient has a soothing effect. Remedies applied in time does more good than a dozen doctors that come too late.

Will some of the sisters living on farms in Howell, Ozark and Taney counties, Mo., also in Washington, Benton and Baxter counties, Ark., please write to me?

MARY C. McLAUGHLIN, Lawton, R. R. 6, Box 6, Okla.

COMFORT'S SEASONABLE RECIPES

SWEET PICKLES.—The following recipe is for any kind of sweet pickle. Eight pounds of fruit, four pounds of brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, and one cup of whole spices made up of stick cinnamon, allspice, cloves and cassia buds. Use less clove than cassia. Boil vinegar, sugar and spice together about five minutes, tying the spice in a bag. Add fruit and simmer till scalded and tender. Put fruit into stone jars, layer by layer, and pour the syrup over fruit. For three successive mornings pour off fruit, boil ten minutes and pour hot over fruit, keeping the bag of spices in syrup. Cucumbers or melon rind should be prepared for the pickle by first cutting into two inch squares. Boil one ounce of alum in one gallon of water and pour over rind. Letting it stand in a warm place four hours. Remove and cover with cold water and when cold slowly cook three quarters of an hour in the syrup.

Peaches and pears should be pickled whole.

CORN OMELET.—Two large ears of sweet corn grated, three eggs, tablespoonful of flour to which a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder has been added, salt and a scant cup of water. Add corn to beaten yolks of eggs, then the water and flour, and lastly the well-beaten whites. Grease a hot skillet with butter, put in omelet and let stand on top of stove until the bottom is "set", then transfer to a hot oven and bake until brown. Turn out on a hot platter, butter and garnish with parsley.

Mrs. SARA ECKENRODE, Huntsdale, Cumberland County, R. R. 1, Pa.

GREEN TOMATO BUTTER.—Slice eight pounds of green tomatoes very thin. Chop one orange and one lemon very fine, taking care to remove all the seeds. Boil together one hour, add five pounds of sugar, a small teaspoonful of vinegar and cook until it becomes a clear, smooth mass. Put in jelly glasses.

DILL PICKLES WITH GRAPE LEAVES.—First gather your cucumbers with stems on and thoroughly wash. Place in the bottom of your jar a layer of grape leaves, then a layer of cucumbers, and so on until jar is filled. Cover with a brine that will bear up an egg. In a few weeks they are ready for use.

Mrs. W. H. CATLOR, Rantoul, Kans.

GRAPE CATSUP.—Stew five pounds of ripe grapes very slowly until soft. Strain through a cloth and add two and one half pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, allspice and pepper, one teaspoonful of cloves and salt and one pint of vinegar. Boil until thick and bottle. Delicious with cold meats.

Mrs. L. E. H.

HOW TO COOK TOUGH STEAK.—Put a round of steak on a board and pound in one cup of flour. Sear both sides on a hot griddle, place in a baking pan, add a little boiling water once in a while and bake one hour and a half.

QUAKER OATS GRUEL.—Stir into one quart of boiling water two tablespoonfuls of Quaker Oats and boil or steam four hours. Strain and boil five minutes longer with one cupful of rich milk. An excellent, nourishing food for invalids and weak children.

TO COOK OLD FOWL.—If possible dress the fowl the evening before and cover with cold water to which a handful of salt and a teaspoonful of baking soda has been added. Let stand until ready to cook when this water is poured off and the fowl rinsed in fresh water. Boil until tender, drain, flour and brown quickly in hot lard or one half each butter and lard (if browned slowly it will lose its flavor and be dry). A nice gravy is made from the liquor by adding cream and flour enough to thicken.

Mrs. FANNIE M. WOLF, Lantz, R. R. 1, Box 53, Md.

BLACKBERRY JAM.—Three quarts of blackberries, one quart of thick sour apple sauce and three pounds of white sugar. Boil slowly one half hour. Ready for use.

Mrs. SUSIE PALTY, Boon, R. R. 1, Box 28, Mich.

HOP TEAST.—Take a small handful of hops, tie in a bag and put on to boil in about one and one half quarts of water and boil until a light brown, about three minutes. Grate four large potatoes into one quart of water and add to hop water, removing the hops. Add three quarters of a cup of sugar and one half cup of salt and boil about two minutes longer which aids in keeping it. This will keep as long as two months in hot weather. You will have to obtain a starter from some good neighbor.

Mrs. OSCAR S. GRIFFITH, Glenmore, R. R. 3, Chester Co., Pa.

GREEN TOMATO SWEET PICKLE.—Two gallons of green tomatoes and twelve good-sized onions sliced. Add two quarts of vinegar, one quart of sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of ground mustard and black pepper, one tablespoonful each of ground allspice and cloves and two tablespoonfuls of salt. Mix all together and stew until tender, in a tightly covered kettle to keep in the flavor, and put in glass. Do not cook in tin.

Mrs. S. E. WILLEY, Elwood, R. R. 31, Box 85, Ind.

STUFFED SWEET POTATOES.—Bake potatoes until done, cut off one end, scrape out insides and mash with salt, pepper, cream, a little sugar and lemon juice. Fill jackets, return to oven and brown.

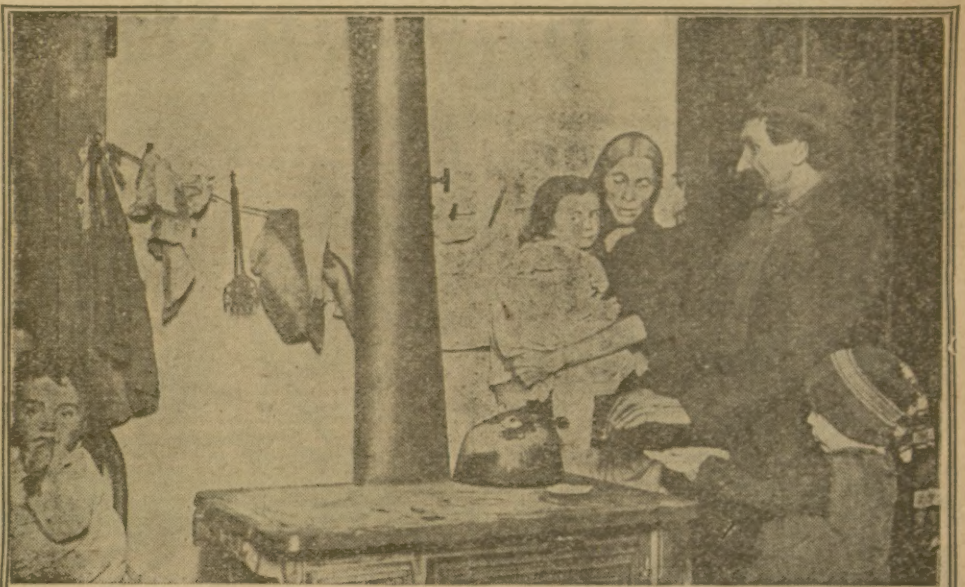
Mrs. FLORA KIRBY, Ralston, Ky.

LEMON-FILLED CAKE.—One half cup of butter, one and one half cups of sugar, two thirds cup of milk or water, four eggs, two and one quarter cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream butter and gradually add the sugar, the well beaten yolks of eggs and mix and beat together. Sift together the flour and baking powder and add, lastly the well-beaten whites of eggs. Bake in layers and put together with the following filling:

LEMON FILLING.—One cup of sugar, two and one half tablespoonfuls of flour, one egg, one teaspoonful butter and the juice and grated rind of two lemons.

Mrs. BERT THOMPSON, Nogi, Mich.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



The Homes That Never Serve Oatmeal

Among the ignorant, we find that not one home in twelve serves oats. Among the highly intelligent, seven-eighths are oatmeal homes.

We have made a house-to-house canvass of the tenement districts both of New York and Chicago.

We have gone to the homes where are bred the anemic, the incapable, the undeveloped. Where tuberculosis finds its ready prey.

We find in those sections that not one home in twelve serves oats in any form.

The Other Side

We have canvassed hundreds of homes of the educated, the competent, the leaders in every walk of life. And we find that oatmeal is the regular diet in seven out of eight of those homes.

We have inquired of 12,000 physicians and we find that four-fifths serve oatmeal in their homes. Out of 50 leading professors in one university, 48 regularly eat oatmeal.

We find that four-fifths of all college students come from oatmeal homes.

The Meaning

This doesn't mean that some can afford oats and others cannot. For Quaker Oats—the finest oatmeal produced—costs but one-half cent per dish.

It means that some know, and others don't know, the food needs of a child. It means that some know, and others don't know, the facts about oatmeal.

Some know, and some don't know, that the highest authorities give it first rank among foods.

Oats are richer than all other cereals in proteids, organic phosphorus and lecithin.

Proteid is the body-building, the energy-giving food. Phosphorus is the brain food—lecithin the food for the nerves and nerve centers.

No other food supplies like oatmeal the needs of a growing child.

Quaker Oats

Just the rich, plump, luscious oats

Most oatmeal homes have chosen Quaker Oats. It is known the world over as the best of the oat foods.

In a bushel of prime oats we find only ten pounds good enough for Quaker Oats. We select these rich, plump grains from the rest by 62 separate siftings.

Thus we create a delectable food—the oats that children love. No other oatmeal can compare with it.

The Quaker Oats Company
(69) CHICAGO

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package.



DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Didn't ye dast to trust the deakin?" asked Mrs. Bixbee.

"Polly," said David, "there's a number of holes in a ten-foot ladder." Mrs. Bixbee seemed to understand this rather ambiguous rejoinder.

"He must 'a' squirmed some," she remarked. David laughed.

"The deakin ain't much used to payin' the other feller's price," he said, "an' it was like pullin' teeth; but he wanted that hoss more'n a cow wants a calf, an' after a little more squimmidin' he hauled out his wallet an' forked over. Mike come out with the roan, an' off the deakin went, leavin' the bay hoss."

"I don't see," said Mrs. Bixbee, looking up at her brother, "het after all the 'was' anythin' you said to the deakin that he could ketch holt on."

"The 'wa'n't nothin'," he replied. "The only thing he c'n complain about's what I didn't say to him."

"Hain't he said anythin' to ye?" Mrs. Bixbee inquired.

"He, he, he, he! He hain't but once, an' the 'wa'n't but little of it then."

"How?"

"Wa'al, the day but one after the deakin sold himself Mr. Stickin'-Plaster I had an arrant three four mile or so up past his place, an' when I was comin' back, along 'bout four or half past, it come on to rain like all possessed. I had my old mumbrel—though it didn't hinder me 'f'm gettin' more or less wet—an' I sent the old mare along fer all she knew. As I come along to within a mile 'f'm the deakin's house I seen somebody in the road, an' when I come up closter I see it was the deakin himself, in trouble, an' I kind o' elowed up to see what was goin' on. There he was, settin' all humped up with his ole broad-brim hat slopin' down his back, a-sheddin' water like a roof. Then I seen him lean over an' larrup the hoss with the ends of the lines fer all he was wuth. It appeared he hadn't no whip, an' it wouldn't done him no good if he'd had. Wa'al, sir rain or no rain, I jest pulled up to watch him. He'd larrup a spell, an' then he'd set back; an' then he'd lean over an' try it agin, harder'n ever. Sent my—'I thought I'd die a-laughin'." I couldn't hardly cluck to the mare when I got ready to move on. I drove alongside an' pulled up. 'Hullo, deakin,' I says, 'what's the matter?' He looked up at me, an' I won't say he was the maddest man I ever see, but he was long ways the maddest-lookin' man, an' he shook his fist at me jes' like one o' the unreg'n'rit. 'Consarn ye, Dave Harum!' he says, 'I'll hev the law on ye fer this.' 'What fer?' I says. 'I didn't make it come on to rain, did I?' I says. 'You know mighty well what fer,' he says. 'You sold me this damned beast,' he says, 'an' he's balked with me nine times this afternoon an' I'll fix ye for 't.' he says. 'Wa'al, deakin,' I says, 'I'm 'fraid the squire's office 'll be shut up fore you git there, but I'll take any word you'd like to send. You know I told ye, I says, 'that he'd stand 'thout hitehin'.' An' at that he only jest kind o' choked an' sputtered. He was so mad he couldn't say nothin', an' on I drove, an' when I got about forty rod or so I looked back, an' there was the deakin a-comin' along the road with as much of his shoulders as he could git under his hat an' leadin' his new hoss. He, he, he, he! Oh, my stars an' garters! Say, Polly, it paid me fer bein' born into this vale o' tears. It did, I declare for 't'!"

Aunt Polly wiped her eyes on her apron.

"But, Dave," she said, "did the deakin really say—that word?"

"Wa'al," he replied, "if 'twa'n't that it was the puttiest imitation on't that ever I heard."

"David," she continued, "don't you think it putty mean to badger the deakin so't he swore, an' then laugh 'bout it? An' I s'pose you've told the story all over."

"Mist' Bixbee," said David emphatically, "if I'd paid good money to see a funny show I'd be a blamed fool if I didn't laugh, wouldn't I? That spectacle of the deakin cost me considerable, but it was more'n wuth it. But," he added, "I guess, the way the thing stands now, I ain't so much out on the hull."

Mrs. Bixbee looked at him inquiringly.

"Of course, you know Dick Larrabee?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Wa'al, three four days after the shower, an' the story I got around some—as you say, the deakin is considerable of a talker—I got holt of Dick—I've done him some favors an' he naturally expects more—an' I says to him: 'Dick,' I says, 'I hear 't Deakin Perkins has got a hoss that don't jest suit him—hain't got knee-action enough at times,' I says, 'an' mebbe he'll sell him reasonable.' 'I've heard somethin' about it,' says Dick, laughin'. 'One of them kind o' hosses 't you don't like to git ketched out in the rain with,' he says. 'Jes' so,' I says. 'Now,' I says, 'I've got a notion 't I'd like to own that hoss at a price, an' that mebbe I c'd git him home even if it did rain. Here's a hundred an' ten,' I says, 'an' I want you to see how far 't'll go to buyin' him. If you git me the hoss you needn't bring none on't back. Want to try?' I says. 'All right,' he says, an' took the money. 'But,' he says, 'won't the deakin suspicion that it comes from you?' 'Wa'al,' I says, 'my portrit ain't on none o' the bills, an' I reckon you won't tell him so, out an' out,' an' off he went. Yistidy he come in, an' I says, 'Wa'al, done anythin'?' 'The hoss is in your barn,' he says. 'Good fer you,' I says. 'Did you make anythin'?' 'I'm satisfied,' he says. 'I made a ten-dollar note.' An' that's the net results on't," concluded David, "that I've got the hoss, an' he's cost me jest thirty-five dollars."

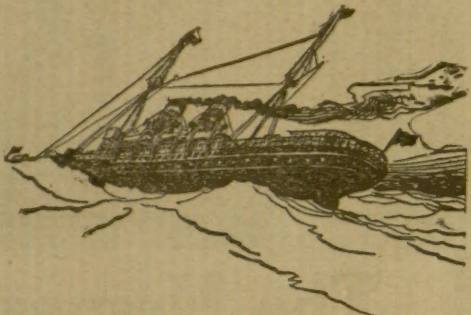
CHAPTER III.

Master Jacky Carling was a very nice boy, but not at that time in his career the safest person to whom to intrust a mission of importance. But he protested with so much earnestness and good will that it should be put into the very first post-box he came to on his way to school, and that nothing could induce him to forget it, that Mary Blake, his aunt, confidante and not unfrequently counsel and advocate, gave him to post, and dismissed the matter from her mind. Unfortunately the weather, which had been very frosty, had changed in the night to a summer-like mildness. As Jacky opened the door, three or four of his school-fellows were passing. He felt the softness of the spring morning, and to their injunction to "Hurry up and come along!" replied with an entreaty to "Wait a minute till he left his overcoat" (all boys hate an overcoat), and plunged back into the house.

If John Lenox (John Knox Lenox) had received Miss Blake's note of condolence and sympathy, written in reply to his own, wherein, besides speaking of his bereavement, he had made allusion to some changes in his prospects and

some necessary alterations in his ways for a time, he might perhaps have read between the lines something more than merely a kind expression of her sorrow for the trouble which had come upon him, and the reminder that he had friends who, if they could not do more to lessen his grief, would give him their truest sympathy. And if some days later he had received a second note, saying that she and her people were about to go away for some months, and asking him to come and see them before their departure, it is possible that very many things set forth in this narrative would not have happened.

Life had always been made easy for John Lenox, and his was not the temperament to inter-



pose obstacles to the process. A course at Andover had been followed by two years at Princeton; but at the end of the second year it had occurred to him that practical life ought to begin for him, and he had thought it rather fine of himself to undertake a clerkship in the office of Run & Co., where in the ensuing year and a half or so, though he took his work in moderation, he got a fair knowledge of accounts and the ways and methods of "the Street." But that period of it was enough. He found himself not only regretting the abandonment of his college career, but feeling that the thing for which he had given it up had been rather a waste of time. He came to the conclusion that, though he had entered college later than most, even now a further acquaintance with text-books and professors was more to be desired than with ledgers and brokers. His father (somewhat to his wonderment, and possibly a little to his chagrin) seemed rather to welcome the suggestion that he spend a couple of years in Europe, taking some lectures at Heidelberg or elsewhere, and traveling; and in the course of that time he acquired a pretty fair working acquaintance with German, brought his knowledge of French up to about the same point, and came back at the end of two years with a fine and discriminating taste in beer, and a scar over his left eyebrow which could be seen if attention were called to it.

He started upon his return without any definite intentions or for any special reason, except that he had gone away for two years and that the two years were up. He had carried on a desultory correspondence with his father, who had replied occasionally, rather briefly, but on the whole affectionately. He had noticed that during the latter part of his stay abroad the replies had been more than usually irregular, but had attributed no special significance to the fact. It was not until afterward that it occurred to him that in all their correspondence his father had never alluded in any way to his return.

On the passenger list of the Altruria John came upon the names of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Carling and Miss Blake.

"Blake, Blake," he said to himself. "Carling—I seem to remember to have known that name at some time. It must be little Mary Blake whom I knew as a small girl years ago, and, yes, Carling was the name of the man her sister married. Well, well, I wonder what she is like. Of course, I shouldn't know her from Eve now, or she me from Adam. All I can remember seems to be a pair of very slim and active legs, a lot of flying hair, a pair of brownish-gray or grayish-brown eyes, and that I thought her a very nice girl, as girls went. But it doesn't in the least follow that I might think so now, and shipboard is pretty close quarters for seven or eight days."

Dinner is by all odds the chief event of the day on board ship to those who are able to dine, and they will leave all other attractions, even the surpassingly interesting things which go on in the smoking room, at once on the source of the going of promise. On this first night of the voyage the ship was still in smooth water at dinner time, and many a place was occupied that would know its occupant for the first, and very possibly for the last, time. The passenger list was fairly large, but not full. John had assigned to him a seat at a side table. He was hungry, having had no luncheon but a couple of biscuits and a glass of "bitter," and was taking his first mouthful of Perrier-Jouet, after the soup, and scanning the dinner card, when the people at his table came in. The man of the trio was obviously an invalid of the nervous variety, and the most decided type. The small, dark woman who took the corner seat at his left was undoubtedly, from the solicitous way in which she adjusted a small shawl about his shoulders to his querulous uneasiness—his wife. There was a good deal of white in the dark hair, brushed smoothly back from her face. A tall girl, with a mass of brown hair under a felt traveling hat, followed her, and took the corner seat at the man's right. These were all the details of the party's appearance that John discovered in the brief glance he allowed himself at the moment. But though their faces, so far as he had seen them, were unfamiliar to him, their identity was made plain to him by the first words which caught his ear. There were two soups on the menu, and the man's mind instantly poised itself between them.

"Which soup shall I take?" he asked, turning with a frown of uncertainty to his wife.

"I should say the *consomme*, Julius," was the reply.

"I thought I should like the broth better," he objected.

"I don't think it will disagree with you," she said.

"Perhaps I had better have the *consomme*," he argued, looking with appeal to his wife and then to the girl at his right. "Which would you take, Mary?"

"I?" said the young woman; "I should take both in my present state of appetite.—Steward, bring both soups.—What wine shall I order for you, Julius? I want some champagne, and I prescribe it for you. After your mental struggle over the soup question you need a quick stimulant."

"Don't you think a red wine would be better for me?" he asked; "or perhaps some *aperitif*? I'm afraid that I shan't go to sleep if I drink champagne. In fact, I don't think I had better take any wine at all. Perhaps some ginger ale or Apollinaris water."

"No," she said decisively, "whatever you decide upon, you know that you'll think what I have would be better for you, and I shall want more than one glass, and Alice wants some, too. Oh, yes, you do, and I shall order a quart of champagne.—Steward"—giving her order—"please be as quick as you can."

John had by this fully identified his neighbors, and the talk which ensued between them, consisting mostly of controversies between the invalid and his family over the items of the bill of fare, every course being discussed as to its probable effect upon his stomach or his nerves—the question being usually settled with a whimsical high-handedness by the young woman—gave him a pretty good notion of their relations and the state of affairs in general. Notwithstanding Miss Blake's benevolent despotism, the invalid was still wrangling feebly over some last dish when John rose and went to the smoking-room for his coffee and cigarette.

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When he stumbled forth in search of his bath next morning the steamer was well out at sea, and rolling and pitching in a way calculated to disturb the gastric functions of the hardest. But, after a shower of sea water and a rub down, he found himself with a feeling for bacon and eggs that made him proud of himself, and he went in to breakfast to find, rather to his surprise, that Miss Blake was before him, looking as fresh—well, as fresh as a handsome girl of nineteen or twenty, and in perfect health, could look. She acknowledged his perfunctory bow as he took his seat with a stiff little bend of the head; but later on, when the steward was absent on some order, he elicited a "Thank you!" by handing her something which he saw she wanted; and, one thing leading to another, as things have a way of doing where young and attractive people are concerned, they were presently engaged in an interchange of small talk. But before John was moved to the point of disclosing himself on the warrant of a former acquaintance she had finished her breakfast.

The weather continued very stormy for two days, and during that time Miss Blake did not appear at table. At any rate, if she breakfasted there it was either before or after his appearance, and he learned afterward that she had taken luncheon and dinner in her sister's room.

The morning of the third day broke bright and clear. There was a long swell upon the sea, but the motion of the boat was even and endurable to all but the most susceptible. As the morning advanced the deck began to fill with promenaders, and to be lined with chairs, holding wrapped-up figures, showing faces of all shades of green and gray.

John, walking for exercise, and at a wholly unnecessary pace, turning at a sharp angle around the deck house, fairly ran into the girl about whom he had been wondering for the last two days. She received his somewhat incoherent apologies, regrets, and self-accusations in such a spirit of forgiveness that before long they were supplementing their first conversation with something more personal and satisfactory; and when he came to the point of saying that half by accident he had found out her name, and begged to be allowed to tell her his own, she looked at him with a smile of frank amusement and said: "It is quite unnecessary, Mr. Lenox. I knew you instantly when I saw you at table the last night; but," she added mischievously, "I am afraid your memory for people you have known is not so good as mine."

"Well," said John, "you will admit, I think, that the change from a little girl in short frocks to a tall young woman, in a tailor-made gown is more disguising than that which happens to a boy of fifteen or so. I saw your name in the passenger list with Mr. and Mrs. Carling, and wondered if it could be the Mary Blake whom I really did remember, and the first night at dinner, when I heard your sister call Mr. Carling 'Julius,' and heard him call you 'Mary,' I was sure of you. But I hardly got a fair look at your face, and, indeed, I confess that if I had had no clew at all I might not have recognized you."

"I think you would have been quite excusable," she replied, "and whether you would or

would not have known me is 'one of those things that no fellow can find out, and isn't of supreme importance anyway. We each know who the other is now, at all events."

"Yes," said John, "I am happy to think that we have come to a conclusion on that point. But how does it happen that I have heard nothing of you all these years, or you of me, as I suppose?"

"For the reason, I fancy," she replied, "that during that period of short frocks with me my sister married Mr. Carling and took me with her to Chicago, where Mr. Carling was in business. We have been back in New York only for the last two or three years."

"It might have been on the cards that I should

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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WELL, here we are once again! The straw hat and ice cream suit have been done up in moth balls, and put in the ice box until the Reubens, I mean the robins nest again. Wapped in furs I am about to take up my winter residence in the wood stove for the next seven months. Three quarters of the year has skidded; only one quarter of 1910 is left to you boys and girls, so make good use of it. Do not add 1910 to the list of your annual failures. There is still time for the lazy ones to get busy, the drunken ones to sober up, and the wicked bunch can still find time to turn over a new leaf before 1910 disappears forever down the pike of time.

You boys and girls who are in school, make the best use of your time. Education is the fuel which runs the engine of life, and the more fuel you take aboard the faster and further you will go. From the thousands of letters which I receive, I have come to the conclusion that about half of you boys and girls waste your time, or at least the most of it, while you are in school. Now cut it out. Your whole future depends largely on the use you make of the hours you are in school. The boy who is diligent with his studies is laying the foundation of a successful career, and later on will have a bank account, an automobile and a good home. The boy who is shooting paper wads, putting bees down boys' backs, and arranging tacks for Willie Jones and Sister Sue to sit on, will later on be digging post holes or bumming around saloons, a wastrel and a ne'er do well. Remember boys and girls, life is real, life is earnest. There is a time for work as well as for play. When you work, work with a will, and when you play, play with a will, but do not mix your play with your work. Most of you fall through lack of concentration. When you take up a task, put your whole heart into it, and keep your mind entirely on it until you put the job through. The sun up in the heavens gives heat and warmth to the whole world. The sun's heat is diffused over the entire heavens. Now take a magnifying glass and let the sun's rays fall directly on it, and put a piece of paper under the glass at the proper focus distance, and those concentrated rays will burn a hole through it. That shows you what concentration will do. When you are in school, concentrate all your thoughts on your lessons, and later on in life you will be able to blaze your way through all obstacles to success and affluence.

Education has been a costly thing. Men for thousands of years have been toiling, fighting and praying for the very things which you enjoy today, and which you regard as too commonplace for notice. Remember the world has had only about fifty years of schooling. Remember you are lucky and greatly blessed in having a chance to go to school. A little more than a century ago there were towns in Europe containing several thousand people, and not more than one in a thousand could read or write. Thank your lucky stars you did not live in those days. These are not ideal days by any means, but they are the best the world has ever known, and just how fast they are to grow better depends entirely on the way you who constitute the rising generation, apply yourselves to your studies in school. It is ignorance that keeps the world back; it is education that pushes it on. A century from now every man and woman in this country should and probably will be as highly educated and cultured, and know as much as Harvard and Yale professors do in the present day. Just imagine what a nation will be able to accomplish when every mind and brain is cultivated and trained to the highest degree.

Remember boys and girls, the future of the nation depends on you. Concentrate, work, put your whole soul into the tasks that are set you. Whatever you take in hand do it with all your might. Quit yourselves like men. Be strong. Do this and you will lift yourselves and the whole nation onward and upward to those heights where reign love, justice, honesty, happiness, prosperity and content, and where graft, plunder, poverty, injustice, pauperism, child slavery, and all the other evils of our present uncivilized, unsocial system are no more. You have to fight and conquer these evils, and only by applying yourselves heart and soul to your studies now, and getting an education will you be able to do it.

I forgot to tell you that Joseph Morpheus the poor, helpless sick boy of Trade, Tenn. received in the neighborhood of one hundred and forty dollars as a result of the appeal I made for him in these columns a few months ago. You are taking a great deal more interest in these cases than you used to do. You are learning that it is more blessed to give than to receive; you are learning to be real instead of lip Christians; you are learning the noble lesson of unselfishness, sympathy and love; you are learning to be god-like instead of hog-like; you are letting loose the noblest impulses of your heart, instead of keeping them chained and imprisoned; you are learning to be as God intended you to be, and from the bottom of my heart I rejoice at the success of this work and the good it is doing, not only to those that receive but far more to those who give, and I thank you.

The long winter evenings are at hand, and there is just one thing you need to make you happy by the fireside and that is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems, the handsomest book of rib tickling poems in all the world. Most books of humorous verse contain about one funny piece and the rest is done that will put you to sleep. I spent half my life searching for humorous pieces to recite and could not find them. Out of sixty-seven books I found three pieces only that would even make an audience smile. Uncle Charlie's Poems supplies a long felt want. Within its covers are more humorous recitations than can be found in all the rest of the books on earth put together. This book is the ideal fireside companion. When folks drop in to pay you a visit and you want to give them a good time, pick up this beautiful volume and read them: "When Father Carved the Turkey," "When Father Hangs A Picture on the Wall," "So Did I," "Little Willie's Diary," etc., and you will have the time of your life, and so will they. This ideal gift book for child or adult, young or old, male or female, can be obtained for a club of only four fifteen-months subscribers to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Christmas will soon be here. Get up your clubs now and obtain this book for a gift for your children, relatives and friends. The book will cost you absolutely nothing but a little of your spare time. Think of it, a one hundred and sixty page book, beautifully bound in lilac silk ribbed cloth for nothing. Just send in one dollar for four COMFORT subscriptions and

receive a book that is priceless as a free premium. The book is autographed by the author and contains a biographical sketch of his life, and also a new up-to-date picture of Uncle Charlie dictating to Maria. This is the greatest and grandest premium COMFORT has ever offered or ever will offer. You will miss half your life if you do not get it. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the finest songs ever gotten together. In this book are songs for every occasion, comic, sacred, coon, love songs and story ballads. Several of these songs are being sung nightly in the best theaters in the country. Send in a club of two fifteen-months subscribers to COMFORT at twenty-five cents, fifty cents in all, and get a book of music you would not be without for five dollars. Whether or not you have an organ or piano in the house you need this book. It costs you absolutely nothing. The songs are beautifully printed on the finest of paper, full music for the voice and the piano. The cover is red on a yellow background, and on it are four superb pictures of Uncle Charlie at various stages of his career. If you have any musical friends, here is the ideal Christmas present for them. No home is complete without Uncle Charlie's Poems and Song Book. They are a sure cure for the blues. A club of six secures both. Work for them today.

Remember on your birthday to send in one subscription to our wheel-chair club. Applicants for wheel chairs must send references or their names will not be put on our list. Chairs are sent out in rotation. We are sending out chairs now that were applied for nearly two years ago. If you are unable to wait for your chair, you must get up a club of two hundred subscribers, representing forty dollars, and send it to this office and a chair will be immediately shipped you. If you cannot get up as big a club as this, send in as many subscriptions as you can. God helps those who help themselves, and those who try to work for chairs will be favored when the chairs are distributed.

We have a new letter list out, containing several hundred names of those desiring correspondence. It can be obtained by sending in a stamped addressed envelope to this office. Give your League number when applying, or you will not get it. This list is for League members only. If you want a list join the League and it will be sent you free.

Hundreds of foolish people write me for the addresses of Rockefeller, Helen Gould, Mrs. Sage and Carnegie. New York City will find them, but your letters will never reach them. Your letters will be destroyed, and that's the fate they deserve for those who pester millionaires for money, and they are invariably healthy, lazy people who do it, do so at the loss of self respect (if they ever possessed any) and had far better go out and earn the money they need instead of begging for it. Our shut-ins never bother the rich, they have more sense. It's the schemer, the work dodger and the nervy butt-ins that do that, and their efforts are in vain, thank heaven. It's a good thing people can't get money by begging, for if they could 'd'd have a nation of beggars instead of workers, and the Lord knows we don't want that. Miss Gould gets requests for about two hundred million dollars a year—about fifty times more than she possesses. Beggars and letter-writing mendicants get wise to that fact and don't be foolish. Go to work—don't beg.

If there are any members of the Easler family in the United States will they communicate with Mrs. I. M. Kenny, Togus, Maine.

Now for the letters.

HARDESTY, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I wonder if you would like to hear from a cowgirl of the far West? Now Uncle please pardon my bad spelling, for my education has been somewhat limited.

I was born and raised a cowgirl, so I can't tell you much about political affairs, or Women's Suffrage, but if there are any things you want to know about cows and horses, I am right there with the goods.

I live on a large ranch and our house resembles considerably that of Ann Hathaway's cottage. I help care for several hundred head of cattle—and I am never quite so happy, as when I am on a round-up with my cowboy Jim.

I have broken several bucking bronks, and have been bucked off more times than I have fingers and toes, but still it doesn't break me.

Perhaps it will interest you to know, that I received a fifty dollar prize, in a roping contest at a cowboys' reunion, held half a dozen months ago. We had to rope, bridle, saddle and mount a half tamed bronk. Two cowboys were my contestants.

I am eighteen years old, have dark eyes, long dark curly hair and dark complexion. I wear my hair parted in the middle hanging down my back in curls, tied at the neck with a whopping big black bow of ribbon. I wear buckskin leggings and a white broad-brimmed slouch hat, and am hardly ever seen without a revolver in my belt.

I know this will sound kind of tough to some of the Eastern cousins, but Uncle it isn't tough out here in the West.

Uncle Charlie, I would just like to hug your neck and my boy Jim says he wouldn't care a speck if I did. I have a book of your poems and think they are just lovely. I know you must be just the sweetest of men, such a beautiful Christian with a heart in you as big as an elephant.

Uncle Charlie, I am just writing to you because I love you, and I hope you will not scold me too much. Lovingly your niece, ANGIE LEE.

Angie, I am charmed with your letter, and I have entirely lost my heart to you. It's a battered old heart, frazzled at the corners, warped at the edges, punctured with a million holes, torn, rent and dislocated, but still throbbing fondly within this old soul case of mine, and acquiring a new puncture every time a witching member of your irresistible sex appears in my immediate vicinity. Angie I'll excuse your spelling and lack of book learning. I love you too much to criticize anything you have written, and I am too blamed scared of that pop gun you carry in your belt to get critical and sassy if I had a mind to, which I assure you I have not. A woman who has care of several hundred head of cattle can't be expected to know much about politics or the spelling book. You, Angie, are concerned with weightier matters than politics or culture. You are feeding a nation, and I have no doubt that many a choice steak that I have demolished had its origin on your ranch. I am going to think so anyway, and you don't know how much sweeter our sirloins and rib roasts will taste hereafter. I hardly think it's humane of you to break so many bronks. I trust after you have broken a horse that you stick him to gether again. I have been dead broke for a num-

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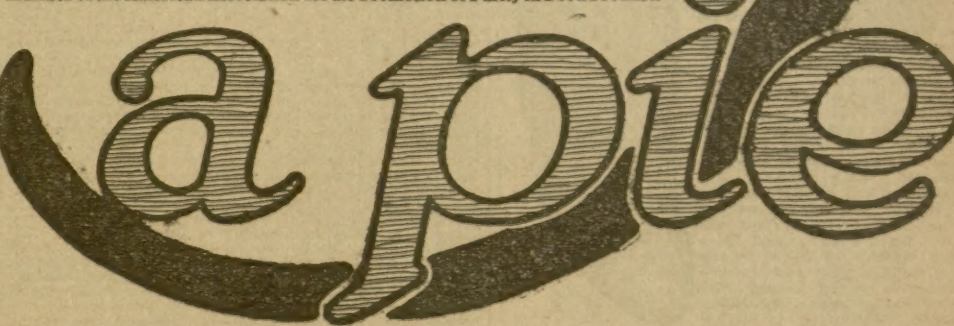
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ber of years, but nobody ever offers to stick me together again, but that's another story. I am exceedingly glad that you won that fifty dollars in that roping contest, and won it against two big cowboys. That's going some. I am pretty well convinced that a woman can do anything that a man can, if she sets her mind to the task, and usually do it a heap sight better. You say your hair parts in the middle and hangs down your back in curls. Strange thing, but my hair parts in the middle too, there is about three miles distance between the parts, but I can't say that much of it hangs down my back in curls. I have an ingrowing face, and ingrowing hair. Most people's hair falls out, mine fell in. Talking of hair reminds me of a capital story I heard the other day. There was a woman going to South America, and as the ship neared the equator, she got greatly excited. That woman talked equator day and night, and pestered the captain with so many questions that he was simply frantic. Finally the great day arrived when they were to cross the line, and the woman was straining her eyes almost in a state of hysteria, expecting every moment that the line or equator would appear on her enraptured vision. She had the captain broughouse, and he could stand it no longer. He got a big telescope and said: "Now look through that, and you will see the equator." She had no sooner got her eye focussed on the imaginary equatorial line than the captain yanked a hair out of his head, and stretched it across the farther end of the telescope: "Now do you see the line?" said the impatient and facetious captain. "Yes, I see it," said the highly delighted woman, fairly panting with joy, "and by gosh, there's a camel walking along it." That was one on the captain all right, and he ran for his life. Angie, you must make an entrancing picture in your cowgirl costume, and I never envied a man so much in my life as I do your cowboy Jim. If some body would only rope Jim, I'd make a bee line for Oklahoma, Angie, to rope you. I guess there will be about a million of COMFORT's male readers starting for Oklahoma to rope you, anyhow, directly this letter appears in print, and if cowboy Jim doesn't keep his shooting irons handy, he will lose you for sure. You tell me I can ask you any questions about horses and cows. Well here is one: "When my throat is a little hoarse should I keep the little hoarse in my neck or send it to a livery stable?" I'm glad you like my book of poems—that's where I roped you for fifty cents. Angie dear, send us your picture, and I will publish it the first opportunity I have. Tell cowboy Jim I appreciate his kindness in allowing you to give me that long distance hug.

QUINCY, FLA.

MR. CHAS. N. DOUGLAS: Dear Sir—Will you kindly tell me if anyone by receiving instructions can become a writer of short stories and "features"? I am interested in literary work.

I have read of your great kindness for one in your circumstances and any information upon my subject from you will be gratefully received by.

Yours very respectfully,

CHAS. H. JONES, JR.

Charles, you ask if anyone can, by receiving instruction become a writer of short stories and "features"? No, they positively cannot. If anyone could become a writer by receiving instruction, we would all starve to death. The plow, hammer, pick and shovel would be discarded for the pen. Not a soul would be left in field or factory to produce the necessities of life. The short story writer is born, not made. You must be sure you have a literary egg inside you before you make an effort to lay it. Thank Heaven, talent is born and not made. It is a blessed good thing for humanity that not every man and woman is a genius or the prosaic tasks of life would never get done. If, however, you have some literary ability, there is a great deal that you can learn by studying works on authorship, but unless you have some talent as a writer, no amount of study will ever give you the ability to turn out an acceptable story. Short story

writing looks easy, but it is a very difficult art. Conan Doyle well remarked that it took more genius to write a short story than a long one. The magazines that make a specialty of short stories and there are many of them, are constantly crying out for new material, and looking for promising talent in this line of literary work. But you have got to be able to deliver the real goods. You must have something to tell, and know how to tell it. You must know how to develop your plot, how to make your characters talk like real men and women, not puppets. You must have a real insight into life and character. You must have a pleasing style, and be a master of good English. You must have a strong sense of the dramatic. You must not spoil your climax by an anti-climax. There are fifty and one things in fact the short story writer must know. After your story is written it will be utterly useless unless you know where to market it. Unless the writer is a good business man he will starve to death. You must buy every magazine in the country and study the needs of each. Some idiots send comic stories to religious papers and wonder why they are not accepted; other idiots send religious stories to comic papers, and wonder why they come back. If you are a poor business man you will need the service of a literary bureau. There are several good books published for budding authors. Before me lie the names of three. One is "Practical Authorship," the other two "How to Write A Short Story," and "The Fiction Writer's Workshop." The latter contains a dictionary of the terms, tools, technique, plans and construction of fiction. If you, and other budding authors want to know where

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Captain Henry Rock, a man of ungovernable temper, after a wild life, with many adventures, returns to his old home Elmslea. At fifty he marries his cousin, Martha Morley, to whom he is betrothed many years before. He presents to his friends Dr. Dolor and wishes his niece, Amy Lane, to marry him. She marries Lieutenant Wallis Brook against her uncle's wishes and he refuses to see her at Elmslea again. He invites his niece, Mrs. Lambert, and her daughter Elva to live with him. Elmslea lures in every movement and Elva will not try to cut Amy out. Her mother warns her she will spoil her fortune. Captain Rock resolves to keep a strict watch over Elva. Six months pass and Mrs. Rock receives a letter with a strange signature—Clemence Moore—Amy is very ill and Mrs. Rock hastens to see her. She is left a widow—her husband is killed in a duel. He leaves his wife with his sister by marriage, Wallis Brook's father marries Clemence Moore's mother. Amy and Clemence return to England. Mrs. Rock promises a better home for Amy. Going home she finds her husband in a rage, and he refuses to assist Amy. If this scene is ever repeated she declares her intention to separate. She provides for her daughter's annuity upon her. The Captain's reform makes life at Elmslea more comfortable.

A little girl is born to Amy Brook; she is named Isa. In the absence of Captain and Mrs. Rock Elva has Tom the "oddi" boy load up the cart with the furnishings of Amy's room and drive to Beach Cottage. She meets her cousin, Augustus Simmons, and Tom goes back with his horse. Clemence meets them as they drive up. Amy is pleased. After dinner Gusti proposes they go home. Elva wants the worth of a scolding and refuses to go. Clemence meets Elva's eyes and experiences an unpleasant sensation. Elva insists upon seeing the baby's clothes and the chamber furnishings and then they ride home. The house is locked and dark. Mrs. Rock cautiously opens the door. The Captain is frightfully angry. Elva is sentenced to a month's imprisonment, which is commuted to one day, and Gusti is sent to sea. The affection between the youth of sixteen and the girl of ten gives Captain Rock uneasiness.

Five years later Clemence Moore, standing in front of Beach Cottage, is startled by the appearance of a young woman, head bare and feet bare and bleeding. Clemence tries to get the poor creature to go in. She will not, and begs Clemence not to weep for her but herself and implores her never to love. Amy recognizes in her an old schoolmate Nanny Larcomb, the bride of Lemuel Norris. Her father and husband are murdered and her home burned before her eyes, and reason flees. Nanny is released from an asylum and becomes the care of her cousin, Ernest Brent, lately returned from Germany. Elva, Peggy Long, the village post-mistress arrives, and gives them the news of the month. That night the old mansion is burned. Elva rescues her uncle. Nothing is saved. Elva suffers a long and serious illness. The physician recommends a change of air and they all go to Scotland. A tourney is held and Elva dressed in armor, in the guise of Prince Ariel, from the Court of Fairy, is victor of the day. She reveals her identity when she unmask. Her uncle is furious and threatens to marry her to Dolor. Her mother objects, she is too young to marry. Captain Rock explains his plans to Dolor, to send her to a nunnery. Dolor cannot consent to lose her society. The tournament and with a masked ball. Elva escapes the vigilance of her uncle and attends. Her uncle makes arrangements to put her in a nunnery. She begs of her mother not to fret. She will be back in a week. Elva enters the nunnery and admits her first hours are happy. She smuggles a full dress uniform of Gusti's to the sleeping apartment. Putting it on with the gold lace cap, she goes to the bed of Sister Mary, and bending over kisses her. Waking suddenly she sees the little midshipman and giving one shriek arouses all. Elva glides back to her bed and feigns sleep. Sister Ignatia scolds vigorously and Sister Mary is dreaming and orders the girls back to their beds. Waiting until all is quiet Elva goes to the bed of Sister Ignatia and kisses her. The uproar produced brings the Mother Superior, who demands an explanation. Sister Ignatia declares there is a man in the room and a thorough search is made and no proof found. The next morning Elva's suit is discovered and she is summoned to the dormitory. She returns home in disgrace. Her uncle is determined she marry Dolor at Christmas. After repeated protests Elva consents and pledges her word to marry him. Gusti unexpectedly returns and Elva falls in a faint. He leaves without a good by. The wedding takes place, and Elva is left to live her presence. Ernest Brent returns to his grandfather, Barnabas Brent, a miser and Nanny Norris, his cousin. Ernest meets Clemence Moore and for the first time he halts the approaching Sabbath with joy. He offers her his hand in marriage. The physicians order change of air for Elva. She proposes a trip to London, provided Clemence will accompany them. Ernest Brent makes one of the party with Mrs. Rock and Dr. Dolor. Before departing on a long trip to Calcutta Ernest persuades Clemence to be his wife. The party return home.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EARLY in the morning the carriage was brought to the door to take Amy and her party home.

To Clemence, how slowly passed that summer's morning! Ernest had promised to see her during the day. But he did not.

The longest day comes sometime or another to an end. And at last Clemence's work was finished, and her school dismissed.

Clemence was obliged to walk home. She had not walked many yards down the lonely footpath, before Ernest joined her. He caught her to his bosom, and kissed her till she dropped her head and hid her flushed cheek upon his shoulder. Then he began to speak:

"My Clemence, my own darling, my sweet wife. Look up—let me see your dear face—don't turn it away. Look up now."

Clemence raised her head and glanced at the face so dear to her.

"I want to sit and talk to you so much. Come now. Let us go and find the mossy dell, from which I showed you that beautiful view of the sea. He drew her arm within his own and led her on.

"Oh, Clemence! my love! my queen! By what rare fortune was it that I ever found you in these Sussex downs!" he exclaimed, in a sort of ecstasy, straining her to his bosom.

And Clemence dropped her blushing face upon his shoulder.

So he continued to caress her—every moment growing more and more fascinated with her loveliness.

"How enchanting you are!" he exclaimed, catching her in his arms and pressing kisses on her cheek.

Glowing with color, Clemence strove to release herself.

"Let us leave this place, Ernest," she pleaded, attempting to rise.

"Why, do you wish to leave me?" he asked, without releasing his hold.

"Ernest, it is late," she said, in vague alarm.

"That does not matter—I am with you."

"They will be so anxious!" she said, with increasing distress, trying to get away. "You distress me beyond measure," she exclaimed, in great trouble.

But he stopped her breath with kisses. Clemence suddenly ceased to struggle, and by a strong effort of will she became perfectly calm. And looking in his eyes, with her clear, steady gaze, she said:

"Ernest, if you are a man of honor, you will release me."

His arms dropped from around her as if he had been struck dead.

Glad to be free, Clemence arose to depart. Ernest sat still. Clemence hesitated; she knew not how to proceed. He did not offer to rise and attend her. At length she spoke:

"Will you see me safely through the woods, Ernest? It is nearly dark—and the road will not be safe for me."

Ernest was silent and sullen.

"Good night, then," she said.

"Good night, Clemence."

She turned away, her heart filled nearly to bursting with grief, indignation, and fear. That he should let her take that long, dark, dangerous walk alone!—it was incredible! and she walked swiftly for about a quarter of a mile, and then was forced to pause and take breath. And then every feeling of indignation and fear was lost in that of sorrow that she had wounded his feelings, and left him in anger. And Clemence dropped her face into her open hand and wept. A step breaking through the brushwood made her start and tremble, but as the step approached, a voice said:

"Fear nothing, I have not lost sight of you since you left me," and Ernest came up to her side.

With a glad smile of surprise Clemence turned to greet him. Lifting his hat slightly, he said: "Go forward, if you please to do so. I attend you."

Clemence went on, and he followed closely. They proceeded in silence for some time. Now that she knew that he had not left her a moment alone in the woods, she felt more deeply grieved at having so mortified and offended him. At last she spoke:

"Pray do not be angry with me, dear Ernest."

"I am not angry, and you do me too much honor to care about my mood. Understand me once for all. I am neither the tyrant who will persecute you to exact your attention, nor yet the slave who will follow and coax and whine and wheedle for your favor. In either character I should despise myself too much," he answered coolly.

"Ernest, you are deeply displeased, or you would not speak so, and I am very, very sorry," said Clemence, in a tremulous voice.

"Do not distress yourself about me, I shall trouble you no more after this evening!"

What could Ernest mean? Trouble her no more after this evening! She did not understand the words. She did not reply—she could not.

And they went on until the light from Beach Cottage was visible. Then Clemence said:

"You had better leave me now. They are sitting up and watching for me."

"No! Go on; the night is very dark. I must see you to the gate."

They walked rapidly, and just as they approached the house, Clemence saw a little figure wandering about near the gate, and which suddenly sprang towards her with a cry of joy!

"Here she is, mother!" cried Isa, pulling at Clemence's dress, and drawing her in the house.

"Oh! Clemence, where have you been?" asked Amy, in a tone half of love, half of vexation.

"I have been detained," said Clemence in a low voice.

The cottage was very inviting. The evening was just chilly enough to make the bright little wood fire agreeable. And old Mott got up and set out a little table, covered it with a white napkin, and put the tea and toast, with the addition of a piece of cold chicken and a saucer of jam upon it. And Clemence sat down and tried to eat, for affectionate eyes had noticed the trouble of her countenance, and were watching her now with anxiety.

"You do not seem to have an appetite, dear; what is the matter?" asked Amy.

"I am not very well," said Clemence, rising and leaving the table, and refraining with difficulty from bursting into tears.

"It's that there ball at Elmslea—that's what it is!" said Mott, as she cleared away the tea service—"a dancing all night till broad daylight stand it, much less that of a delicate girl."

Clemence arose and lighted a candle, and bidding all good night went up-stairs, followed by Isa. She undressed the child and put her to bed, then went to bed herself. She had been in the habit of going to sleep with her in her arms. But this night she kissed the child and turned over away from her, to be alone with her own thoughts. "After this evening I will trouble you no more," he had said. What did he mean by that? So engrossed was she by her own grief, until at last she felt a little hand pass softly over her face and feel her eyes, and a little sad voice say:

"What is the matter, Clemence? Please don't cry. I love you so much."

"My darling—how selfish in me to turn away from my loving child. Couldn't you sleep out of Clemence's arms? Well, then, now close your eyes, and go to sleep."

"But will you go to sleep too, Clemence?"

"Yes, I will try. Never mind my tears—something troubled me this evening, but it is nothing that you can help at all, so go to sleep."

At last the blessing "God give His beloved" fell upon both Clemence and Isa. So that when Amy came up to bed, she found them fast asleep, still locked in each other's arms.

Clemence's grief had followed her into the land of dreams. And when she awoke in the morning, it was the first thing that met her in the world of reality. It was with a heavy heart that she arose and dressed herself, partook of a slight breakfast, and set out for school.

Isa, who had stayed home the day before to rest herself after the party, now accompanied her.

As they reached the cross-roads, Clemence's eager gaze went in all directions, in the vain hope of seeing Ernest near their old trysting-place. He was nowhere in sight, and with a heart that grew every moment heavier, Clemence went on, looking wistfully up the path, longing for his appearance.

They walked the whole distance, and reached the schoolroom without having met one single being. But one faint hope sustained her—that of seeing Ernest on her way home again. At last the school was dismissed, and she and Isa set out for the cottage. So slowly she walked, that it was after sunset when they reached Beach Cottage. And Amy said:

"Indeed I would not make a slave of myself, and keep the school in so late Clemence."

But Clemence turned away, wishing more than ever for some solitary place, where she might weep unnoticed and unquestioned.

As passed this day, so passed the next one. Friday came.

"Surely Ernest will see me today," she said. "He knows that it is Friday, and that tomorrow

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there will be no opportunity." But every mile that brought her nearer home weighed down her heart, and when at last, without having seen him, she reached Beach Cottage, she entered the house, and without stopping to speak to Amy, passed upstairs, sank on her knees by the bed, buried her face in the coverlet, and gave way to a convulsive fit of grief.

Amy looked after her in anxiety.

"I wonder what is the matter with Clemence?" she said.

"It is the school," began Mott.

Amy did not seem to be satisfied with Mott's explanation of Clemence's distress, and before the old woman's wandering discourse was finished, she had left the room and gone up-stairs.

Clemence heard her coming, and hastily stilled her sobs. Amy approached, and put her arms around her.

"My dear Clemence, what is the matter? What is this that has troubled you these three or four days?"

"I am out of spirits, Amy. But I have one favor to beg of you—will you grant it to me?"

"Of course I will, Clemence. I promise you blindly before you tell me what it is."

"It is that you will never question me as to the cause of my moods."

Amy looked hurt—so much so, that Clemence quickly added:

"Dear Amy, forgive me, but you know one has sometimes imaginary troubles, which they are half ashamed to own, and cannot bear to display. I hope you understand me, and are not offended with me, Amy."

"She has permitted herself to form an unhappy attachment," thought Amy, stumbling very near the truth. And from that time forth, for many weeks, Amy forbore to question Clemence.

The next day, Saturday, Clemence busied her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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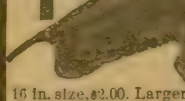
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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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About Yarding Fowls

ONE of the most difficult things about poultry is to make the farm people understand that fowls are better off kept in yards; in fact, that they must be so restrained if the highest egg records are to be reached. In way-back times, it was considered a detriment to yard fowls, but for some years past professional poultry-keepers have yarded their fowls, because they found it was the only way to reach the top notch. Even now the general farmers still adhere to the free range idea, and I am convinced that it is not purely because they think it necessary, but it saves feed and other bother. It has been estimated that a flock of common dunghill hens, such as are seen on the average farm, lay in a year less than a hundred eggs each. The figures are eighty to ninety. Farmers who have become breeders, and who thus give the hen decidedly more consideration, and still adhere to the free range system, have increased this yield to one hundred and fifty and better. Breeders who are following the strictly up-to-date methods and have yarded their layers, have obtained an average of one hundred and seventy-five eggs, and some have even reached the two hundred mark.

Please note that I say fowls or hens, and I do not mean this to include growing chicks. The line must be distinctly drawn between the two. The range cannot be too extended for growing stock. What we strive for in growing chicks is frame on which later we intend to put flesh. This frame can only be built by food, and plenty of it, converted into bone and muscle by exercise. After the chick has made the frame, we can safely yard her and put on the flesh, and thus convert her into a money-making machine.

The advantages gained by yarding stock are manifold. First of all, by confining stock to a certain space we are sure they eat the food provided and in the quantity we mean them to have. Feeding layers to produce eggs is becoming every year a more delicate operation. Formula after formula is tried by different breeders, as an ex-



A FARM WHERE TWO THOUSAND LAYING HENS YARD.

periment, with the hope of increasing the egg yield. If we can force each hen to lay ten eggs a year more, it means a considerable increase in the total of the flock, and a better return in dollars and cents to the breeder. Yarding stock is a means toward this end. The food fed is converted, as we mean it to be, into eggs, and not into muscle. It is decidedly more troublesome to care for stock in this way, and necessitates additional labor and expense, but we are looking for the increase all the time, and are thus continually hoping to be compensated for the extra trouble.

Fowls in yards must be supplied with everything they require, which means all they would naturally seek if running at large. This includes, besides the grain we feed by formula, green food, meat, a scratching place and dusting spot, and grit and water. Of all these I consider green food the most necessary, and the one thing to be impressed upon the mind, because it is the one thing too often forgotten. Green food of any variety is acceptable. The ideal yarding of fowls is what is known as double yarding—a house in the middle and a yard on each side. These yards can be sown with rye or oats, and alternated so that the fowls will have a constant green run as long as the rye or oats will grow, which is until frost. Failing in the double yard system, green food may be supplied by lawn clippings, whole cabbage, mangel wurzels, turnips, or any vegetable fed whole in warm weather, and boiled and mixed in mash in cold weather. Meat can be fed in a variety of ways. Turning up the ground of the yards with a cultivator, or by shallow plowing, will bring the worms and bugs within reach, or sheep heads cut open and fed raw can be thrown in, and this is an ideal meat feed. Ground beef scraps softened may be mixed in mash—and last, and probably the best, cut green bough.

Yarded fowls need exercise. It must not be understood that because they are confined they do not get exercise, or as much as if let run at large. The yards should be at least one hundred and fifty feet long, if they are the width of the average coop, which is ten or twelve feet. Some breeds are decidedly more active by nature than others; for instance, the Leghorns as compared to the Cochins or Brahmas. This does not affect the health of the fowls particularly. A Leghorn is no healthier because of her activity than a Cochin is. It is simply the difference in their natures, but because of this excess of activity of one breed over another, the one must have more room than the other. The Leghorn stands the confinement of a small coop ten by twelve feet in winter, provided she can be kept actively hunting for her food; but the same bird would mope and become out of condition if confined too long in an exhibition coop in a showroom. On the other hand, a Cochin, being of a lazier nature, forages slowly, and wanders quietly over her yard, takes things easy in the winter coop, and stands the confinement of the exhibition coop excellently.

The foraging nature of any breed can be killed by excessive feeding. Even birds with free range, if overfed at special meal hours, will take but limited exercise, exactly as those treated the same way and yarded. Exercise is induced by short feeding. In other words, no laying strain should be fed all they can eat except at night. Hunger induces exercise, whether a fowl be let run or yarded. Therefore, fowls fed short and induced to hunt for more, will lay eggs, while those overfed, in the morning especially, will sit around moping in the sun, and convert the food into flesh instead of eggs.

Another advantage of yarded fowls is the certainty of finding all the eggs laid every day, and then being able to guarantee them as strictly fresh. This is a point of great importance, and constitutes the difference between eggs produced by an up-to-date breeder with yarded fowls, and those sold by the "honest" farmer who collects them wherever found, and cannot swear that they were laid today, not two weeks ago.

Correspondence

A COMFORT Reader, Illinois.—Can you tell me what ails my hens? They have suffered in the same way each summer for the past four years; young chickens as well as old hens, though the young ones don't suffer as badly. The trouble lasts about two months each year. They seem perfectly healthy up to the moment they are attacked, yet within six hours they are almost, if not quite dead. I find them sitting about, or moping under the perch in the morning; they stretch their necks straight out, and their mouths are frothy inside. Some have a foul-smelling whitish discharge, nothing like pond muck, but very offensive. When they are first taken, if I throw food down before them, they will try to pick it up, but seem as if they cannot reach it. Later, they just lie with their necks straight out until they die, some in a few hours, others in from two to three days. We have a pond close to the house, where some of them go to drink, and in the summer, when the water gets bad, the neighbors say it is the water which causes the trouble. What do you think? I don't feed much, as they eat with the hogs, and pick around the corn pens.

A.—As you have an annual break-out of the trouble, it is undoubtedly produced by some condition on or all round the place, especially as the description you send suggests poison or limberneck. You say that the fowls eat with the hogs. Do your hogs have much kitchen swill? Limberneck is caused by birds eating maggots out of decayed meat or dead carcasses. Naturally, the two hot months are the season when such maggots are most likely to be found in meat scraps around the hogpen. Decaying animal matter around the edges of the pond might also cause the trouble. Make a thorough investigation of the usual conditions during the summer, and then take drastic means to improve them before another year. Have the pond cleaned out or drained off entirely, for it must be a menace to your family as well as to the hens. Read the fore part of this month's article on yarding hens. Do you use any poison spray on your vegetables or fruit trees during the two months? As I cannot investigate your place, I can only advise you to do a lot of thinking on your own account, and determine where the trouble lies. When first attacked the birds might be saved by giving them a dose of Castor or sweet oil, one teaspoonful for a grown bird, and of course less for younger stock.

S. S.—What makes hens eat their eggs, and what will cure them of the habit?

A.—The habit usually starts through an egg being broken. It is very difficult to cure a flock when they have once got the habit. One guilty bird will often demoralize large flocks. Have the nests placed in a dark part of the chicken house, and about a foot or so above the ground. Put a china egg in every nest, and gather the real eggs several times a day. One or two china eggs dropped on the floor of the poultry house will also help, for they will spend their time pecking at them and not be able to break them, and give up in disgust. A piece of fat salt pork hung

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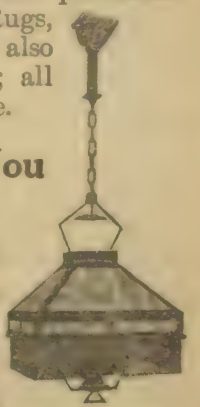
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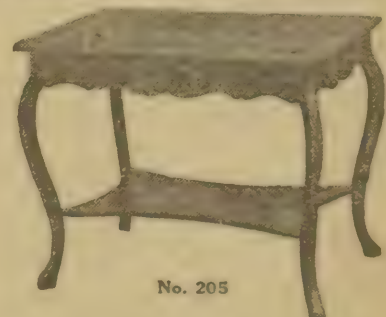


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G. P. 166

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BY CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS.

No matter where your road may fare, or you may chance to be,—

Far roaming on a foreign strand or tossed by stormy

Or fighting fate, 'mid dangers great, in sickness lying

Though strength has fled, and hope lies dead,—it cheers one's heart to know.

CHORUS.

There's a girl that loves you only,
A sweetheart fond and true.
There's a maiden fair, breathing a prayer
In the silent night for you,
And Heaven she's imploring,
When with wand'ring you are through
And you've ceased to roam, to guide you home
To the girl that loves only you.

There are maidens fair, most everywhere, in every

land and clime.

Their animation, fascination, charms you for a time,
They thrill, and thrill, then quickly pall, for ah, how soon you learn,

Those loving smiles, were wanton wiles, then tenderly you turn.

CHORUS.

To the girl that loves you only,
A sweetheart fond and true,
A maiden fair, who's breathing a prayer
In the silent night for you,
And Heaven she's imploring,
When with wand'ring you are through
And you've ceased to roam, to guide you home
To the girl that loves only you.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Reducing Exercises for Abdomen and Waist

FOR a long time the short-waisted woman was in clover, but fashions have changed and now the girl with a short waist-line and large hips is distinctly out of everything.

This is a horrible predicament to be in so I suggest practicing physical culture exercises for a month and getting rid of the chunky waist that is causing you so much trouble.

While physical culture may sound rather stupid and strenuous, it is really lots of fun. There is a reason for this and here it is. It's lots of fun because the more you exercise the prettier you get and that naturally makes any woman feel as if she were having a lovely time. Why, I have seen physical culture do wonders in the way of beautifying the figure and complexion and I know you will all of you become enthusiastic over it if you will only consent to give it a trial.

It is better to wear bloomers while going through the following set of movements as skirts hamper one so. Also I must impress upon you the importance of dispensing with corsets at this time. There need be no set hour for this beauty practice, although it is generally better to practice in the morning immediately after getting out of bed. However, if you are a busy woman with many morning tasks, plan to exercise just before retiring for the night. This will send you off to bed pleasantly tired and you will be in slumberland almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. Won't that be nice?

Simple Exercise for Reducing Large Abdomen

Throw open the windows so you may have plenty of fresh air to breathe and stand erect with abdomen drawn in, chest thrown out and back held straight. Now stand on tiptoe and move rapidly around the room drawing up each knee as you walk until it strikes heavily against the abdomen.

Remember you must keep on tiptoe. This means you have to be somewhat acrobatic as you must balance on one foot while the other foot is off the ground. I don't doubt but what you will have many tumbles and that you will be hot and breathless after your first trial but don't be discouraged for practice makes perfect. This little exercise is remarkably effective as it simply pounds the flesh off. Practice it for five minutes daily.

Second Exercise for Reducing Abdomen

Put a stiff chair in front of an open window and place yourself in it, sitting well back, with the spine held straight. You should now lean as far as possible to one side, touching the floor with the tips of the fingers. If your chair is of a good height, if you have chosen a low chair, you should be able to place the palm of the hand flat on the floor. Now lean way over to the other side, again touching the floor with the hands. This exercise presses the abdomen against



SECOND EXERCISE FOR REDUCING ABDOMEN.

the thigh. The next movement is to bend to the front bringing the chest on a level with the knees and curving the spine. In this instance also touch finger-tips to ground or the palm of the hand if practicable.

Exercise for Strengthening Flabby Abdominal Muscles

Throw a soft rug on the floor and lie down on it, with back to floor. Put your hands under the neck, your elbows touching the floor and bend the left thigh until the knee almost rests upon the chest. Now straighten knee and lower leg slowly until it rests upon the floor. Give the right thigh and knee the same exercise. After a while, when you feel that the abdominal muscles are stronger, you can use both thighs at the same time but don't be in too great a hurry or you may strain the muscles. Practice these motions for five minutes.

Now we must study exercises for large hips because they are almost as unsightly as a too prominent abdomen.

First Hip Reducing Exercise

Stand in front of an open window and take five deep breaths, inhaling fully and exhaling slowly. After this stand erect with arms held straight ahead the head and, keeping the knees perfectly rigid, bend slowly from the waist-line until the finger-tips touch the floor.

This is the best exercise I know of for bringing down the hips and I advise practicing it diligently. Don't expect to touch the floor with your fingers the very first day because you will be doomed to disappointment. Perhaps in a week you will be able to touch the floor but not before, unless you are unusually supple.

The following is an exercise which will prove quite difficult but it is so effective that I cannot bring myself to omit it.

Second Hip Reducing Exercise

Stand erect and raise the left knee as high as you can, flattening it against the chest. Remain in this position until you have counted six. If you wish you can place a stick under the raised right heel as this will partially support the weight of your leg. Now go through this same movement with the right leg.

After you have practiced this exercise for a few times you will find that your hips are growing rapidly less.

Third Hip Reducing Exercise

Select a chair with narrow seat and sit astride of it facing the back, with feet placed firmly on the floor. Now contract all the muscles of the thighs so as to grip the chair securely, fold the trunk back of body and bend the trunk slowly and gently backward (chin held in and head in a line with trunk). Do not try to go far and be sure to return very slowly to original position.

Fourth Hip Reducing Exercise

Stand erect with chest



FOURTH HIP REDUCING EXERCISE.

thrown out and knees straight. Throw your right leg over and as far beyond the left leg as you can. Make a chalk mark where it touches the floor. Now put the right leg back of the left leg and as far over as possible. It should reach the chalk mark, this making a circle. Repeat with left leg.

As you will tire easily at first, do not try to go too fast. Be content to make progress slowly for a few days. When the muscles become accustomed to the work and the sore feeling disappears, you may exercise a little longer but please be careful because an overdose will do you no good.

Do not try to practice all the exercises given at one time. Select one abdominal and one hip exercise and adhere to this choice for a week, then take the second abdominal and second hip exercise. After the second week take the third abdominal and third and fourth hip exercises. On the fourth week begin at the beginning and repeat. The good results will compensate one for the time and energy expended.

Questions and Answers

J. M. S.—You can buy rubber sheeting at a rubber store and sometimes at drug stores. Get thin rubber. Laughing Blue Eyes.—Thank you for the pimple cure. It must be a wonder. See reply to Gray Eyes.

Elder-flower Astringent Lotion

Place in half pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elder-flower water and add two tablespoonfuls of can de Cologne. Shake well and add very slowly one half ounce simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elder-flower.

Big Ruth.—I enjoyed reading your letter and you will keep your recipe for bust. See reply to Gray Eyes. Do you think you can do it? Such pretty flowers! Thank you for sending them to me. I know Washington state well.

Farmer Girl, Bonnie Bea, Trilix Bell, Latha's Sweetheart and others, who want to get plump.—To get fat on milk, drink three quarts of sweet milk daily. Sip each glassful very, very slowly and take one every half hour until the three quarts are consumed. You should gain from one to three pounds a week. Milk is a great bust developer! Wrinkles disappear when one lives on milk.

Otis, Augusta, Red Wing, Clover Blossom, Aurilla, Teddy Bear and others.—I am sorry, but I do not answer letters personally. Here is a remedy for blackheads:

Blackhead Lotion

Carbonate of magnesia, one dram; zinc oxide, one dram; rosewater, four ounces.

Shake and mop on spots. Later on soften skin with hot water and press out "worms." Superficial hair can be safely and permanently removed by means of the electric needle.

Montana.—Do not answer letters personally and besides haven't the address you ask for.

Maude, Mrs. B., Laura and others.—You can bleach your hair by using Peroxide of Hydrogen, but I doubt if you can do this work for yourself. It would be wiser to go to a hair store and have your hair bleached by a professional. If you do it at home your hair is liable to be streaked.

Lillie.—The remedy you speak of was not given by me and I do not know where you can get it or how it should be used.

Pearl, Miss Archer, Bernice, Maudie, Mrs. S. and others.—Massage your scalp for twenty minutes daily, using the following pomade, which is so penetrating in character that it nearly goes to the roots where it is needed. Use persistent use for a month or two will cause your hair to stop falling out and promote a new crop of hair.

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops.

Mrs. J. G. Stonewall Girl, A. Subscriber, Prayerful Blue-eyed Girl, Sunshine, Topsy and others.—Superficial hair on the face or arms can be removed safely and permanently by means of the electric needle. An hour's treatment will cost four to five dollars. The electric needle in the hands of a skillful operator does not scar. I sympathize with you and hope you will be able to take this treatment.

October Flower.—You should write the editor of COMFORT and ask for advertising rates. I am not posted as to this. Your measurements are splendid.

Bulle B., Eleanor, Sunshine, Skinny, Anxious, Mrs. B. S. and others who wish to become plump.—If you are bilious you must be very careful to drink the milk slowly. Start on one quart a day to three quarts a day at nine A. M., 1 P. M., 5 P. M. and 9 P. M. Sip each glassful as slow as you can, holding each swallow in the mouth and swishing it around with your tongue. In this way it becomes salivated and goes into your stomach pre-digested. When you are used to one quart, increase to two, taking a glassful every two hours, gradually increase to three, taking a glassful every three quarters of an hour. Perhaps you will at last be able to drink four quarts of milk daily taking a glassful every half hour. But rightly and of easily digested food. On four quarts you will need only one light meal a day. If nausea begins, stop the milk until you feel better, then begin again. Take a vegetable cathartic every day until you are on four quarts of milk. A cupful of medicated bran daily will make the best cathartic for you. Milk is a great flesh producer and bust developer. Good luck to you.

Mrs. E. J. Ethel, Texas Maid, Worried and others.—A formula for enlarging the bust is as follows: Boil two whole ripe oranges (best quality) for four hours in three hundred grams of olive oil. A double boiler should be used. At night bathe the bust in hot water, then rub a piece of the orange over for several months the results are said to be good.

One of our Girls.—I have been editing the Beauty Department in COMFORT for nearly three years now. You should wash your hair every ten or eleven days, using rain water and the following soap jelly. If it seems to lighten the hair, use only one half teaspoonful of borax or a quarter of a teaspoonful. Oily hair is a nuisance as it has to be washed so often to keep it presentable.

Soap Jelly Formula

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

Mrs. Claude, Wild Rose, Lorene II, Bobby, Susanna and others.—As you cannot buy a toilet vinegar in your town I will print formula for one.

Rose Toilet Vinegar

One ounce dried rose leaves. Pour over them half a pint of white wine vinegar and let stand for two weeks. Then you strain carefully, throwing the rose leaves away and add half a pint of rosewater. You can use this pure or if too strong for the skin, dilute one third.

Mrs. Nettie. The hair remover referred to in my reply to Sunshine consisted of rubbing spirits of camphor on arms once a day. This formula was given me by a COMFORT reader and I cannot guarantee it. It should not be used on the face.

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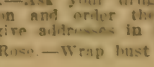
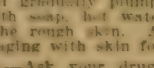
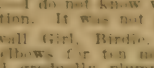
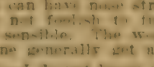
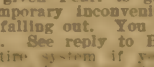
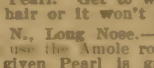
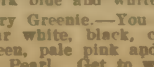
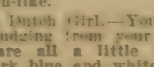
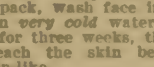
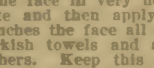
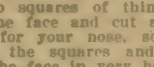
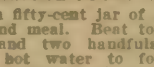
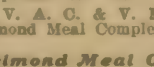
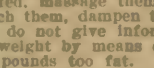
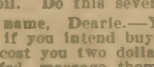
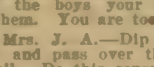
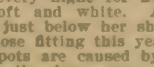
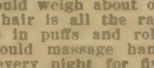
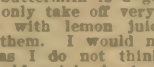
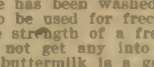
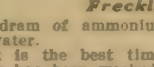
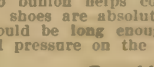
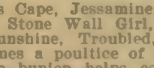
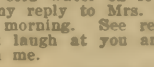
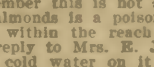
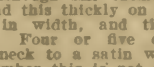
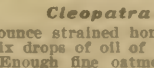
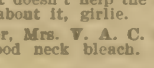
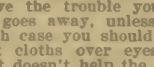
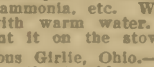
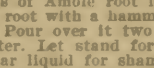
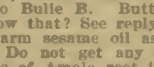
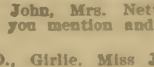
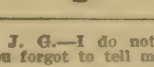
A Personal Word

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Write For My Big Free Catalog

No. 16B

Spear of Pittsburgh



then exercise arms violently, also drink hot water. In twenty minutes remove bandages. Do this every other day. This treatment is said to reduce although I cannot guarantee results. Be careful not to bind bust too tightly.

Miss Archer Archer.—I have never used the tonic so cannot say what the results are. Warm the cake of cocoa butter and massage it into the bust for twenty minutes daily.

Flossie.—Paint spots with freckle remedy given in these columns.

Utah, Bessie and Clara, Sunshine, Teddy Bear, Chop, Idaho and others.—The night before washing hair saturate it with sweet oil, tie head up in a towel and go to bed. After the shampoo next morning the dandruff should be gone. See reply to Otis. Here is an astringent for enlarged pores, but do not use it until your blackheads have disappeared.

Elder-flower Astringent Lotion

Place in half-pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elder-flower water and add two tablespoonfuls of can de Cologne. Shake well and add very slowly one half ounce simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elder-flower.

Violet Eyes, R. 34.—I do not know the remedy you mention. You should live almost entirely on skimmed milk as this will reduce you about half a pound of flesh daily.

Catherine.—It certainly is odd about your hair, but there is nothing to be done. Let it alone. You are about the right weight for your height.

Intelligent Eyes.—No, cocoa butter is not dangerous in any way. Your bust should be about thirty-four inches.

Geraldine.—If you patronize a real good dentist there is no reason why the fillings in your teeth should stay in. Moles are dangerous to meddle with.

O. N. C. Girl.—Everybody gets tears in the eyes when they laugh heartily.

Cleveland, Tenn.—Wear a clothes pin on your nose at night. This is a cure for enlarged nostrils if it is kept up long enough.

School girl.—Wet wart and then sprinkle over it a little salt. Let this remain on the wart for five or ten minutes. Repeat several times.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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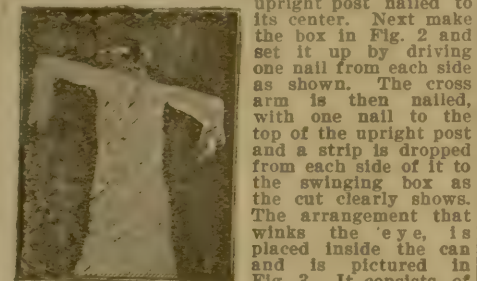
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

WELL one month of school season has passed and I presume you are settled down to earnest work. Too much inside air is not good for active boys so I have planned a few articles that will give you ample exercise and help to train your hands. When your hands are occupied in doing useful work you are learning much more than any book can teach you. I have made the plans for every section of the country and hope to hear how you like them.

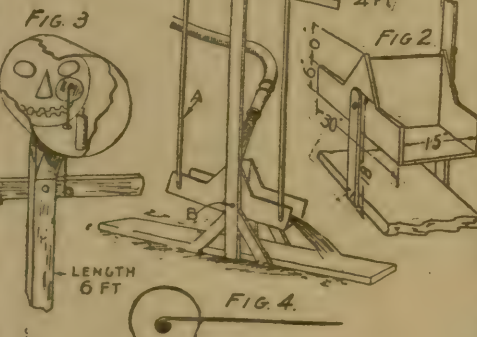
A Hallowe'en Scarecrow

At a glance you will know that the queer figure pictured here is meant for a Hallowe'en thriller. The face is a can with the eyes and mouth cut out like an ordinary Jack-o-lantern, but the works under it cause one of the eyes to be alternately lit up and darkened, thus giving it a ghostly winking appearance. The illustration shows clearly how every part is made. First form a stander out of a base plank and



upright post nailed to its center. Next make the box in Fig. 2 and set it up by driving one nail from each side as shown. The cross arm is then nailed, with one nail to the top of the upright post and a strip is dropped from each side of it to the swinging box as the cut clearly shows. The arrangement that winks the eye, is placed inside the can and is pictured in Fig. 3. It consists of

a wire rigidly fastened to one of the arms and extending up through a small hole in the can. The stream of water falling on the box or double trough fills one side and causes it to sink. This brings the other half under the stream and in turn it sinks by virtue of the weight of the water. Thus the rocking motion is effected and the disk on the end of the



FOR THE INGENIOUS BOY.

wire is shown in Fig. 4 closes up one of the eyes. In a second it will sink again and again the light will be visible. A good way to get the stream of water is to fill a barrel or tub and place it on a high object so that its lowest part will be, at least, twenty inches higher than the bottom plank; then insert one end of the hose into the water and suck on the other until a flow is established. The water will continue running until the barrel is empty, but the hose should be small so that it will not carry it off too quickly. The dressing of the figure is left to your own ingenuity. If there are any scary people up your way just set up one of those ghosts and see what happens.

A Whittling Stunt

The boy and his knife has been the subject of many poems and articles. Here I depart from the sentimental side of the subject and endeavor to show how the knife may be used to produce a novel ornament. To beginners it will seem



A TEST OF PATIENCE.

quite impossible to whittle the ring and keys shown at Fig. 5 out of one piece of wood, but if they follow directions they will find it simple enough. Get a stick of poplar, bass-wood or soft white pine two inches square and about six inches long and mark lines on it as shown in Fig. 1. Cut away the parts outside your lines and you will make it look like Fig. 2. Again mark it as shown in Fig. 2. When you have whittled away the parts outside the lines for the second time it will be as Fig. 3. The square part in the center is then rounded to the form of a circle and the ends are given a key shape, making the whole pretty much like Fig. 4. All that now remains to be done is to hack away a space between the eye of each key and the ring. This is the most difficult part of the work and must be done very slowly. The whittlings should be as fine as sawdust. When you have cut away sufficient to permit the keys to move freely you can lay aside the knife and finish with sandpaper. When complete soak the keys in linseed oil for several days.

The Sealing Industry

Most of the seals come from the Pribylo islands where there are immense breeding places for them, called "rookeries". The male or bull gets there the first week in May and establishes himself on the ice overlooking the sea, so that when the female seals or cows come along he can intercept them. By the end of May thousands of bulls are there and a battle royal ensues for possession of the coast line. Fiercely they fight with teeth and flippers and many are killed. After about two weeks of war the cows come in eight miles of them, and they swim timidly back and forth making their own choice of a mate. The bull will help his choice out of the water and if he sees another he wants will coax by means of shrill whistles. While he aids number two to land another bull behind him will try

to carry off number one and the two will get to fighting. This occupies them so thoroughly that they cannot stop a third bull from carting off the object of their quarrel and so the fighting goes on until each bull that survives has five to twenty wives. The "pup" seals are born a few hours after the cows land and they come back to the islands until the fourth year when they are slaughtered by man for their valuable skins. The skins are sent to England to be dressed. They receive about ten coats of dye and are stretched and pulled on a machine to soften them.

Earning Money with a Camera

I would advise every boy who can afford it to provide himself with a first-class camera. It will pay for itself in a short time if you learn how to take pictures, and there is nothing simpler. People in the country have not the opportunity that city folks have to go across the street to the photographer and they will pay you a good price for a good picture. You can have the finishing done in the city if you wish but it will take a big slice of your profits. I know a country lad who makes twenty dollars every vacation with his camera and it cost him only four dollars in the first place. If you do careful work each picture will be an advertisement for you and you will soon have lots of orders. No matter where you live the plan is worth a trial and winter pictures are as good as summer views. When you get experience you can take quite a few that some publication will be glad to buy or enter in their prize contests.



.. WHAT IS A HEN?

The peaceful biddy that you see standing above means a good many things. But you have to look sharply to find it out. See if you locate in her makeup the following articles:

1. Part of a kite.
2. Part of an army.
3. Part of a will.
4. Part of a needle.
5. A toilet article.
6. Source of a river.
7. Parts of a table.
8. Something composed of inches.
9. What your father hates to pay.
10. Something that will tickle you.
11. A fish with many legs.
12. A city in France.
13. The fourth of a pint.
14. One end of a stream.

Problems for October

Last month's questions created so much interest among the readers of this department that I was kept busy answering letters. This list of problems is quite as good as the other and will surely test your knowledge of arithmetic. Work them without asking any help from your elders and you may consider yourself pretty wise. Complete solutions will be sent to inquirers who inclose stamp.

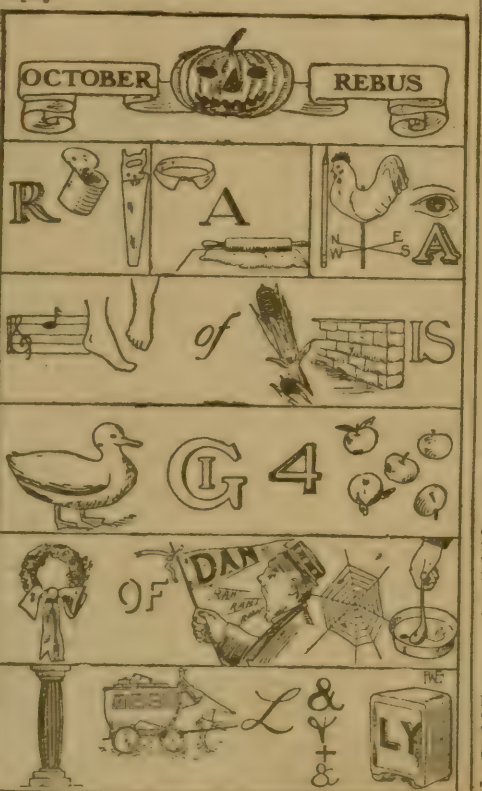
1. A, B and C can build a boat in 20 days. A and B in 40 days, and A and C in 30 days. How long would it take each separately to build it?
2. The head of a fish is four inches long, the tail is as long as the head plus one half of the body is as long as the head and tail. What is the length of the fish?
3. A man bought 100 head of live stock for \$100. For cows he paid \$10 a head, for sheep \$1 a head and hogs 50 cents a head. How many of each kind did he purchase?

Answer to September Problems

1. Long piece 8 feet, short piece 6 feet. Worked 30 days was idle 10 days. Six beggars.

October Puzzles

Here is a batch of new picture puzzles that will test your knowledge of history and geography.



1. Three American geographical names.
2. An October Revolutionary event of great importance.
3. A time-honored Hallowe'en pastime.
4. A sad note from October's list of historical happenings.
5. The most important thing that ever happened in October, so far as we are concerned with American history.

September Answers

1. Wheeling, West Virginia. Reading, Pennsylvania. Lincoln, Nebraska.
2. When the leaves begin to turn.
3. Reading. Writing. Drawing.
4. Battle of Lake Erie.
5. Capture of Harper's Ferry.

I believe I have done considerably to keep your hands profitably employed and I hope you will make some of the things described and let me know what success you had. That is the test of a good article. Will it work out just as the text says? All of those have been tested sufficiently to prove that they will, but you must do your part well. I will be pleased to help you further if you desire it and will answer all questions concerning the suggestions given here. But you must be a paid-up subscriber.

UNCLE JOHN.

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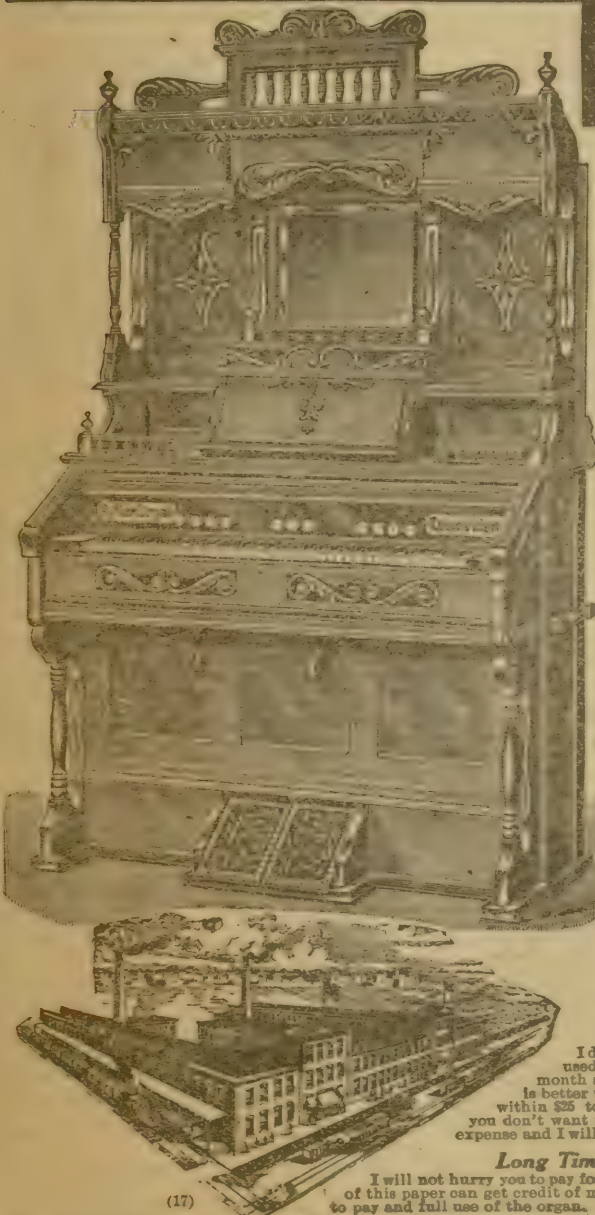
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

come across you in Europe," said John. "The beaten track is not very broad. How long have you been over?"

"Only about six months," she replied. "We have been at one or another of the German spas most of the time, as we went abroad for Mr. Carling's health, and we are on our way home on about such an impulse as that which started us away—he thinks now that he will be better there."

"I am afraid you have not derived much pleasure from your European experiences," said John.

"Pleasure!" she exclaimed. "If ever you saw a young woman who was glad and thankful to turn her face toward home, I am that person. I think that one of the heaviest crosses humanity has to bear is having constantly to decide between two or more trivial conclusions in one's own affairs; but when one is called upon to multiply one's useless perplexities by, say, ten, life is really a burden."

"I suppose," she added after a pause, "you couldn't help hearing our discussions at dinner the other night, and I have wondered a little what you must have thought."

"Yes," he said, "I did hear it. Is it the regular thing, if I may ask?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, with a tone of sadness. "It has grown to be."

"It must be very trying at times," John remarked.

"It is, indeed," she said, "and would often be unendurable to me if it were not for my sense of humor, as it would be to my sister if it were not for her love, for Julius is really a very lovable man, and I, too, am very fond of him. But I must laugh sometimes, though my better nature should rather, I suppose, impel me to sigh."

"A little laughter is much more worth," he quoted.

CHAPTER IV.

They were leaning upon the rail at the stern of the ship, which was going with what little wind there was, and a following sea, with which, as it plunged down the long slopes of the waves, the vessel seemed to be running a victorious race. The water was a deep sapphire, and in the wake the sunlight turned the broken wave-crests to a vivid emerald. The air was of a caressing softness and altogether it was a day and scene of indescribable beauty and inspiration. For a while there was silence between them, which John broke at last.

"I suppose," he said, "that one would best show his appreciation of all this by refraining from the comment which must needs be comparatively commonplace, but really this is so superb that I must express some of my emotion even at the risk of lowering your opinion of my good taste, provided, of course, that you have one."

"Well," she said, laughing. "It may relieve your mind, if you care, to know that had you kept silent an instant longer I should have taken the risk of lowering your opinion of my good taste, provided, of course, that you have one, by remarking that this was perfectly magnificent."

"I should think that this would be the sort of day to get Mr. Carling on deck. This air and sun would brace him up," said John.

She turned to him with a laugh, and said: "That is the General opinion, or was two hours ago; but I'm afraid it's out of the question now, unless we can manage it after luncheon."

"What do you mean?" he asked with a puzzled smile at the mixture of annoyance and amusement visible in her face. "Same old story?"

"Yes," she replied, "same old story. When I went to my breakfast I called at my sister's room and said, 'Come, boys and girls, come out

to play, the sun doth shine as bright as day," and when I've had my breakfast I'm coming to lug you both on deck. It's a perfectly glorious morning, and it will do you both no end of good after being shut up so long.' 'All right,' my sister answered, 'Julius has quite made up his mind to go up as soon as he is dressed. You call for us in half an hour, and we will be ready.'"

"And wouldn't he come?" John asked; "and why not?"

"Oh," she exclaimed with a laugh and a shrug of her shoulders, "shoes."

"Shoes!" said John. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," was the rejoinder. "When I went back to the room I found my brother-in-law sitting on the edge of the lounge, or whatever you call it, all dressed but his coat, rubbing his chin between his finger and thumb, and gazing with despairing perplexity at his feet. It seems that my sister had got past all the other dilemmas, but in a moment of inadvertence had left the shoe question to him, with the result that he had put on one russet shoe and one black one, and had faced them up before discovering the discrepancy."

"I don't see anything very difficult in that situation," remarked John.

"Don't you?" she said scornfully. "No, I suppose not, but it was quite enough for Julius, and more than enough for my sister and me. His first notion was to take off both shoes and begin all over again, and perhaps if he had been allowed to carry it out he would have been all right; but Alice was silly enough to suggest the obvious thing to him—to take off one, and put on the mate to the other—and then the trouble began."

First he was in favor of the black shoes as being thicker in the sole, and then he reflected that they hadn't been blackened since coming on board. It seemed to him that the russets were more appropriate anyway, but the blacks were easier to lace. Had I noticed whether the men

widened all the time. It went on that way for, it seemed to me, at least half an hour, and at last I said, 'Oh, come now, Julius, take off the brown shoe—it's too thin, and doesn't go with your dark trousers, and pinches your toe, and none of the men are wearing them—and just put on the other black one, and come along. We're all suffocating for some fresh air, and if you don't get started pretty soon we shan't get on deck today.' 'Get on deck!' he said, looking up at me with a puzzled expression, and holding fast to the brown shoe on his knee with both hands, as if he were afraid it would take it away from him by main strength—'get on deck! Why—why—I believe I'd better not go out this morning, don't you?'"

"And then?" said John after a pause.

"Oh," she replied, "I looked at Alice, and she shook her head as much to say, 'It's no use for the present,' and I fled the place."

"M'm!" muttered John. "He must have been a nice travelling companion. Has it been like that all the time?"

"Most of it," she said, "but not quite all, and this morning was rather an exaggeration of the regular thing. But getting started on a journey was usually pretty awful. Once we quite missed our train because he couldn't make up his mind whether to put on a light overcoat or a heavy one. I finally settled the question for him, but we were just too late."

"You must be a very amiable person," remarked John.

"Indeed, I am not," she declared, "but Julius is, and it's almost impossible to be really put out with him, particularly in his condition. I have come to believe that he cannot help it, and he submits to my bullying with such sweetness that even my impatience gives way."

"Have you three people been alone together all the time?" John asked.

"Yes," she replied, "except for four or five weeks. We visited some American friends in Berlin, the Nolises, for a fortnight, and after our visit to them they traveled with us for three weeks through South Germany and Switzerland. We parted with them at Metz only about three weeks since."

"How did Mr. Carling seem while you were all together?" asked John, looking keenly at her.

"Oh," she replied, "he was more like himself than I have seen him for a long time—since he began to break down, in fact."

He turned his eyes from her face as she looked up at him, and as he did not speak she said suggestively, "You are thinking something you don't quite like to say, but I believe I know pretty nearly what it is."

"Yes," said John, with a query.

"You think he has had too much feminine companionship, or had it too exclusively. Is that it? You need not be afraid to say so."

"Well," said John, "if you put it 'too exclusively,' I will admit that there was something of the sort in my mind, and," he added, "if you will let me say so, it must at times have been rather hard for him to be interested or amused—that it must have—that is to say—"

"Oh, say it!" she exclaimed. "It must have been very dull for him. Is that it?"

"Father," said John with a grimace, "I cannot tell a lie."

"Oh," she said, laughing. "your hatchet isn't very sharp. I forgive you. But really," she added, "I know it has been so. You will laugh when I tell you the one particular resource we fell back upon."

"Did me to laugh, and I will laugh," said John. "Euchre!" she said, looking at him defiantly. "Two-handed euchre! We have played, as nearly as I can estimate, fifteen hundred games, in which he has held both boxes and the ace of trumps, or something equally victorious—I should say fourteen hundred times. 'Oh!' she cried, with an expression of loathing, 'may I never, never, never see a card again as long as I live!'" John laughed without restraint, and after a petulant little moue she joined him.

"May I light up my pipe?" he said. "I will get to leeward."

"I shall not mind in the least," she assented. "By the way," he asked, "does Mr. Carling smoke?"

"He used to," she replied, "and while we were with the Nolises he smoked every day, but after we left them he fell back into the notion that it was bad for him."

John filled and lighted his pipe in silence, and after a satisfactory puff or two said: "Will Mr. Carling go in to dinner tonight?"

"Yes," she replied. "I think he will if it is no rougher than at present."

"It will probably be smoother," said John. "You must introduce me to him—"

"Oh," she interrupted, "of course, but it will hardly be necessary, as Alice and I have spoken so often to him of you—"

"I was going to say," John resumed, "that he may possibly let me take him off your hands a little, and after dinner will be the best time. I think if I can get him into the smoking room, that a cigar and—and something hot with a bit of lemon peel and so forth later on may induce him to visit with me for a while, and pass the evening, or part of it."

"You want to be an angel!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I—we—shall be so obliged! I know it's just what he wants—some man to take him in hand."

"I'm in no hurry to be an angel," said John, laughing, and with a bow. "It's better sometimes to be near the rose than to be the rose, and you are proposing to overplay me quite. I shall enjoy doing what I proposed, if it be possible."

Their talk then drifted off into various channels as topics suggested themselves until the ship's bell sounded the luncheon hour. Miss Blake went to join her sister and brother-in-law, but John had some bread and cheese and beer in the smoking room. It appeared that the ladies had better success than in the morning, for he saw them later on in their steamer chairs with Mr. Carling, who was huddled in many wraps, with the flaps of his cap down over his ears. All the chairs were full—John's included (as often happens to easy-tempered men on shipboard)—and he had only a brief colloquy with the party. He noticed, however, that Mr. Carling had on the russet shoes, and he wondered if they pinched him. In fact, though he couldn't have said exactly why, he rather hoped that they did. He had just that sympathy for the nerves of two-and-fifty which is to be expected from those of five-and-twenty—that is, very little.

When he went in to dinner the Carlings and Miss Blake had been at table some minutes. There had been the usual controversy about what Mr. Carling would drink with his dinner, and he had decided upon Apollinaris water. But Miss Blake, with an idea of her own, had given an order for champagne, and was exhibiting some consternation, real or assumed, at the fact of having a whole bottle brought in with the cork extracted—a customary trick at sea.

"I hope you will help me out," she said to John as he bowed and seated himself. "Some one has blundered," and here is a whole bottle of champagne which must be drunk to save it. Are you prepared to help turn my, or somebody's, blunder into hospitality?"

"I am prepared to make any sacrifice," said John, laughing. "In the sacred cause."

"No less than I expected of you," she said. "Noblesse oblige! Please fill your glass."

"Thanks," said John. "Permit me," and he filled her own as well.

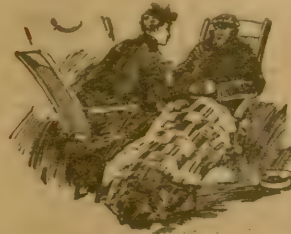
As the meal proceeded there was some desultory talk about the weather, the ship's run, and so on; but Mrs. Carling was almost silent, and her husband said but little more. Even Miss Blake seemed to have something on her mind, and contributed but little to the conversation. Presently Mr. Carling said, "Mary, do you think a mouthful of wine would hurt me?"

"Certainly not," was the reply. "It will do you good," reaching over for his glass and pouring the wine.

"That's enough, that's enough!" he protested as the foam came up to the rim of the glass. She proceeded to fill it up to the brim and put it beside him, and later, as she had opportunity, kept it replenished.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

DAVID HARUM



Children's Jolly Hour

By Uncle John

Come little girls with flowing curls,
Come little boys, with lots of toys,
Come baby sweet with toddling feet,
All gather near and have no fear;
To you and all that I can reach,
Fun, noise and joy I wish to teach.

COME, you little ones, and climb up on Uncle John's knee for a jolly hour of fun and frolic. I know you have wanted to all along. I think you have looked just a little envious and have felt slighted when month after month your older brothers have gathered about me to be amused and entertained. Anyhow for the last year or two the mammas have been writing Mr. Gannett and asking him to make a place in *Comfort* just for the little folks' own, and to fill it with stories, riddles, games and toys. Now that Mr. Gannett, who loves you all as well as I do, has said we may, we'll get together every month (in *Comfort*) and have a real good time. And now let's begin with Halloween fun.

Halloween Fun

With a hot poker or wire burn the letters of the alphabet into a large pumpkin and hang it from the doorway by a stout rope. You now take a common pen-holder and poke it through a cork. Stick a few small feathers into the cork and you are ready for the game. Stand about ten feet away and poise the pen ready to throw. Someone else must set the pumpkin spinning and while it is turning around you throw. Whoever first scores ten different letters wins the game. It is a great game for little folks at a party and only takes a few minutes to prepare for.

SKILL IN THROWING.

Tommy
Said I to little Tommy, "Do you like the smell of roses?"
He answered, "Yes, so very much, I wish I had ten roses."
But I said, "If you had ten and then caught cold, 'tis easily seen,
'Twould make you pretty busy keeping all your noses clean."
Wee Tommy bowed his little head and pondered for a trive,
And then replied, "I will not wish for other noses twice."

School Case

Here is a very nice article that a little girl can make for herself. Get a piece of heavy muslin or canvas and cut it to the shape and size of the picture. Sew on flat pieces for pockets on the lower part and on the upper half stitch on the three pieces of tape or ribbon to hold pencils and penholders. If you like to work with a needle and are quite handy at it you can cover the outside with velvet or any pretty cloth and work your initials in it with yellow thread. When your pencils and note books are in it you roll it up and tie the strings which appear at the top. I would like to know how many mothers or little mothers will try this.

A Cork Bed for Dolly

Ask mother to let you have a few large corks and a sharp knife. Of course you will have to tell mother what you want them for but if you show her this picture and say that dolly wants a new bed just awful bad, I think she will trust you with the paring knife for a while. First you slice the biggest cork, just like mother cuts bread and then cut it into smaller pieces. Now with the aid of a dozen toothpicks or matches you can make the bed exactly as the picture shows. The bed clothes you can make easily and I wish you would write and let me know just how you got them and dressed the little bed. Even if you have no dolly quite small enough for this bed you can get one for a penny.

When Bessie Forgot

Mamma went away one day. It was two miles to town. She left Bessie to mind the house. Bessie is nine years old. She loves to play. She did stay on the step for a while. But a big butterfly came along. Bessie ran after it. Just as she ran away from the house a big bird came up and seeing the door open landed right in it. He spied the looking glass. He saw his face in it. He thought it was another goat. Biff-bang he butted it and broke the glass. Bessie heard the noise and rushed home. It was too late. She began to cry. Her mother came home and scolded her. But Bessie was sorry and said, "Oh, mamma, I will do as you tell me the next time."

Maud's Self-denial

Maud has a new tin cup. Her Uncle George gave it to her. It is very bright and nice. She just got home from her visit. Mother looked at the new cup. She said it was a beauty. Then she filled it with milk. Maud took it and said, "Thank you." Then mother cut a big piece of apple pie and gave it to her. Maud likes apple pie very much. She sat down on the front step to eat it. Just then an old blind man came up. A little white dog was leading him. Hearing Maud move he asked if he could sit down and rest for a while. She said yes and when she saw that he was so weak and old and tired she gave him her cup of milk and piece of pie. He ate it and then turned to her and said: "I cannot see you but I know you are an angel." Maud felt as happy as could be. Her mother kissed her and said, "If you do a kind act each day you will always be happy."

A Tumbling Doll

What a funny sight it is to see this doll turn in somersaults down the plank. All you have to do is to set him in a squat position at the top of the hill. The instant you let him go he will turn and twist and flip flop to the end, while everybody, even grandma will just have to roar with laughter. And to think how easy you can make the toy. First get a paper tube like



FUN FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

"1." Next cork both ends, first putting a marble in the tube. That is really all but you will want to dress him up and paint the face on. We show a way to make the legs, arms, feet and hands but no doubt you can do better yourselves. Try it and have a good laugh.

An Unwilling Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

hands with many domestic duties, and reasoned with her heart and struggled for cheerfulness. But all the philosophy she could bring to her aid failed to comfort her as much as one little hope—that of seeing Ernest at church the next day. "I shall be sure to see him there and then I shall know what all this means. And anything is better than this suspense. Oh, that tomorrow were come!"

The Sabbath dawned at last—a glorious day, the first Sunday in June. Neither Amy nor Isa went from home that morning, but Clemence set out early for the village. She walked rapidly until she reached the cross-roads, where Ernest had so often waited to join her.

"Well, no matter, I know I shall see him at church," said she, quickening her walk. She soon reached the village, and hastened to the church, where she arrived barely in time to meet her Sunday-school class. She still felt sure of seeing Ernest at church, and her impatience made the morning duties of the Sunday-school the longest two hours she had ever spent in her life.

The morning service was at last over; but Clemence could not have told the subject of the sermon if she had been asked. While the congregation was dispersing, Miss Oaks approached Clemence.

"You walked here, I believe, my dear Miss Moore?"

"Yes," said Clemence. "It was a lovely morning, and I preferred to walk."

"Will you do us the pleasure, my dear, to go home with us and dine? It will give my brother and myself the greatest delight if you will. We shall return to church in the afternoon, so that you need not miss the evening services."

"I thank you sincerely for your kindness, Miss Oaks, but I have a class of children to meet," said Clemence, pressing the lady's hand.

"But you should not do that, my dear. You really overwork yourself. Clemence, you are losing the roses from your cheeks. Even you, incredible as it seems. That will not do, my dear," said Miss Oaks, looking with anxious affection in Clemence's face; "no, that will not do."

"But you are very kind, Miss Oaks, and the interest you are good enough to take in me helps to make out my sum of happiness," said the young girl, warmly.

"Ah, Clemence, if you would but make such an answer to my brother—if you would but let the interest he takes in you make you happy! If you would but listen to him."

"Your brother does me unmerited honor, Miss Oaks."

Here the approach of the lady's brougham put an end to the conversation. She kissed Clemence, and entered her carriage.

CHAPTER XXX.

Meanwhile, Amy sat by her cottage window, gazing out upon the range of golden cloud mountains. Old Mott came in with a handful of light wood, to kindle the fire.

"I tell yer all what!" she said, dropping her sticks upon the hearth. "I pity the fishing-boats that will be out this night! Missus, do you see that there arising in the west?"

"Yes—but I don't think we shall have a storm for two or three hours yet; but, Mott, it is nearly time for Miss Clemence's return. I want you to get a nice tea for her; the girl has eaten nothing lately."

"Very well! I dunno as she'll thank me, though, for breaking the Sabbath on her account."

"Isa, why are you moping so? Poor child! It is lonesome for you these Sundays at home, without playmates or books," said Amy to the little girl, who stood gazing sadly from the window.

"It is not that, mother. Clemence walked to church today, and—I am looking at that cloud."

"True, child, it does rise very fast. I wish she were safe home."

Old Mott had hung the kettle over the blazing fire, and laid the spider and spider-lid up against the front to get heated, and while Amy sat and mused, and Isa stood and gazed from the window, the cloud arose higher and blacker, and overspread the whole sky.

"Miss Isa, dear, just you light a candle, it is getting most as dark as midnight," said Mott, looking up from her work.

Isa went and did as she was requested. "Oh, where can she be? Oh, I wish she would come!" said Isa.

"She will be here very soon now, my dear. Church has been over at least three hours, and though the distance is long, Clemence is a rapid walker."

But just then an awful peal of thunder broke, accompanied by a flash of blinding lightning, and followed by a deluge of rain. With a suppressed scream Isa started from the window, and Mott, seeing away from the fireplace, and Amy rose to her feet with clasped hands. For a moment the three stood gazing in silence at each other and then Isa sprang to the door to open it.

"What are you doing, child?" asked Amy, starting to her side and catching her arm.

"Oh! I must—I must go and see where Clem-

ence is; I can't stay here while she is out," cried the child.

Another blaze of lightning—another peal of thunder, and Amy, shuddering, locked the door and withdrew the key.

"Oh you've locked her out in the storm!" cried Isa, wringing her hands.

"No, dear. I have no idea that Clemence is out in the storm now! She probably went home with Miss Oaks to spend the night."

"Mother, oh, mother, are you sure she is safe?" whispered Isa, resting upon her mother's bosom.

"Yes, sure, my dear—else she would have been here long ago."

At last, towards midnight the storm began to abate, and the frightened inmates of the cottage ventured to look up and speak to each other. The storm continued to subside.

"Now, I think you may go to the fireplace without danger, Mott," said her mistress.

And the old woman again approached the hearth to investigate the condition of their cakes. They were baked hard, and had grown nearly cold. However, Mott raked the ashes together, and kindled a bright blaze, and soon after had the tea smoking on the table.

But the little family had been too much disturbed and fatigued to eat and they fastened the doors and windows, and went up-stairs to bed. But long after Amy was asleep, little Isa lay awake watching and listening. At last her ear caught the sound of a light step, and then she heard a gentle rap and a soft voice saying:

"It is I, Mott."

"Miss Clemence!" said Mott, fumbling at the doorlock until she had it open, and admitted Clemence.

"Lord's sake, child, who came home with you? Where have you been? Was you caught in the storm? How pale and dreadful you do look!" exclaimed Mott, in consternation.

"Hush—no, I'm not chilled, and don't wish anything, thank you," said Clemence, passing through the room, where she left Mott standing in her amazement, and going quietly up-stairs.

There she found Isa awake and waiting for her.

"Clemence, were you out in the storm?" she asked.

"No, I was under shelter, and now I am safe at home, but it is too late for your sweet eyes to be open. Go to sleep," said Clemence, kissing the little girl, and laying her down upon the pillow. Then she quickly prepared herself to lie down and drew the child's head upon her bosom.

Many nights succeeding this, little Isa, lying awake, would put up her hand to feel if Clemence's eyes were sleeping or weeping, and finding them wet with tears, would kiss those tears away. And many days Amy's anxious glance would follow Clemence through the house, and her earnest questioning harass and embarrass her not a little. But Clemence had been too long the ruling spirit of that house not to command respect and observance when she wished it. And Amy had too long been accustomed to look up to the young girl, to depend upon her, to be guided by her, to now intrude upon her confidence when she had once said "No." And so, after Clemence had answered her anxious inquiries with "You cannot understand nor help me, dear Amy. You must leave me to myself," Amy desisted forever.

But Isa, with the instinct of devoted love, watched over her friend.

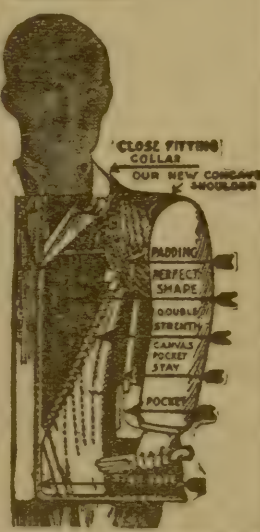
From that miserable night Clemence saw no more of Ernest, though his heart yearned towards her with almost irresistible force.

Cold and calm as was his exterior, he was suffering not less than Clemence and both reason and conscience threatened to be engulfed.

I am
F. O. LINDQUIST,
President of the Canada
Mills Co., and I make
the most

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Remember, this generous offer is made in entire good faith. Write for the Free Offer and Measurement System now. Do it right away! Address me personally like this:

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Friends

You doubtless know that many manufacturers give away thousands of dollars' worth of goods as samples every year. Others spend fortunes in magazine advertising or give a large portion of their profits to dealers, expensive traveling men, etc. My method of introducing my goods in new localities is quite different. I am the first and only man to adopt the plan of placing an advertising suit upon the back of one good, reliable man in every community.

Let Me Tell You How I Am Going to

Give Away FREE
A "Canada" Brand
\$16.00 3-Piece Suit

The most extraordinary offer ever made by any manufacturer direct to the consumer! Yet it is not so very extraordinary, after all, when considered from my standpoint. Where other manufacturers spend such enormous amounts in selling their products through "the trade," my selling expenses go in another direction, and the consumer is the gainer, rather than the storekeeper. I have entirely changed the selling methods of my company.

I Don't Sell to Dealers any more. I've found it too costly a method. I know that the clothes wearer, too, must pay a double price when he buys from a merchant; he helps to pay the dealer's rent, clerks' wages, light and heat bills, insurance and other expenses, besides the profit on the clothing.

By My Plan the consumer saves money and I save money. That's why I can afford to make the most unusual offer I'm telling you about—to place an advertising suit of clothes on the back of one man in every locality, without any expense to him. And I find it pays me well to do this. Not only does that man become my everlasting friend and customer, but his friends become my customers, too. When one sees what fine clothes the "Canada" Brand are—what excellent material is used, the superior workmanship, up-to-date style, and at the low factory price of only \$16—he realizes at once that here is a most extraordinary bargain, and when he needs a suit, nothing but the "Canada" Brand will do. His suit also helps to sell others. It's like an "endless chain" of enthusiastic friends and customers. In this way, one of my advertising suits usually means the sale of hundreds more in a year—and every year thereafter.

That's Why I Make This Offer And the offer means just what I say! My word is as good as gold. The business world knows that it is. You may depend upon it I will do exactly as I agree. I want you to take advantage of my very liberal offer—it will benefit me as well as you. When you are wearing my celebrated "Canada" Brand Suit, I'll take my chances on this helping to build up a business in your section. The clothes I know "speak for themselves." All I ask is that you will be honest, fair and square with me in helping me get my goods introduced. I will place one of my famous advertising \$16 3-piece suits on your back just as agreed. And it will be a perfect fit. I am the sole owner of the Canada Fitting System. A newly invented system of measurement owned and operated exclusively by my company. No other concern is permitted to use this wonderful perfect-fitting system at a distance. I want you to be the one to get the \$16 "Canada" Brand advertising suit. Don't wait until someone else gets ahead of you.

His appreciation of Clemence wavered with his moods.

When very angry, he would mentally denounce her as a cold, prudent, calculating woman, who had entrapped him into a secret marriage.

At such time he felt a desire, amounting to a strong temptation, to abduct her—to get her into

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

This Beautiful Silk Waist

Made of soft, lustrous black taffeta silk of an excellent quality. One of the most charming of the new fall models. **\$169**

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This model is semi-tailored and elaborately tucked; opens invisibly in front; pretty side effect is produced by pleated ruffle of silk, set off by self-covered buttons; sizes 32 to 44.

B 321. This waist is \$1.69. Send for our great Free Catalog No. 33 today. It is full of wonderful values like the above. Money returned at once if not satisfactory.

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A GENUINE 21 JEWELLED \$50.00 GOLD WATCH.

\$2.75 buys an elegantly engraved New York watch, accurate Swiss Work and Ser. high-grade Swiss Jewels (Ladies' or Gents') Watch which is fully **GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS**

Rate or Double Hunting Case Watch and chain and we will send them for FREE EXAMINATION and if after examining the watch at your express office you consider it is equal to a 21 jewelled \$50.00 Gold Watch pay \$2.75 and express charges and they are yours. **RELIABLE WATCH CO., Dept. 5, CHICAGO**

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If you answer this ad at once we will present you, **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, a handsomely mounted Art Panel worth 25c. in any art store. **ALL for 10c. in cash or stamps.**

Reference—Any bank or express company in Zanesville.

PUTNAM MANUFACTURING CO., Zanesville, Ohio.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

lines I wrote. Will you please print them with my letter? I believe I am the youngest poetess in your circle. Here is my poem.

Mama subscribed for the COMFORT for a year,
I think its name is most dear,
I am a faithful reader of it,
And 'tis a good paper I must admit,
Mama has taken the COMFORT for about six months
And I put each copy in my trunk.

She will take this paper till next May,
And 'tis a good paper, I must say,
I was just looking at the COMFORT now,
While papa is out in the field to plow;
The frogs are singing in the pond,
But for the COMFORT I am very fond.

Love to all, your loving little niece, OPAL N. LANE.

Opal, your letter is remarkably fine for a little girl nine years young. I am glad you like to go to school. I never cared much for going to school I am sorry to say. The master was an extraordinary character. He had a big bottle on his desk, marked ink, and was always drinking from it. I never saw a bottle of ink in my life. I noticed one thing however, he never gave us any of his ink. He seemed to have a special brand for himself, and I was just dying to taste it. One day I had an opportunity to take a swig out of his ink bottle, and I had to be carried home. The ink turned out to be whiskey. They used to do funny things when I went to school. Talking of ink, I knew a colored man who was so black, he used to sweat ink. I am glad you like to raise flowers, Opal. I don't see how a little girl like you can raise a garden. I should think it would need a very large derrick for an operation of that kind. I have not seen a cow, steer or calf for nearly fourteen years, so you are lucky, Opal, than I am. I did, however, see some bare-legged children from my window, playing in the street the other day, and that gave me an opportunity to see some little "calves" at play. Opal, your poetry is immense. Remember I am calling it poetry and not "pottery". Shakespeare never wrote anything half so good when he was your age, Opal, and I am not jollying you either. There is one line in your poem that has greatly excited me. You say your mama has taken COMFORT for about six "months". I am delighted to know that the "moths" in Montana have cultivated such a taste for literature. I know a good deal about Montana moths for I spent four years in your state, and the moths had no taste for literature in my time, but they had a highly developed appetite for more prosaic articles. I have seen the Montana moths eat a whole pair of my dress pantaloons for supper, and when I protested, and tried to point out to Mr. Moth the error of his ways, and the reprehensibility of his conduct, Mr. Moth stood on his hind legs, and threw moth balls at me, until I had to run for my life. Now think of it after the short space of sixteen years, you have converted these moths from being pant-eating gormandizers, into highly respectable, magazine reading members of the community. Instead of devouring pants, they now devour COMFORT, and if I know anything about the matter, I imagine these moths and COMFORT a much more agreeable diet. I can also imagine these six months, when COMFORT arrives, having a scrap, as to who should get the wrapper off, and have the first whiff at this department. Can't you see them all doubled up, shaking their sides and screaming with laughter at Uncle Charlie's dope and Billy the Goat's antics. Billy the Goat says he thinks you mean months, instead of moths, and that you left the n out of month. I think Billy is crazy, for I am sure that a poetess of your distinction, Opal, would not rob a month of any of its letters. As long as people do not leave the pay day out of the month, I do not care what else they have out. I am glad to hear the frogs are singing in the pond. Probably one of the moths took a copy of COMFORT down to the pond, and read a few extracts to Mr. Frog and his family and that is why they are singing. If these moths keep on reading COMFORT, I guess they will sing, too. There is nothing in the world, Opal, that will set creation singing as well COMFORT. Come again, Opal. I predict a brilliant future for you, and a still more brilliant future for those six moths of Montana. There is no use talking, Montana is the whole cheese.

WEST BADEN, R. R. 3, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Uncle your witty replies are a "sure" cure for the blues. As I see it is the style for the cousins to describe themselves, will try and do likewise, so here goes. I am five feet three inches in height, have brown eyes, dark hair and weigh about one hundred and twenty-six pounds and I leave you to imagine how pretty am I. I am a farmer's daughter and enjoy life in the country. I live about four miles from the thriving little town of West Baden, which is noted as a great health resort, owing to its fine mineral springs. It also has some fine buildings, several large hotels, and one especially noted hotel, which is called "the eighth wonder of the world." Well Uncle Charlie, if you and the cousins will come and visit me, we will go fishing. I went fishing not long ago, but the fish I caught "were all frogs." I guess the sucker was at the wrong end of the pole don't you? Say Uncle do you still furnish a skating rink for the fish? Or is it so cold up there the fish haven't visited you yet? We have been having some unusually cool weather for the time of year sure. In fact it has been almost too cool for the corn to grow.
Oh, by the way Uncle, do you know of any good remedy for corns? If you do pass it along, for this is the summer of tight slippers and sore toes. I was about to forget to tell you that I am a (fine) cook, and can do any kind of housework I can't however, make the beds milk the cows, no matter how much I coax them, they just won't.
A bunch of hugs and kisses for the cousins, and an extra hug and kiss thrown in for Uncle, I remain,
Your cousin,
J. ELMA JOHNSON.

You ask me if I like fishing Elma. I have answered that question a good many times, but as you are a lady, I cheerfully reply to your question. I am quite some in the fishing line. Do you know I am such a terrible fisherman that when the fish see me coming, they jump out of the water and hide behind the trees. The only way to catch them then is to get a gun and shoot them. I have not done much fishing lately. The water up here is so dusty the fish can't see the bait. Dusty water does not conduce to successful sport in the fishing line. Yes, my dear head, I cut a hole in my straw hat and charge every day that wants to go in and skate, five cents. That's about the only way I can make a living in the summer. The trouble is it's so cold up in Maine, there are only about six flies in the whole state, and most of them have their feet so badly frozen I have to thaw them out before they can skate. I am sorry it's been too cool for your corn to grow, Elma. My corn crop as usual, is doing fine. You ask me if I know of a good corn remedy. I only know of one sure remedy and that is one I would scarcely like to advise a lady to try, at least not publicly. Stand on your head until the corns drop out. Try this for six months, and a cure will positively result. So you think your hotel is the eighth wonder of the world do you. Well, I'm wonder number one, so I'm not very much worried about your hotel catching up with me in the wonder line. Thank you for your hug and kiss, Elma. I will wrap them up in moth balls and enjoy both some day when I have a heart ache and feel lonesome.

DAWSON SPRINGS, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Am writing you for some help for an invalid. You will find enclosed references which I think are all right. This man has been helpless for twenty years, unable to even feed himself or roll off the bed if the house were on fire. I stopped in one day to see him and he was shut up in a log hut in the most pitiful condition that you could imagine, almost forsaken by everyone. He hadn't had a bath for months, nor had he washed for two weeks—everything to death, and slowly and surely dying of neglect, it was the

most touching and heart-rending sight it has ever been my misfortune to see. A friend and I went to work and gave him a bath, and I got him new clothing out and out, and took him out of the log pen he was in and put him in our home till we can do more for him. His name is Lina Beshear, and he wants a wheel chair and money—anything from a two cent stamp up.

Uncle Charlie, if you can render any assistance it will be greatly appreciated.

FRED KIRKWOOD,
Send all letters to Lina Beshear in care of Fred Kirkwood, Dawson Springs, Ky.

Thank you, Fred, for bringing this pitiful case to my notice. I also want to thank you on behalf of COMFORT and all its readers for the noble way in which you went to the rescue of this poor suffering, outcast brother of yours and ours. It seems to me the people at Dawson Springs ought to blush with shame. How can a civilized people, let alone a Christian people, allow this poor soul to exist in such a horrible manner. What are the ministers and pious church members doing? Sending money to China for dispensaries and hospitals, and letting their own sick die neglected. I guess that's about the state of things. I am a pretty good guesser in such cases. I suppose this poor soul could have gone to the poorhouse, but when men will rather die the death of a dog amongst filth from neglect and starvation than enter a poorhouse, it only shows that the poorhouse is abhorrent to the unfortunate poor, and that society should find some other method of caring for its unfortunate and needy sick. I do not know why Mr. Beshear has declined to go to a county institution, but I have no doubt he has good and sufficient reasons for not going. You remember we published a letter quite recently which told of the inhuman treatment received by the sick poor in one of these institutions. Any man could prefer a hog pen to the kind of hell hole that was described in that letter. Well, it's no good moralizing. In a few years, such cases as this will be impossible. Until that day arrives, we can only do what Christ would have us do, bear one another's burdens, visit the sick, and give them comfort and relief. It's up to you my dear brothers and sisters to act the good Samaritan and do for this poor soul what we did for Lawrence Bird, and so many other helpless incurables, residing in the Sunny South and other regions. "Be not weary in well doing" says the Good Book. Cast the bread of charity, and the reward will be yours with a blessing. For the benefit of the suspicious sisters and doubting brothers, here is a reference from C. A. Niles, M. D. Mayor of Dawson Springs: "This is to certify that I have known Mr. L. C. Beshear for the last eleven years. He is perfectly helpless and has been ever since I have known him." R. L. Hardy, M. D. also of Dawson Springs sends a reference along similar lines. I trust this is satisfactory to you all.

EMPORIUM, R. R. 1, PENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I write for advice and thought you'd be a proper person to apply to for same. I am a shut-in, and suffer much and know what it is to be without cheer and comfort. I have been a shut-in for more than seventeen years. I want to do something for the children, and I have started a circle for the children. I named it "Sunshine Circle." We intend to do what we can for the sick. The band numbers eighteen members. We must have some money to send cheer, so we charged five cents for fee, because the children were small. I am superintendent and a few others can sew. We made and sold one shirt fifty cents, four handkerchiefs, twenty cents, one collar five cents. I have started a quilt. This is done of course by the older ones. What I ask of you is suggestions as to what the smaller ones can do. We bought some postals and each child sends one to someone who is sick. They have taken some good papers to several parties, and given bouquets. We write to ask for any suggestions which we will receive with gladness.

We take from your list of shut-ins such as we can send a word of cheer to. We are a weak band financially. The meetings are held at my house weekly as I am not able to go to the other homes.

If this meets with success you will hear from me again. Awaiting an early reply I am, Respectfully,
Mrs. L. A. CHANDLER.

Mrs. Chandler it's lovely of you in your helpless condition to start a Sunshine Circle. Why don't you call it a Comfort circle? Anyway the name does not much matter as long as you do the work. Why don't you charge more for the kind of sweat shop shirt going to do with the proceeds of your sales and they won't be mean enough to offer you five cents for a handkerchief. Billy the Goat's handkerchiefs cost more than that. There are a good many things your children can do. There must be sick children in your town, they can visit and take flowers to. They can collect good reading material, expensive magazines and books from those who are through with them, and send them to those of our shut-ins who want reading matter. Ernest Harwell, Clovis, Cal., has forty or fifty children in his sunshine band, and his young folks sometimes do up a couple of hundred bundles of reading matter in a week. It is one of the eight duties of the town to see these little sunshiners marching into the post office to mail their parcels of cheer. By the way you California cousins ought to help Ernest. He is a noble soul, and his whole heart is in this work. You could have the children go from house to house and collect old clothing. You can mend, clean and press this clothing, and either give it to needy folks in your town or express it to those who ask for it through our columns. Here's another thing you can do. Ask COMFORT to send you twenty sample copies. Have the children canvass these towns. If each child gets ten subscriptions, there will be enough to earn a wheel chair. We will send that wheel chair direct to you. Your Sunshine circle can earn it, and you can loan it out to those in your town who need it. If you work along the lines I have suggested, you'll soon have hundreds of members in your circle, and you'll be able to raise hundreds of dollars. The whole town will be benefited by your example, and everyone will be proud of you and the work you and your band of mercy are doing. Maybe our readers can also send you some helpful suggestions. I hope they will, and I am sure they will.

SMITHVILLE, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Will you make room on your lap for a new nephew and cousin, who is very anxious to thank you for his membership card and button. I think they are real nice, and I think you have one of the jolliest bands in the country.

I am nine years old, have light hair, blue eyes and freckled face. I am going to school now. I am in the fifth grade. I like my teacher all right. He makes me too the mark some times. I had rather go to school than to help papa and brother on the farm.

Brother says I have a peculiar disease that he calls laziness, and I cannot be cured until crops are laid by. Now, Uncle, if you know a remedy for my disease, please send it to me at once.

I had better go. Hoping Billy the Goat won't make hash for his supper of this, I will bid you good by.
Your nephew,
CANDLER TOURNEY. (No. 29,396.)

Yes, Candler, I can make room on my lap for you and millions more like you. Always remember I have a very capacious lap. Candler you have a perfect right to prefer school to work. All children should go to school and those who enjoy it will profit most by it. I believe in bringing children up to be useful, but I do not believe it is right or just to make drudges of them. Childhood should be a period of education, pleasure and delight, of preparation for the arduous duties of after life. Sensible parents will encourage their children to appreciate school.

Children have certain rights and privileges which parents are bound to respect, and some day when we get civilized, parents will be com-

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pelled to respect these rights. The foulest blot on the fair name of this country, is child slavery. In many homes today the parents are being supported by the toil of young children, who ought to be at school, or romping in the fields, getting into their frail bodies the strength necessary to successfully fight life's battles later on. A child that is made to toil in its youth, is not only wronged in its youth, but for all its lifetime. You've only got to stand at the gates of some of our mills and factories, to see what child slavery is doing to the youth of our land. The life's blood of children is being ground into dividends and profits for millionaire mill owners. Every mobile is stained red with the blood of American children. Every fifty thousand dollars of dividends distributed to stockholders, represents a pitiful little corpse from which life has been crushed, by the wheels of remorseless industrialism. Out of the mills they come trooping, these victims of gold lust, sunken of cheek, heavy of eye, pallid of face. Weary little heads attached to frail, puny, anemic bodies, out of which all the joy of life has been crushed; stunted bodies in which are lurking the deadly germs of consumption, and other diseases which the wasted, ill-nourished tissues are unable to resist. Should these hapless child slaves reach manhood and womanhood, they will be a menace to society instead of a help to it. Robbed of health, education and the joys of childhood, human oranges from which all the juice has been squeezed, wonder not if they nourish in their breasts a feeling of resentment, and devote the rest of their lives to warring against society which has wronged them. If these hapless creatures marry, as many of them will, they will bring into the world puny children, doomed from birth to lives of misery, suffering and chronic invalidism. But enough of this subject for the present. Candler, you tell the folks that Uncle Charlie says the boy and girl crop is of far more importance than the cotton crop. Many farmers pay more attention to the crops in the fields than the crops in the house, and there is more grief in some breasts over the death of a horse than over the death of a wife or child. Youth is the time to educate the mind while in school, and lay up a store of health and strength by exercising the body at play after school. You can hunt eggs for your mother and cheerfully do many little tasks that are not tiresome or irksome. Nothing short of dire necessity can excuse requiring school children to do more in the way of work. It is the steady grind of ceaseless labor that breaks a child's heart and ruins its health. There is farm slavery, as well as mill slavery, and both forms are cruel, unjust and wicked, and what is more, both, with rare exceptions, are wholly unnecessary. I hate lazy people, and I don't think you are lazy, Candler, in fact I am sure you are not. Your work now is and should be your school work. Should, however, the lazy bug develop in your carcass later on, and you be afflicted with laziness I will write you a prescription.

To two tons of energy, add five tons of ambition, dust in three gallons of determination, stir in equal parts of application and concentration, the whole simmer gently on the stove of high ideals till palatable. Serve with the sauce of willingness. Drink freely of this concoction from the cup of success, and you'll have the lazy bug on the run, and be a great man some day.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for October.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from a postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Letters unaccompanied by references will be destroyed. From three to five months must elapse between receipt and publication of appeals, as all copy for this department is prepared months in advance.

William T. Harrah, Backus, W. Va. The poor soul who has been lying helpless with a broken back for the last ten years, has lost his brave, devoted little wife. She died on July 27th last, of over work, care and anxiety. The frail little woman sacrificed her life on the altar of duty. William was left alone with four little children. It was his wife's wish that William should keep the little ones with him. The sickness and burial of his devoted wife has left poor Harrah penniless. He is one of our special charges. Help and comfort him. You know the way. John H. Keaton, Winston, Ga. Shut-in. Worthy of your help and encouragement. Remember him. Mrs. Emma Griffith (42), Carmichael, Pa. Would like to care for an invalid male or female. Only those who can pay for care and home need apply. Mrs. Carl Blamgren, Cresco, R. R. 3, Iowa. Will give home to a little girl eight years of age, Sherman E. McCurdy, Laurel, R. R. 3, Ind. Had a leg amputated. Thinks he can earn some money if he had a silver plating outfit. Will anyone help him? Mrs. Della Avans, Wardell, Ark. Husband dead, some destroyed by fire. Not an invalid. Someone might offer this worthy woman a home. Well recommended. Mary Perkins, 631 W. Gandy St., Denison, Tex. Has passed to a better land. Will Lillian Jones of Council Bluffs, Iowa, send more definite address? Arthur Everett (typist), San Diego, Cal. Suffers from incurable heart trouble. When physically able does exquisite typewriting. Can you send him some work? If not send him some greenback sympathy, and get one of his beautiful letters in return. Annie Peavy, Roanoke, R. R. 5, Ala. Thanks all who have written her. Gratefully for any help. Does not want postals—has had thousands. Eliza Rourke, Altoona, Kans. Shut-in for many years. Lives with a widowed sister, and is poor and needy. Send her some

cheer. J. D. McLenan, Guilford, Fla. Poor old man, sick and feeble. Grateful for any help. Mrs. M. E. Cubler, Roxbury, Box 38, Vt. Grateful for the help you sent her, too sick to reply. Remember her again. Mrs. Catherine Fraisure, Lulu, Fla. This poor old soul has only one leg, and the other is all drawn out of shape with rheumatism. Husband is dead. She is poor and needy, and grateful for any assistance. Stacy Rowe, Millar Grove, Texas. This poor boy has been bedridden for four years. Parents are unable to provide necessary treatment. Send him what help you can. Well recommended. Edith Myers, Bush Valley, Pa. Has had both feet amputated. Is deaf and has other afflictions. Send her some substantial cheer. Mr. Bunce, Calamus, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Suggestions That Will Help

By Geneva Gladding

What is Being Worn

I WANT to tell you what a charming variety of fabrics are being displayed for fall and winter wear.

For suits, capes and long coats, rough weaves prevail, homespun, serges, chevots, basket-weaves and fancy mixtures leading. Many shades of brown, an endless variety of gray mixtures, blue and dark reds are the fashionable colors.

Lovely Persian effects, braided chiffon over silk, satin finished wools and velvets in both wool and silk are a few of the many materials suitable for separate waists and princess dresses.

A conspicuous feature of the fall fashions is youthfulness in design, materials and colors. And too, there is a marked similarity in the costumes for all ages, and among these are the one-piece garments, or those with sleeves and body in one, which has a strong hold on the amateur and home dressmaker, because they are exceedingly becoming, require little fitting and much less labor.

The waist and princess dress to be worn with gumpes, or shallow yokes and cuffs to match are extremely popular and allow the use of a bit of pretty material which changes a plain everyday costume to one for dress-up occasions.

Although it seems early to talk of Christmas, if we would be forehanded with our preparations I suppose we must begin. On this page are designs for a smoker's pillow, a shaving case and pillow shams, three articles that will make acceptable gifts. Add to these a set of embroidered buttons, dollies, caps for children, embroidered waists and underwear, or a dainty sewing apron and you have quite a list to choose from.

And for those who have friends they wish to remember but are unable to make gifts for, a year's subscription to COMFORT would surely carry a message of love and good cheer.

How to Make Alterations in Waist

The normal waist length is the one given in the pattern; that is, that of the average person. Take careful measurements before cutting your garment in the following way:

First determine the exact position of the waist line for it is all important. Next measure at the center of the back from neck to waist, and again at the center front from neck to waist, and under the arm to waist, then compare these measurements with the pattern. If they are the same no change will be necessary, but where the figure varies from the standard, they will be found longer or shorter. When such is the case, measure the figure from the underarm down and up and measure the pattern in the same way. Compare the two and note carefully whether there is an equal difference in the upper and lower parts, or whether one portion demands more change than the other. If the pattern is longer than the figure lay tucks in the various parts to take it up (see diagram) and if it is shorter in-



DIAGRAM SHOWING BEST METHODS OF ALTERING WAIST PATTERNS.

sert pieces in place of tucks, but take care to take up and to lengthen in the correct proportion and at the correct places.

Ascertain the correct length for the sleeves by measuring the arm at the point of the inside seam and compare that measurement with the inside edge of the pattern. If it is longer or shorter, measure again above and below the elbow and compare with the pattern to discover whether the difference exists in the upper and

forearm alike, or if one portion differs more widely from the pattern than the other. If the difference is equal, take one tuck midway between the elbow and wrist and one between the elbow and the upper edge, in both upper and under portions. (See diagram). If too short, cut apart at the same points and insert pieces of the needed width to give the required length.

The present styles of dress demand to be worn over well fitting undergarments if the best results are obtained. By this I do not mean tight-fitting, but garments that fit closely and comfortably without unnecessary fullness. For instance, petticoats that are finished at the top with a run and drawstring instead of being fitted, will give a distinct "ridge" at the waist when drawn in, and over which no close-fitting skirt will fit properly. Besides you have ruined the graceful hip lines.

A combination corset cover with drawers form a sensible, easily made and worn garment. They do away with any fullness about the hips, as well as the pulling apart of separate garments. When the separate garments are preferred, however, the drawers should have fitted tops and the corset cover either be dart-fitted or a scant amount of fullness drawn in at the waist line.

Combination suit No. 6513, fitted cover No. 6707, and a gored petticoat No. 6761 which may be lengthened at the lower edge, are up-to-date models which at a small cost may be developed at home.

Fashionable Fall Suit

Suit coat No. 6751 made single breasted and in what is known as finger length is an exceedingly fashionable model. As indicated in the illustration, the front and back portions may be cut without the extensions and the side portion full length. The extensions however, make one of the latest features, and are by no means difficult. They are lapped over the side portions and allow capacious pockets. No. 6751 is cut in five sizes, 34 to 42 inch bust measure, medium size requiring two and seven eighths yards 44 inches wide.

Skirt No. 6732 is cut in six gores, having panel effect at front and center back and a shallow plait at side seams. Combined with coat No. 6751, gives one of the smartest suits of the season. The skirt is cut in six sizes, 22 to 32 waist, medium size requiring three and three quarters yards 44 inches wide.

No. 6695. The simple skirt that is so devised as to give the effect of a tunic is so greatly liked this season, and this model obtains the result with the least possible labor. The skirt is straight and in one piece; is in plaits and well adapted to all materials. The bottom may either be hemmed or faced and the tuck is laid on indicated lines. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inch waist measure, medium size requiring five and five eighths yards 44 inches wide.

No. 6756 illustrates one of those useful garments which every woman needs. While this model is cut on the lines of a robe or negligee, it is particularly graceful and becoming. The seam at the back means shapeliness, and the seams over the shoulder means smooth fitting.

The body and sleeves are cut in one, making only the underarm, shoulder and back seams to be sewed. The fronts are lapped well over and can be closed with buttons and buttonholes, or with buttons and loops of cord. Flannel, crepe or cashmere would be extremely pretty material to use. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 bust measure, medium size requiring seven yards of material 36 inches wide.

Infant's Set

No. 6733 is a set of particularly attractive patterns. The dress is made from nainsook and has a panel front made by alternating rows of insertion with bands of the nainsook in which rows of small dots are embroidered. This panel is edged with lace, and above the hem is a row of insertion to match panel, or the panel would be very pretty made of five tucks about one half inch apart. The coat made with deep cape and Dutch collar is the most practical style for the infant. The cap is extremely simple to make, being made in a half-circle with the curved edge drawn up to fit the infant's neck. Cut in one size, the coat requires three yards of material 36 inches wide, the dress three yards 36 inches wide with five and one half yards of insertion and four yards of edging, and three eighths yard of any width for cap.

Sailor Suit for Misses and Small Women

No. 6632 illustrates the jaunty sailor suit which is always a favorite for school and general use. It can be attractively made in a number of ways, either finished with an applied yoke on the blouse and with a yoke on the skirt, making it perfectly smooth over the hips, or the plaited portion of the skirt can be extended to the belt and the blouse can be made plain. Genuine navy-blue serge is the material illustrated and the trimming is braid of two widths, while the shield may be of the same, of white flannel or of cotton. Shepherd's check and other mixtures are also in good taste for this model. Cut in three sizes, 14 to 18 years, medium size requiring six and one half yards of material 44 inches wide, with two and one half yards of wide and four and one half yards of narrow braid, and five eighths yard 27 inches wide for shield.



6751—SINGLE BREASTED COAT.

6732—SIX-GORED SKIRT.

two to eight years, medium size requiring two and one quarter yards of material 36 inches wide. No. 6768. The coat that is made with the shoulder cape is one that is always becoming to the younger girls and which will be greatly worn this season. It may be worn with or without the cape and the neck is neatly finished with a high rolled-over collar. Cut in three sizes, eight to 12 years, medium size requiring three and one quarter yards 44 inches wide.

Transfer Patterns
SMOKER'S PILLOW. No. 535 is a unique design and will prove a pleasing Christmas gift for father or brother. Art crash, denim, satteen or any of the firm materials would be suitable for this design. The smoke should be outlined in smoke colored silk or mercerized cotton, the cigar in brown, while the other articles may be done in any desired colors. A pretty idea is to have the words "Clouds of Joy," done solid in Indian red. The design is seventeen inches square.

CASE FOR SHAVING PAPER, No. 468 is another gift that is useful and always appreciated. There are two artistic designs, one for each side. The embroidery is done on white or colored linen and mounted on pasteboard. These are put together with tissue paper leaves between and all tied with a cord or bow of ribbon. The embroidery may all be done in outline stitch, or the leaves and flowers done in long and short stitch with the stems and veins outlined.

PILLOW SHAMS, No. 423 would make a most acceptable gift for any friend who enjoys a dainty, sweet chamber, and nothing is more conducive to this effect than a set of embroidered

shams. The words "Good night," are designed to be worked in solid embroidery, also the flowers, leaves and scrolls, while the stems are outlined.

Clothes for the Little Folks

No. 6762. The simple little dress that is closed for its entire length at the back is a practical one that every mother likes. This model allows a choice of plaited or gathered skirt, high or square neck, long or short sleeves. It can be made of sturdy material and become an every-day frock, or it can be made from dainty material as suggested in the small view, and become entirely different in effect. Cut in three sizes, two to six years, medium size requiring two and three quarters yards 36 inches wide, with three quarters yard 27 inches wide to trim as shown in the small view.

No. 6775 illustrates a well-fitting apron which may be made with sleeves and high neck for morning wear, or with square neck and a arm holes trimmed with narrow ruffles of the same material or of embroidery for school or more dressy wear. Cut in four sizes, eight to 14 years, medium size requiring three and one quarter yards 36 inches wide.

No. 6273. There is no garment that the little child wears that means greater service and comfort than just such rompers as these. Now that cool weather is approaching, this plain model is especially suitable for the heavier cottons such as galatea and heavy madras. Cut in four sizes, two to eight years, medium size requiring two and one quarter yards of material 36 inches wide.

No. 6768. The coat that is made with the shoulder cape is one that is always becoming to the younger girls and which will be greatly worn this season. It may be worn with or without the cape and the neck is neatly finished with a high rolled-over collar. Cut in three sizes, eight to 12 years, medium size requiring three and one quarter yards 44 inches wide.

Questions Answered

GUIMPE.—When only a shallow guimpe is intended to show, the guimpe need only extend three inches below the armhole. All but the exposed portion may be made of plain material.

FADED DRESS.—From your sample M. C., I fear the dimity is too faded to do much with. I would suggest bleaching it white by boiling thirty minutes in cream-of-tartar water, using an even tablespoonful to eight quarts of water. Rinse first in boiling water and then in cold.

EMBROIDERED WAIST.—With a little preliminary care CHARLOTTE, you will not find it difficult to do the eyelet work. First follow the line of stamping with a short stitch, taking care not to draw the material. This will hold the shape of the eyelet and you now with a stiletto punch the material the size of eyelet. If the eyelets are long, cut open lengthwise and across and turn under the edges. You now proceed with an even over-and-over stitch, making them close together without piling them up.

DRESSMAKING.—Under "Diagram showing the best method of altering waist pattern" and the matter pertaining to same, I hope you will find some helpful suggestions, MRS. CHARLES B. RICHARDS.

6751—SINGLE BREASTED COAT.

6732—SIX-GORED SKIRT.

6756—ROBE OR NEGLEE.

6733—INFANT'S SET.

Practical and Fashionable Designs

535—TRANSFER PATTERN, embroidered cushion.
423—TRANSFER PATTERN, pillow sham.
468—TRANSFER PATTERN, embroidered shaving paper case.
6733—INFANT'S SET, one size.
6742—GIRL'S BLOUSE, six to 12 years.
6761—FIVE-GORED UNDER PETTICOAT, 22 to 34 waist.
6775—GIRL'S APRON, eight to 14 years.
6772—BOY'S WAIST, six to 12 years.
6756—LONG COAT, 14, 16 and 18 years.
6758—BATH ROBE, small, medium and large.
6619—GIRL'S TUCKED PRINCESS DRESS, eight to 14 years.
6702—PLAIN BLOUSE OR GUIMPE, 24 to 44 bust.
6707—PLAIN CORSET COVER, 36 to 46 bust.

6717—BOY'S SUIT, two, four and six years.
6273—CHILD'S ROMPERS, two to eight years.
6032—SAILOR SUIT, 14, 16 and 18 years.
6005—STRAIGHT PLAITED SKIRT, 22 to 30 waist.
6025—CHILD'S DRESS, one, two and four years.
6111—CHILD'S JACKET, 34 to 44 bust.
6742—CHILD'S SKIRT DRESS, two to eight years.
6736—CAPE WITH HOOD AND COLLAR, small, medium and large.
6679—TUCKED PLAITED BLOUSE, 32 to 40 bust.
6748—HOUSE GOWN OR WRAPPER, 34 to 44 bust.
6512—COMBINATION CORSET COVER WITH DRAWERS, 34 to 42 bust.
6535—MISSIE'S PRINCESS DRESS, 14 and 16 years.
6770—SEVEN-GORED SKIRT, 14, 16 and 18 years.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I read so many helpful letters in COMFORT that I thought perhaps I could be of help to someone, too. I notice one sister requests a remedy for neuralgia. I cured myself of the same trouble in the following way. I got five cents' worth of carbonate of iron and took a pinch in a teaspoonful of molasses for several nights when ready for bed. After the third dose I was relieved. It is said this will tone up the nerves and enrich the blood. I am troubled a great deal with backache which I think is caused from my kidneys. I wish someone would send me a "fried and true" remedy for I have tried many things and all have failed. I have five children, the youngest three, the eldest eleven years of age; they are lots of help to me. As soon as I get stronger (if I ever do), I want to try to get up a club for the wheel-chair fund.

Dear sisters, I am trying so hard to live a Christian life. I find my temper is the worst trouble I have to overcome. I wish some of you would give your experience regarding this matter.

With best wishes to all,
MRS. DELLA MILLS, Rushtown, Ohio.

DEAR SISTERS:

So many are afflicted with rheumatism I want to tell what helped me. I got some fresh wintergreen berries from a friend of mine who was in Wisconsin at the time they ripened. I ate some raw and some I made tea out of by boiling the dried berries in water. Some drug stores carry them in stock.

For colic I use tea made from caraway seeds. Ten cents' worth will last a long time.

During warm weather many babies suffer from summer complaint. Those on breast take off and feed them as follows: Take a tablespoonful of rice and boil in one quart of water, a pinch of salt, but no sugar at any time. Give just the water and make the next feed of barley instead of rice to same quantities. Be sure and give the child no milk or solid food and give injections of warm soap suds made from pure Castile soap.

Infants having colds can be broken by greasing the bridge of the nose, palms of hands and feet with vasoline.

A good old-fashioned headache cure is brown store paper dampened in vinegar and bound on the temples. A good cough cure is made from garlic. Take one small piece peel and slice very thin. Put in a cup and add one large tablespoonful of sugar; rub the garlic through the sugar with the back of a spoon and fill the cup with hot water. Take it often.

To relieve a cold on the lungs. Slice and chop onions fine put between cloths and lay on lungs. I broke up a case of pneumonia in this way on a baby, and gave the garlic tea freely as mentioned above.

For sisters having large washings try taking the lower part of your husbands' black sateen shirts and making drawers for your girls.

Trusting these few hints will help someone somewhere, I remain your sister,
MRS. SAM SCOVILLE, Cheyenne, Wyo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

How many of you have seen a lighthouse? My husband is the keeper of a range group of three lighthouses, two of them towers. One of them has an eclipse every three seconds which works by clockwork. We live in a dwelling built for that purpose close to the rear light and have nearly six acres of ground to farm.

Sisters, are you interested in church work? It is my greatest pleasure when it is not heavy enough to become a burden. We have a nice little church at National Park, but it is heavily mortgaged and we have to pay one hundred dollars' interest on it every year. Shall I tell you how we do it?

Our Ladies' Aid of which I am treasurer, raises the money by holding a bazaar while the annual camp-meeting is in session at National Park. We have sewing circles all the year preparing for the bazaar. Now I have a beautiful satteen bed-quilt lining which has been donated to us. Will some of the sisters please send me satteen pieces of which I can make a quilt for the quilt? We made six quilts this year. I pieced three of them myself and used up all the pieces I had. I will be grateful to anyone who will send me any kind of pieces for other quilts.

With best wishes to COMFORT's workers for the betterment of mankind, I remain,
MRS. JOHN B. SCULL, Westville, R. R. 1, New Jersey.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long time, but now will come forward and tell Mrs. Sallie Clark my way of earning money at home.

I do Battenburg, embroidery, drawwork and crochet baby caps. Also a few pieces of other kinds of work. I then go among my friends showing them my work, and it is not long before all is sold and I usually get orders for more. I think it best to make small pieces such as handkerchiefs or dollies and not ask too much for them. I sell more handkerchiefs in Mexican work than anything else, except the baby caps, of which I make several different kinds for summer and winter, as well as very pretty winter socks. I then do quilting and piece quilts, and I have done some sewing.

Now Mrs. Clark, surely out of all this there is something you can do if not all. I think it is nice to help make a living and I always feel better when employed.

I do enjoy the letters on the training of children. I have two fine boys, aged six and four, and I want to train them to be noble men.

Sisters, isn't COMFORT fine? I always read the sisters' letters first and I have been greatly helped by them.

I also enjoyed the editor's Easter sermon and don't you think it would be splendid if we could have a COMFORT sermon every month?

Would be pleased to hear from the sisters who care to write.
MRS. L. L. DANIELL, Gainesville, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I can keep still no longer but must write my idea of women voters and farmers' wives.

I was born and reared in dear old Illinois and the attainments of one of my relatives there gave me the idea that the woman should vote. She had a good common school education. Her husband didn't know his own name when he saw it written. Could only make his mark (x) when told to do so. He was given forty acres of land by his father, which he wanted to sell. She insisted on keeping it and by her good management, they are, today, in comfortable circumstances, but are independent. They live on "easy street" from the interest of their money. Now, let me ask, which is most competent to help make our laws?

The illiterate man or the well-educated business woman? In that same city is a widow. Her husband left her eighty acres of land, the result of his life's work. In ten years she has tripled the amount. Which, again, is the right house in order? Then on election day, carriages go to the poor farm and take men to the polls to help make our laws, who have to be told how to vote.

Is it necessary to neglect our homes to vote? Do the men neglect their families by taking time to go to the polls? No. The railroad shops, factories and such places shut down for one hour on election day, and one hour from the busy housewife's time with a carriage or auto ride to and from the voting place, will only bring you back refreshed and much more able to go on with your work. So much for Women's Rights.

Now for the farmer's wife. The first five years of my married life was spent in the city, divided between worry (my husband was a railroad man), work (cleaning and keeping my house in order), and rushing from market to market, store to store, hunting fresh, new outfits and something fit to cook. The last four years we have lived on a farm and how much easier to keep my house clean and neat. How much nicer to go to the garden and get fresh vegetables and fruit and to the smokehouse and get a juicy fine ham, such as you cannot buy in the city. Then to the cellar for good sweet cream and butter, while the poor city people are eating condensed or watered milk and butterine. Then the husband comes in from the field with, oh, such an appetite! Again if we want a day off to go to the fair or to the city, our salary doesn't stop (as it used to), things just keep on growing. And the fried chicken! You know, every one of you city people, that you would be glad to go to some farmhouse and get a good country dinner with fried chicken as the main part of the feast. To be sure we work, but never do any passes but I have time for a nap, read a little, do any work go calling, or it may be go out and make friends with the pigs, cows, colts or just idle in the shade. We go to bed at eight or nine o'clock and get up at five. Not so bad is it?

MRS. O. L. ELLIOTT, Jamaica, Iowa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT several years, though I only subscribed in March. I am a young woman, nineteen years old, have been married five

years and have two sweet little girls, one three years, the other nine months old. I do so enjoy the sisters' letters on the care of children as I want to bring mine up to be a blessing instead of otherwise. I have received so many helpful ideas from the Sisters' Corner that I wish to add my mite.

The kitchen table can be easily kept clean by putting on a cover of zinc. Fasten the under edge so it will be level.

In washing milk cloths use borax or baking soda instead of soap as it will make them softer and whiter.

To keep vegetables fresh and crisp, put in a flour sack wrapped lightly out of cold water and hung in a cold place.

When only half of a lemon is used in flavoring or garnishing, place the other half cut side down in a saucer and turn a glass down over it and it will keep for several days.

Dip plates in hot water instead of the old way of putting on the stove.

In putting lace or muslin curtains on the rods, slip an old glove finger or a thimble on the end and there will be no danger of tearing them.

I would like to get the COMFORT paper from January 1904 until the end of the story "Lady Isabel's Daughter." If any sister cares to send them to me.

Long live dear old COMFORT and may God's blessing rest on the publisher and dear Uncle Charlie for their noble work.

MRS. J. K. O'DONOGHUE, Charlotte, R. R. 5, Box 19 B., N. C.

DEAR SISTERS:

I hope that you will welcome me, even if I am young; sixteen years old this month.

We live in a mountainous country and papa is a bee-man and farmer. We have a ranch twelve miles from here on the prairie. I am very fond of flowers and would be glad to get some seeds that the sisters can spare. I will send some of mine to you, or some butter beans, which are colored, and the vines make good shade.

With best wishes to COMFORT, I remain, your sister,
L. M. RIMUS, Concan, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just been reading your dear good letters of encouragement, joy and sorrow. How my heart goes out to all sorrowing sisters!

It takes a heart that has felt sorrow, and a body that has felt pain to sympathize with those afflicted. But who has not had their cup of sorrow, as well as joys?

I once had the care of a dear little flower that was my comfort and joy, but God only permitted her to stay a little over four short years, then took her to be transplanted with Him in Heaven. For years I mourned as one who could not find comfort, but now I am perfectly reconciled. Had she been spared to me, now she would have been a woman grown. God never makes any mistakes. When I hear a child cry I often give thanks that mine shed no tears now! And when I see girls going astray I thank God that my two dear little ones are where no hand can misguide, hurt or harm them. Mothers, you who are in bereavement, remember that your loved ones are so much better off than you could ever make them here.

My younger days were filled with sorrow, trials and disappointments, but the last few years have been peaceful and had I good health I should be perfectly happy.

If any of my schoolmates of Gladbrook, Iowa, see this and remember me I would be pleased to hear from them.

Will the sisters give me a letter shower on Oct. 22nd, my forty-third birthday?

With success to COMFORT, I will take up my sewing, as I find the best road to happiness is to keep mind and hands employed.

MRS. IDA GIESSEMAN (nee THOMAS), Care American Handle Co., Jonesboro, Ark.

MY DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have been trying for sometime to write you a few lines of thanks to those who remembered me with letters and cards on my birthday in May. I invite all who care to, to write to me, a bedridden invalid and a great sufferer since 1892. I need a great deal of cheering up. I do a little knitting and crocheting to ward my support for I need the little earnings badly.

I dearly love COMFORT and look for its coming each month with pleasure and read the Sisters' Corner first of all.

I do love to receive mail for the day is brighter when I am remembered.

Again many thanks and may God bless each one in the prayer of
Miss ANNA W. REIF, 1840 Alsquith St., Baltimore, Md.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I want to thank all who sent me reading matter, letters and cards for their kindness. We left Houston, and as it took extra postage to forward them I have missed quite a number of papers. Many thanks to Peggie for the subscription, and again to all, with hopes that you will remember me in my new home, a stranger and shut-in.

MRS. MOLLIE ROSE, Paris, R. R. 1, Box 36, Miss.



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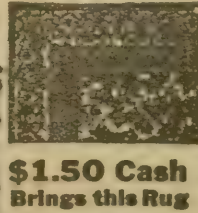
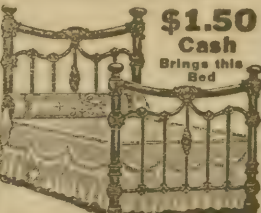
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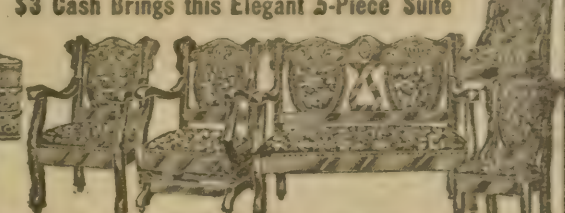


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Requests

Mrs. Emma Causey, Macon, R. R. 3, Ill., letters from Iowa telling what wages men receive.

Mrs. Johnnie Towery, Grant, Okla., a cripple from rheumatism, reading matter and letters.

Mrs. Frank Wade, Greenup, R. R. 1, Box 12, Ill., how to bleach celery.

Mrs. L. D. Brown, 1508 E. Glisan St., Portland, Oregon, song, "Oh Bury me not in the Deep, Deep Sea."

Mrs. Charles Snow Smith, Little Rock, R. R. 3, Ark., correspondence.

Mrs. J. O. Clark, Pulaski, R. R. 4, Tenn., silk pieces, slice of post card.

Mrs. Lilla Newton, Glendale, Florida, letters.

Mrs. Bert Straight, No. Creek, N. Y., outing dandel pieces.

Mrs. W. E. Rhea, Myrtle, Miss., letters in October enclosing four by four inch scrap of calico toward Odd Fellows quilt where every piece must be different.

Mrs. Chas. Stutter, Sherwood, W. Va., letters of condolence for loss of son twenty-three years of age.

Mrs. Mattie Blank, Rockwood, Tenn., poem, "Only Three Grains of Corn."

Mrs. Oscar Gear, Grenola, R. R. Box 13, Elk Co., Kans., exchange novels.

Mrs. R. Young, New Hampton, R. R. 1, Iowa, letters.

Mrs. Blanche Coyle, Gaffney, R. R. 5, S. C., songs, "The Ship That Never Returned," and "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky," sent direct to her.

Mrs. A. D. Settle, 615 Sampson St., Houston, Texas, songs, "Falling Leaves," and "The Moneyless Man," sent direct to her.

Mrs. C. O. McGuire, Flat River, Mo., birthday letters, Nov. 17th.

Mrs. C. S. Hanson, Voltaire, R. R. 1, N. Dak., birthday letters, Nov. 2nd.

Mrs. Donie Morris, Barnesville, Ga., a lonely cripple, letters.

Mrs. Mary Ives, Hickory, Va., letters on birthday, Nov. 1st, All Saints' Day.

Mrs. Ida Hammond, Faragould, R. R. 2, Box 45, Ark., poem, "The Martyred Mother."

Mrs. Alice Sherwood, Merrillan, R. R. 1, Jackson Co., Wis., song, "Yes, Winter Time is Coming, I can Feel It in the Air."

Mrs. Charles Turner, Terrell, R. R. 2, Texas, letters and quilt pieces.

Mrs. Edith Sparks, Cedar Gap, Mo., reading matter.

Mrs. Lofty and I

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I;

She has dapple-grays to draw it,
None have I;

She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I.

With my blood-eyed, laughing baby
Trundling by;

I hide his face lest she should see
My cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;

He could give his bride a palace,
Mine a cot.

Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er cares she;

Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me.

And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;

She wears hers upon her bosom,
Inside, I;

She will leave hers at death's portal
By and by;

I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die;

For I have love, and she has gold;
She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.

She has those that love her station,
None have I;

But I've one true heart beside me,
Glad am I;

I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;

God will weigh it in His balance
By and by;

And then the difference He'll define
Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

The above, old-time poem was sent in by Mrs. Rosa Rodgers, Krieger, Wharton Co., Texas.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

NO DOLLING NO RUBBING

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Large Boxes of Lovely Silk Remnants. Not little stingy packages, but Big Boxes, containing the Grandest Assortment you ever saw. Taffeta, Foulards, and other kinds of beautiful silks that originally cost \$1 to \$2 a yard. Every box guaranteed to please or money refunded. Illustrated Patchwork Book with all the new stitches. Free with each order.

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A black and white illustration of a man in a suit and tie, looking down at a small, dark, triangular object on a table. The man has a mustache and is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. The object on the table is dark and has a triangular shape. The illustration is signed 'W. H. H.' in the bottom right corner.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

[illegible]

to L. T. Wettersfield, Ill.—You lead the way for your company into your own house. (2) When a guest extends himself from the table, you merely bow and let him go. Unless there is some way you should know something to him as he is going. (3) When you receive an invitation to any affair you should write accepting or declining. This rule applies except in the case of teas.

Trixy, New Market, Va.—You should explain why you did not accept the invitation and thank him for it. (2) If the young man is desirable you should invite him to call after he has escorted you home.

J. P. M., Plum Coulee, Mo.—Don't be in such a hurry, young fellow, to get her. You are only seventeen and likely to be foolish, and she at sixteen isn't very wise. Instead of getting her and losing her, you are older enough to marry. You may be just as much in love with a different girl. If you are both in love now, it will be good for you to wait a while for it to season a bit.

Indian Squaw, Leslie, S. Dak.—It is not polite for a gentleman to turn his back to a lady in company and a gentleman will not do it, unless the girl snubs him in his face. (2) Society is not for youngsters until they are through with their school books. (3) If after-dark walks are customary in your community, the etiquette of that locality permits it.

Heart Broke, Vista, Mo.—Girls should obey their parents until they are of age and can assume their own responsibility. After that they may do as they please, even though they do not always please as they do. (2) We believe general custom permits the exchange of rings between silly young people.

Happy Wife, Elkton, Mo.—Before visiting the husband's parents when they had objected to his marriage, it would be advisable to learn if they will permit a visit. You don't want to call and be turned down, do you?

Happy, Collins, Mo.—Sunday night calls between sweethearts are superior to etiquette, and though he should leave not later than eleven o'clock he almost always stays till he is late to work next morning.

Angel, Colon, Nebr.—It would not only be proper for you to ask your friend to stop swearing in your presence, but to tell him flatly that if he continued to do so you would not see him any more. (2) If the young man comes to see you every Sunday he might be excused if he didn't ask you to go to the circus. But why didn't he ask you?

Mischief, Brainerd, Minn.—Let him go if he is mean enough to believe stories about you without asking you if they are true or not. (2) When a girl is not strong enough to prevent a big, hearty fellow from kissing her she had better not go with him. No girl ought to be kissed who didn't want to be. The rules of good society forbid it.

Bess, Tusculum, Mo.—Thank him either personally or by card for the birthday card he sent to you. Always acknowledge any courtesy extended.

Phillips, Odelbolt, Iowa.—You may sit in the hammock with him till eleven o'clock if your mother sits on the porch as chaperon. (2) Cut out the "crushes" of older men. (3) A man of twenty-nine might be a very desirable beau for a girl of seventeen, but the girl should have no beaux until she has finished school.

American Flower, Joliet, Mont.—There is no harm in man calling on a sixteen-year-old girl and staying till ten o'clock, even if there is no one else with them, but sixteen-year-old girls had better be asleep at ten o'clock than sitting up like grown women. (2) If the man's fiancée is willing for him to go with another girl, the other girl can't be blamed.

Ignorance, Fremont, Mich.—The engagement ring and the wedding ring are worn on the third finger of the left hand. Other rings for other fingers may be worn at the pleasure of the wearer, they have no fixed place.

Margaret, Checotah, Okla.—It is quite proper to accept company home from church or a party, though if we go with another girl, she should have her consent to leave her. She may also find it better to go home if she needs an escort. She can thank him anyway she pleases. (2) There is no rule for becoming more attractive at a party. You must work that out for yourself.

Tots, Cloquet, Minn.—If you were to blame for the misunderstanding you might write to him explaining it. Not, then wait till he writes. (2) Why are you so afraid of hurting his feelings when he keeps his arm

And you agnast your will? He has no regard for yours, why do you have for his? If, as you say, you are not that kind of a girl why not tell him good and hard that you are not, and if his tender feelings be hurt by your firmness, suggest to him kindly that he should associate with the kind of a girl who is not the devil with him and have it kind. (2) Cheap public places are no place for a nice girl, whether she has an escort of a chaperon. Stay away from them.

Comet, Grinnell, Iowa.—Keep on snubbing him and nag him in public so the other fellows can see it and nag him about it. Unless he is crazy he will raise his attentions. If he is crazy, call in the police.

Irene, Paha, Wash.—It is quite proper for the son of the hotel proprietress to carry your valise to the cabin, even though you were not acquainted with his father. If you are on very good terms at the house, perhaps, the young man might be excused for lying down on the floor or sofa and telling you he was tired, or sleepy, but it would be better form if he were to go to his own room to lie down. Perhaps he considers you as one of the family.

Isabel, Kitzmiller, Md.—Report the conductor to the street car line manager if he continues to wink at you and attract attention. (2) Punish him by not riding with him ever again.

W. L. Rockland, Maine.—We are not experts in social etiquette or pastoral politeness, but at a venture we should say it was not necessary to ask the minister to have prayers every time he made a pastoral call. We do not believe it is the custom, though, of course, he would do so if you did ask him.

W. D., John Day, Oregon.—Ask the girl you like go with you somewhere or other and then you will have a chance to talk to her without her chum "butting in." You have got to separate them if you want chance to win one only.

Baby, St. Joseph, Mo.—Presents may be accepted from young men, but only books, flowers, candy, and such like, or something inexpensive that has no significance. (2) Serve the ladies first in any company.

ough if the guests happen to be in groups you may serve the men in one group before going on to the next. If you and your sister have callers, it makes no difference which of them is served first, though if you are doing the serving it would be a little more polite to serve your sister's company first.

timelda, Foster, Mo.—You had better take a few lessons in buggy-riding etiquette before going again. Don't most any older girl can tell you what to do. Don't any young man. (2) You will have to make yourself as attractive as your friend is if you want to compete with her in holding fast to your beads. They are bound to follow the strongest attraction.

Buy your Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies and Furniture at Mill Prices this fall, and keep one-third to one-half of the regular retail store prices in your own pocket. When you buy house furnishings in the ordinary retail store remember that the price you pay not only carries a profit to the manufacturer, the jobber and the retailer, but also all the cost of travelling salesmen, railroad fares and hotel bills, clerk hire, high rentals, and the hundred and one other expenses of the ordinary method of retailing. When you buy house furnishing goods from us you get the brightest goods, the newest styles and patterns, the highest qualities direct from the largest mills and factories at about the price equal goods bring at wholesale. This means such a big saving to you that you can't afford to buy a carpet, a rug, a pair of curtains, a piece of furniture of any kind until you have first seen our catalogue with its big stock of house furnishing goods at wholesale prices.

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Bonn Yan, N. Y.—The rose is the emblem of flowering almond of hope. When there's a flower in bloom you didn't know what it was before he asked you if you did, and he asked if you were and you gave it to him. The whole incident meant that he loved you and wanted to have you. Now what will you do? Will you send him a white carnation or a pink one? Get your botany book and study up on flowers.

Salem, Pine Bank, Pa.—The young man may like you, but it is more hospitable for the young man to call. (2) It would save a lot of trouble if the girl's parents saw the letters they wrote to her, though most of them are enough. We think you should write to this young man though your parents do see his letters.

St. Louis, Mo.

Havans, Ark.—The lady should be ready to go when he calls for her, and she should start at once. If she starts late to start and the start should be made without a rule of etiquette. (2) Change him to a more reliable and worth bothering about. See the man to the woman.

Shannon, Texas.—Usually when a person says "Excuse me," or "Pardon me," among some people a sneeze calls for "God bless you." The sneezer from those about him. This is a very old English custom. A sneezing prevailed which was very fatal. A young man does not know where to put his hand takes it off, the lady may take it from him and he may deposit it safely.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Iowa. I have not got his initials, but this will find him. House burned down and he is nearly blind. In spite of this affliction he is manfully trying to do physical labor. Send him some cheery letters, and put something in them if you can afford it. Joe Barker, Stanley, R. R. 2, N. C. Invalid. Poor and needy. worthy of help; send him some cheery. Mrs. F. N. Kachelman, Killen, R. R. 2, La. This poor old soul is sick, feeble and destitute. Worthy of the best you can send her. Wm. J. Ratty, Millbury, R. R. 1, Ohio. This poor young man has heart disease, and is unable to work. Parents are too poor to take care of him. Wish some of you would give him a home. He writes well, and has character and intellect. Bettie Clay, Insane Asylum, Anoka, Minn. Wants a home. Able and willing to work. Finely educated. Writes beautifully. Her letters give evidence of a well balanced mind. James Harefoot, Four Oaks, N. C. Bedridden and helpless for many years—sister in same condition. A feeble, sickly, aged mother waits on them. Send them all the cheery you can spare. Miss Tavie Collins, Mulberry, R. R. 1, Ark. Shut-in. Hasn't walked for years. Grateful for any assistance. Parents old. Fine references. Mrs. Anna Glenn, Martin, Ky. Invalid. Crippled with rheumatism. Wants money to buy a cow. Will anyone help her. Well recommended. Geo. R. Kendrick, Spencer, Va. Has tuberculosis of the lungs. Poor and needy. Unable to work. Highly recommended. Mrs. Martin Dodson, have lost your address. Fillmore Powers (22), West Derby, Vt. The Episcopal minister says: "Fillmore Powers is a helpless invalid, deaf and unable to move. He deserves help and sympathy." See he gets the help—never mind the sympathy. You can't cut sympathy. Maria F. Benton, Myricks, Miss. Shut-in. Very lonely. Send her cheery letters. Put something inside them. Mrs. Jane Bedwell, Spring Garden, Ala. Worthy shut-in. Grateful for any cheery. Do your best for her. Chester Archer, Scott's Bluff, Neb. Shut-in. Send him some cheery letters. Mrs. H. T. Kennedy, Brewton, Ala. This poor old soul, while nursing a sick friend, fell, and injured herself for life. She is unable to walk. She is badly in need of a wheel chair, but it will be years before we can reach her name on our list. She is poor and needy and unable to work to support herself. Send her some substantial aid. Highly recommended. Jesse J. Cooper, Stella, Va. This little boy is eight years of age and has never walked. Send him some toys and any other thing that will keep him amused. Mrs. P. Rush, Cambria, Va. Mrs. Rush is afflicted with rheumatism. Can't even feed herself. She is a widow and without means. She says: "I would be very thankful for some bed clothing and anything that would buy food and medicine." Highly recommended. Violet Westover, Towson, Colo. Little invalid girl, nine years of age. Send her cheery letters, picture postals, paints and drawing material, and anything that will amuse a sick child. J. A. Elf, 27 Poplar St., Atlanta, Ga. Invalid, able to do light work. Could drive and take care of a gentle horse. Would like a home with some nice family. Prefers the Southwest. Wants a chance to build up in health and strength. Well educated. Highly recommended. Hope some of you will interest yourselves in this worthy soul. Age twenty-six. Mrs. Kate Young, Phoenix, N. Y., shut-in. Send her some cheery letters.

That's a long list and a sad one. Please don't send postal cards to shut-ins unless they ask you for them. So many thousands of people are postal-card crazy they seem to have an idea that everybody else is. People who used to send shut-ins a dime for a loaf of bread, now buy ten postal cards with the dime, and send their sympathy. Remember that sympathy does not take the place of bread. When a man's stomach is empty and you start to fill it with postal-card sympathy you only exasperate him. This postal-card sympathy carried to excess, simply becomes mechanical hot air. It amuses those who have no good Samaritans doing Christ-like acts. As a matter of fact they are wasting good money sympathy cuts no ice with hungry tortured shut-ins. Remember that and cut it out. Christ said: "Be unto others as you would have them be unto you." If you were sick and hungry would you like anyone to feed you on postal cards? You would get mighty tired of the diet, and you would curse the man who invented them. I know you all mean well. So many of you are thoughtless, and little realize what suffering, hun-

ger and poverty are. If you did you would be more practical. Try and be Christ-like. When the multitudes were hungry Christ fed them, when they were sick He healed them. He did not hand them out a bunch of postal cards. Do as Christ did and you will not go far wrong. Excuse my scolding, it is all meant for your good. Remember all that I love you no matter what your faults are, for like you I am full of faults myself. Now be good boys and girls until we meet again.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest. The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.", a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly how to become a member.

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber, but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. No premium will be given those sending in members for the League.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over thirty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a year's subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Ruth, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once.

and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

An Unwilling Bride

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

his power, and make her feel that power. No law could protect her or punish him—for they were married.

And then, when a furtive glance would show him Clemence's angel face, fairer and paler, a strong counter-current of love and admiration approaching to worship would set in. "Currents and counter-currents" of stormy passion were the pilot that shall guide the understanding safely through them! It is no wonder, that, once in a while a mind is wrecked.

Clemence, sitting in her pew, saw nothing in his face, or manner to indicate that inward storm. She only saw the sullen, freezing exterior. Even in his softened moods of penitence, Ernest dared not seek her society.

For Clemence had begun to recover from the first abject prostration of her sorrow, and her firm lips mutely assured him that she never would consent to be his own, until their marriage could be proclaimed.

And he durst not trust himself in her presence, lest there should be a renewal of those humiliating scenes he had endured.

Thus passed a greater portion of the summer, during which Ernest gradually dropped off from the church, and gradually began to visit Elmslea, and to throw himself as much as possible into the distracting company of Elva.

And thus, while Elva fancied she had a new admirer, Dr. Debor feared that he had a rival. Ernest, laughing at the vanity of the elf, the jealousy of the Ogre, and sought only escape from the haunting memory of Clemence, and found it not. And finally, bored and ennued beyond endurance, he cast about for a plan by which to hasten his union with Clemence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

British and American Land Owners

"Of the more than five million seven hundred thousand farms in this country," said the man chewing a straw, "more than three million seven hundred thousand are farmed by the farmers who own them, and this does not count the millions who own their houses and lots in the towns, cities and villages all over the country. In Great Britain, on the other hand, the entire country is owned by 319,550 persons, leaving 43,680,450 without any land at all, except rented. Six hundred peers own nearly one fourth of all the land, and twelve landlords own four and a half million acres. To make matters worse, these land owners pay taxes, not on a present valuation, but on an assessment of the year 1692. During that date and 1910 the land has increased two thousand per cent. in value, but the tax valuation stands as it did over two hundred years ago. The owners receive from their renters nearly a billion dollars a year. Belgium is much better than Great Britain, for there are a million small land owners there, and in France five million persons own farms of seven and a half acres, each, and half a million own seventy-five acre farms."

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Now just a minute, while I give you a few facts. Perhaps nine out of ten readers of this paper know me already, but to those who do not, I want to say that I've been doing a national and international business out of Minneapolis for the past 22 years.

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Torchy Smith's Hair-Cut

By Irving Dillon

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TORCHY SMITH needed a hair-cut. Of that there was not the slightest doubt. He had a shock of hair ample enough to cause a gridiron hero to turn green with envy. It was red, too, Torch's hair, not the mild, placid, inoffensive, order of red mild-mannered persons referred to as "sandy," but that fiery, luminous, militant and aggressive shade, suggestive of a cross between ripe strawberries and the hectic variety of carrots. By way of complicating matters it was not only quantitatively opulent, and qualitatively reminiscent of gorgeous autumnal sunsets, but it was, also, in addition, to some extent influenced and controlled by temperament. In a word, it was of that shade of red known as "nervous."

It was subject to moods. When Torch was undisturbed it lay upon his round, melon-like head like a lacquered hood glistening with peace, and pomade. When Torch became startled it stood right up on end, like penitent sinners at a halleluiah meeting, and when Torch was fully aroused, and in fighting trim, it was wont to surge, and billow, and touse, and tumble like the mane of a spirited charger.

What bothered Torch, at the precise moment at which this little yarn is supposed to open, was how to get this mane cut and see the circus. In two days the circus was due to leave town and Torch had made up his mind to see that circus if he had to do his own hair-cutting, impracticable as such an expedient might seem. While he was busy deliberating just how it would be possible to take in the circus and at the same time acquire a hair-cut on a total cash capital of fifteen cents "Doc" Weevil came along, whistling. "Hello, Torch!" he chirped laconically, "whatcher blinkin' about?"

Now, "Doc" Weevil was what the older people of the village denominated a "limb." Son of an easy-going physician who held certain theories regarding the proper way to raise boys, one of which was to let the boy develop without interference or restraint, "Doc" was a leader in every variety of juvenile daring.

"Tell 'y' Doc," said Torch, with an air of confidence, "I'm in a pickle. Mother's jes' give me fifteen cents 't' git a hair-cut an' I want 't' see th' circus. If I spen' th' money fer a hair-cut I miss th' show; if I take in th' show I don't git th' hair-cut."

"Huh! Dat's easy!" was Doc's comment. "Come on down an' see th' circus! After d' show's over, y' come over t' our house an' I'll cut yer hair!"

"Kin' y' Doc?" asked Torch, anxiously. "Sure I kin!" Doc replied. "Don't I clip our poodle? An' isn't clippin' a poodle jes' as hard as cuttin' hair?"

Torchy consented. Both boys went to the circus and were in a maze of delight with the wonderful things they exhibited. When they emerged Torch began to worry.

"Say, Doc," he inquired, "suppose mother notices that my hair isn't cut—jes' barber fashion, then what?"

"Shut up!" sneered Doc. "Didn't I tell y' I could cut it? If you're goin' t' start t' holler I won't cut it, an' then whatcher goin' t' do?"

The threat proved effective. Torchy subsided. When they reached the Weevil place Doc led Torchy into the back yard, sat him down on a stool, and disappeared within the outer kitchen from which, presently, he emerged bearing a round china bowl.

"See this?" he asked, brandishing the bowl for inspection. "Now watch how easy 'tis when y' know how!"

Holding the bowl firmly on Torch's red head, with one hand and armed with a pair of scissors held in the other, Doc began snipping off bunches of wire-like hair. At each snip the scissors pulled and at each pull Torchy squirmed and howled.

"Be quiet can't yer?" growled Doc. "A-body 'd think y' were gittin' a tooth pulled! Whatcher squirmin' about?"

What with the dullness of the shears, Torch's nervous squirming, and Doc's evident lack of tonorial proficiency, the job of cutting Torch's hair took some time. Several times Doc seemed to be on the point of declaring the job finished. Then he'd back off, survey it a moment, critically, and return to the combat with renewed energy.

At last, after what seemed to the excited Torch an age of agony and nervous apprehension, Doc looked his subject over with an air of evident satisfaction.

"There!" he said with a grunt of finality. "That's what I call a first-class job! It looks a little bit rough but I can fix that in a jiffy! Cook's got some hair oil that's jes' th' thing! Take this glass an' have a look at yerself while I get the oil."

Eagerly, Torchy seized the glass. To his youthful and inexperienced eyes the result didn't look so bad. The most glaring deficiencies were, mercifully, in the back, and quite out of range of Torch's vision. When therefore Doc reappeared with the "hair oil" Torch's native cheerfulness had fully returned.

"I don't know what kind of tonic this is," said Doc, eying the bottle suspiciously, "but Cook says it's great stuff for red heads, and say, Torch, you're some red-headed all right!"

Saying which Doc poured the tonic liberally over Torch's fiery top-piece and proceeded to rub it vigorously in. After considerable brushing and smoothing Torch's recalcitrant locks were reduced to something like order.

Torchy got home that evening without having his head particularly observed. The next morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Smith snapped suddenly: "In the name of Samson, Andrew Smith, who cut your hair?"

"Th'—th'—th'—b-b-barber!" said Torch, nervously.

"Don't you lie to me, Andrew Smith!" yelled Mrs. Smith ominously. "A horse-shoer couldn't cut hair like that much less a barber! Now, the truth! Who cut that hair?"

"D—Doc Weevil!" whimpered Torch.

"Doc Weevil! That devil's imp of a Weevil boy! And will you tell me how he came to cut your hair in this outrageous style when you had the money to pay a barber?"

"Why, Doc coaxed me to go t' th' circus an' I spen' th' money I had fer th' barber, an', then, Doc, he said he could cut my hair jes' as good, an'—an' he done it!"

"Here," said Ma Smith, backing him up in front of the kitchen mirror. "here, just take this hand glass and look at yerself! You're a sight to behold! Look at that hair, all steps and bunches, and ridges, and—Great Jerusha!" With an exclamation Ma Smith yanked the now thoroughly frightened Torch into the patch of sunlight facing the window.

"Why, your hair's all spots! It's—it's—fading! It's white, and yellow, and red, and in the name of common sense, what have you been doing to it?"

And looked at the reflection of his head in the mirror. His mother spoke the truth. His head was mottled, brindled, spotted, after the fashion of a leopard.

"That's th' hair-oil, I guess," said Torch.

"After Doc cut it it wouldn't stay down right and Doc put some hair-oil on!"

Ma Smith sighed. "Go to the barber's," she ordered wearily, "and ask him to cut your hair! On your way back stop at Weevil's and see if you can get that hair-oil till I see what it was. Now hurry for if your father sees that head he'll beat you within an inch of your life!"

Torchy scudded away. When the barber heard

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the story he laughed loud and long. On his way home Torch saw Doc Weevil and got the offending bottle. It was labelled "Peroxide of Hydrogen."

Within two weeks Torch progressed from a natural red-head to a chemical blonde—in patches. Then he slowly receded, breaking out into tints extending all the way from a deep and middy copper to a bright and more or less startling blue green!

Torch's head is red again—now! But he looks belligerent when anybody talks about the episode of the hair-cut, and he confesses to a very poor opinion of Doc Weevil's ability to get anybody "out of a pickle!"

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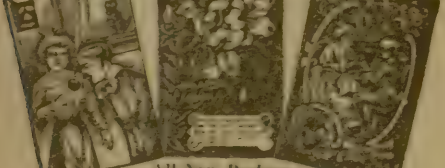
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

AND now we come to October, really the nicest month in the year and the one when we ought to be thankful every day that we are alive, and I hope all of us are. Of course, we are a little sad to think that the summer has passed and the dreary months of winter are about to come upon us, but why should we be when winter may be made just as bright and cheerful as any other season of the year? Anyway it is the best season to work in and—and—well, I'm going to stop talking and begin work now so as to get used to it.

The first letter I open is from Brunette, Northfield, Minn., and she is worrying because her parents object to every beau she has ever had, and she has one now three years younger than she is. It's funny about some parents not wanting to give up their children, but they have to or there wouldn't be any more children, so all I can say is that Brunette, being now of age, must exercise her own will and marry whether her parents consent or not. But she must be sure she has the right kind of a man.

Arkansas Girl, Little Rock, Ark.—When he begins to talk to you about his old sweethearts, you answer him by telling him about your old beau. If that doesn't cure him, you had better let him go back to the old ones.

Blue Bird, Iowa City, Iowa.—No wonder with three beaus to think of you don't have time to think of a book and learn to spell. You say you will do whatever I tell you. Very good; I tell you to drop the beaus and take up the spelling-book.

Sunbeam, Davenport, Iowa.—You might write him a line giving him your address and asking him to call, but don't you think, if he is so anxious to see you again it would be a little less forward if you waited for him to write to you? Still under the circumstances, you might send him your card.

Beehive, Buffalo, N. Y.—You do not love him very strongly or you would not stop to ask if it were advisable to marry him—that's why so many people make mistakes in marrying. They think they love and when they marry and have to make sacrifices and suffer many trials they wish they had remained single. Love, even the true kind, isn't everything these days and there must be something more to make married life fairly successful. My advice to you is not to marry the young man until he has something more than a small salary. He may become rich and great some day and you will be glad you took the risk; and, again, he may always be poor and struggling and then—well, do as you please, my dear.

Dixie Girl, Wichita Falls, Texas.—Hadin't you better wait six years and be married happily than to marry now and be sorry for it all the rest of your life? (2) If the girl doesn't care you might try to cheer her dance in his loneliness while she is away. He'll never object, but maybe she will. Ask her.

S. E. B., Parrotville, Tenn.—The more anxious you are to marry the greater chance you run to be sorry for it when you do. Better forget it.

Maudie, Kitzmiller, Md.—For goodness' sake don't hold him up and ask him his intentions. Instead of that, don't be at home when he calls and when he wants to make engagements tell him you have others. Give him a chance to see you at intervals only, and that will wake him up. Some young men need to be jarred that way. A girl should never have "steady company" unless she is sure that he is to be permanent. Give all of them a chance, till one is brave enough to claim you for his own.

M. H., Lakeside, Ohio.—Wait until you are twenty-one and he is thirty-three, and your ages will be about right. You are too young now. (2) Some men with only one arm make much better husbands than others with two. If you love him, marry him. (3) Let the man write first. Do you want to run after him?

B. E. R., Rockford, Ill.—Go along just as you have been going and stop to speak to him as you go by his store. It won't be a great while until he will be wanting to get better acquainted, by let him do the courting.

Blondy, Providence, R. I.—He is merely flirting with you, just as he does with half a dozen other girls. Don't be so serious about it. If he wants you really and truly you will know it soon enough. The other one who asked you to marry him, you said you did and he didn't answer in the same kind. You are too easy.

Heart-broken, Vista, Mo.—My, my, you are sixteen and he is twenty and your parents object to your marrying and you cannot live without him. It is dreadful, but try right hard and see if you can't survive until you are twenty-one and he is twenty-five and then write to me again.

Michigan Girl, Fowlerville, Mich.—Marry the milkman. If the cost of living keeps up, you'll be a millionaire's wife, by and by. (2) Slick the dog on the young fellow who is sneaking around peeking in the windows of evenings.

Blue-eyed Kate, Oak Grove, Ark.—You can do nothing, my dear, to cause him to show appreciation of your love for him, because he does not appreciate it, and he couldn't if he wanted to. He doesn't love you, that is all, and you are simply wasting your affection. Why don't you realize this and find someone who will appreciate it?

Brownie and Squaw, Enid, Okla.—You should apologize if you know the quarrel is your fault. (2) He doesn't care very much for you or he would write oftener than once a month. You should wait two months before replying. (3) The girl should not go to the neighboring town on the young man's invitation unless she has a chaperon, or, there is a party of young people.

Lovely, Bonesteel, S. Dak.—He doesn't care very much for you or he would not stop coming to see you because people talked about it. People will talk, but most young men don't care for that, if they like the girl in the case.

Beautiful Eyes, Augusta, Ill.—You might propose a reconciliation, but you know, Cousin, I don't have much confidence in a girl who will listen to stories about a good friend and cast him aside without explanation. You should have told him what you heard and let him explain. Maybe he will want you for a friend again, but I shouldn't.

Troubled Heart, Martinsville, Ind.—Snap your fingers at your fault-finding friends and get married. Then you won't care what they say, and they won't say anything.

Stenographer, Temple, Texas.—It seems to me that during three years' office acquaintance the young man should have been brave enough to have asked you if he might call, if you were not hospitable enough to have asked him. Why not ask him to call and be done with it? You are making a mountain out of a molehill. I think he wants you to do the courting.

Brown Eyes, Yonkers, N. Y.—Don't marry the man who is generally disesteemed by the community in which he lives or you will have to share it with him. If you think there is really something in him which others do not see, tell him to go to some other community where he is unknown and make a different record for himself.

Troubled, Merceburg, Pa.—If the man is all right, the very best thing you can do is to marry him, no matter what others may say. A young woman embroiled as you are should have a husband and a home.

S. D. E., Canistota, S. Dak.—As you don't know much about him, I should say you should know less and reduce it to nothing. He is so good. And you had better go to school another term. And it doesn't matter which side you ride on in a merry-go-round.

Brown Eyes, Duncannon, Pa.—If he neglected you so at the picnic and went walking with another girl, I think you got even by going home with that girl's

escort, and you quit about square, but I wouldn't accept his company any more to go to any place.

Nutty, Barnesville, Tenn.—I really do believe that there is love at first sight, but it is not fully developed love. (2) The young man who can't write to a girl oftener than once in three months isn't worth wasting stationery on. Drop him. (3) Nobody can tell just what traits men most admire in women, that is, the woman they love. Some one quality overmasters all the others, good and bad.

Texas Rose, Tuscola, Texas.—Girls at sixteen very often think they are so deeply in love that they cannot possibly rise to the prosaic surface of life again, but, my dear, the average sixteen-year-old girl is only a child and she cries for her truly-loved one very much as she would cry for her dolly. Now you put all your mind on your music and keep it there all you are twenty-one. By that time you will be wondering why you didn't know as much at sixteen as I know now.

Chestnut Curis, Branchland, W. Va.—There can't be much harm in a post-card correspondence, I fancy, but don't you send the first one. (2) Happy day-dreaming is very much better than unhappy day waking and you just go on dreaming about the lovely young men that might be your husbands.

Sunshine, Volga, Ind.—I don't know whether it is a sign he loves her when he carries the flowers she gave him over his heart, or not, but it is a sign he wants her to think so. Sometimes it is a real sign. (2) Of course, it is wrong to flirt, if by flirting you mean making someone think you think more of him than you do. It is another form of lying.

Puzzled, Union Center, N. Y.—It is a very mixed-up situation, but I guess you did right. Anyway, it won't make much difference a hundred years from now.

Worried Violet, Washington, Vt.—Don't worry. Violet, he thinks the post card you sent him was all right and that is enough. Have you seen him since?

Worried Katy, Texas.—Go on just as you have been going. By and by all these beaus of yours will be chasing girls of the younger set, and you won't be worried about which one to choose out of so many. My, but you sweet sixteens do think a lot of the beaus.

Blue Bell, Brooksburg, Ind.—The young man is totally lacking in gentlemanly qualities and you should snub him out of existence. Some big, strong man ought to slap his jaws. (2) Pay no attention to the rude youth who calls to you on the street. Gentlemen don't do that way, only roughs and toughs.

J. B., Des Moines, Iowa.—That is only a sneaking way he has of making love to you, and you should make fun of him and get people to laughing at him. Being a minister he will not find it so pleasant then.

Louise, Temple, Texas.—As the man is not at all to blame and the woman has no real hold on him it seems to me that he could easily place himself before the public properly and you could marry without trouble. I think, as your friends do, though, that you should not marry until his position is fully known and his character established.

Troubled Hearted, Stockton, Ala.—If you are really anxious to marry you ought to take the one that you can get, because the other one I don't think is very anxious. You can't have them both, you know.

Sunny Tennessee Girl, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.—Are you sure you squeezed his hand so hard that he won't want you to do so again? I am not. (2) Maybe you are right about engaged couples not kissing, but do you know very many who do not? (3) Really there's no telling what kind of women men like best, and the "doll-faced, flimsy" kind marry about as often as the "friendless independents" do. You know all men are not superior beings themselves and they choose to suit their measure.

Now, my dears, all your questions are answered, and I don't think I have scolded at all, have I? If I have, it has been very gentle. May you all be as happy as I want you to be and may the good Lord keep you safe and sound. By, by, till next month. COUSIN MARION.

FRECKLES

It Is Easy to Remove Them

For years I tried every known remedy without success. Skin specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I fooled them all.

I cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send you the prescription free if you will write for it. It took off my freckles and the freckles of thousands of others. It will remove yours. It will clear the worst complexion. Write today. Address Mrs. E. C. White, P. O. Box 44, Dept. 48, BUFFALO, N. Y.

BOYS and GIRLS

EARN ELEGANT WATCH AND CHAIN IN ONE DAY'S WORK

SEND NO MONEY—Simply send your name and address, and we send you, charges paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inch wide, 25 inches long, no 2 alike, (store charge \$1.00 each for them). With them we send 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERLINE SALT (in handsome tin boxes), greatest remedy known for Cuts, Sores, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, etc.

MAGIC NEEDLES

RODS, Goldsmiths, Chronometers, etc., for Cures under your feet. Guaranteed the FREE best made. Interesting booklet for 2 ct. stamp. P. & R. AGENCY, 24 ELM ST., PALMYRA, PA.

PILES CURE-ETTO

Guaranteed Sure Cure. Quick relief. We mean this and furnish proof and best references. Our cure makes sufferers FREE on trial. Also Medical Book describing your case free. If benefited pay \$1.00; otherwise pay nothing. Home Treatment Association, Dept. 11 Indianapolis, Ind.

"FACTS ABOUT CANCER."

A booklet published by the Leach Sanatorium, of Indianapolis, Indiana, contains interesting information about the cause of cancer. It tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc., and advises how to care for the patient. The booklet is sent free to those interested who write for it, mentioning this paper.

A STENCILED SCARF

Thirty-nine Inches Long by Seventeen Wide in a Beautiful Blending of Wash Colors on Linen Colored Art Crash.



Designed for use on a table, bureau or sideboard, and by cutting through the center you have two handsome ties for the easy chair. It may be finished with a neat hem, a coarse lace edge or heading, and whatever you place this exquisite piece of stenciling you are sure to be pleased with the effect. Do not miss having one of these handsome, useful Scarfs, and for two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will mail you one free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Send us your name and we will send you Free, all charges paid, this handsome LUCKY HEART PICTURE

ABSOLUTELY FREE to introduce our goods. Just send name and address and we will send it to you at once. Address: Alden Mfg. Co., 56 Roy St., Providence, R.I.

WARNING TO LADIES

False hair comes mostly from the heads of Asiatic women of the lower class; they are unclean and often afflicted by horrible blood and skin diseases. It is already reported in newspapers that cases of leprosy and other disorders have followed the handling of false hair, turbans, switches and wigs. Why continue to take risks of contracting loathsome disease? You can purify and beautify your false hair. Why not grow your own hair long and beautiful? Do not allow it to continue coming out. You may have tried advertised things but Koskott Method is different. It is genuine and reliable treatment. To prove it, send only 5 two-cent stamps (or silver dime) to cover advertising and mailing cost and we will mail you absolutely free a DOLLAR BOX of Koskott No. 1 with large interesting book, profusely illustrated. Address: Koskott Laboratory, 1269 Broadway, 359 F, New York.

DREAMY EYES.

ALLAH NHI, an Oriental liquid preparation, makes them limpid, dreamy, grows heavy, Arched Eyebrows, makes Eye Lashes Silky, benefits the eyes. Results Guaranteed. Absolutely Harmless. Special: 50c bottle 25 cents. Extra large size \$1.00. Mme. FLORENCE, 452 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y.

LADIES--WASHCLEAN-- FREE TRIAL

Washes clothes Without Any Rubbing Absolutely. Greatest Labor Saver for housewife ever known. Write for FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. Dept. 1, Nixon-Brosius Company, Boonville, Mo.

LADIES OR GENTS WATCH FREE

We positively give a beautiful STEM WIND and STEM SET watch, LADIES' or GENTS' style, also chain and ring set with a brilliant gem for selling our High Grade Art Post Cards. Order 20 phgs to sell at 10c per pkg. When sold send us \$2.00 and we will promptly send you, prepaid, the 5 year GUARANTEED watch, ring and chain as per our premium list. FREELESS WATCH CO. 1124 E. 63rd St. Chicago

2 RINGS GIVEN

Sell 10 packs Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remedy at 10c each. WE TRUST YOU. When sold return the \$1 and we'll send 2 beautiful rings or choice from premium list. Reliable firm, established 15 years. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., DEPT. A, WOODSBORO, MD.

June Cut-Up-Puzzle Prize Winners

The following are the winners of the fifteen cash prizes offered in connection with our cut-up picture puzzle printed in July COMFORT.

FIRST PRIZE \$3.00 Mrs. A. Wagner, Wis.
SECOND PRIZE \$2.00 Miss Esther Rose, Ill.
THIRD PRIZE \$1.00 Mrs. Jacob Hare, Wis.
FOURTH PRIZE \$1.00 Miss Martha Hallinger, Ala.
FIFTH PRIZE \$1.00 Annie Rayburn, Missa.

To each of the following ten persons 50 cents each: Mrs. L. Johnson, Conn., Miss Bertha Shaw, N. Y. Mrs. M. J. Burbee, Iowa, Ernest Bacon, N. Dak., Frank J. Willberger, Mich., Essie McDonald, Ga., Gladys Whitney, Mich., Mrs. C. Ernel, Texas, Mrs. S. M. Turpin, Ga., Mrs. G. Gde Flores, Texas.

MEN and WOMEN

EARN \$3.00 DAILY

You sell the Cloverline at 25c per box and give one picture free. When sold return money and we send beautiful watch and chain, or you can keep cash commission. Be first in your town. Every one buys two to three boxes after you show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverline. Millions use it. Agents earn \$3.00 a day sure. Write quick. We send Cloverline and pictures at once. Address: WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Tyrone, Pa. Dept. 100.

CORAL NECKLACE

Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up clubs of 25-month subscribers at 25c. each.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Let Us Send You This \$1 PILE CURE TO TRY FREE

Don't Risk Delay When You Can TRY
FREE This Great Remedy That
Is Curing Thousands—Just

SIGN AND MAIL THE COUPON



We want to place a full Dollar Package of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-Fold Absorption Cure in the hands of every sufferer from Piles, Ulcers, Fissures, Tumors, etc. ON FREE TRIAL. Don't wait for more serious complications to tell you of the dangers of this cruel disease, but act now. All we ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below to us. Return mail will bring you, prepaid and in plain wrapper, this remarkable 3-fold remedy which is curing cases of every degree of suffering, including cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, after doctors and even operations had utterly failed, as well as all the milder stages. After you get this treatment and try it, then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you nothing. We accept your decision as final. Could we possibly make an offer which would show stronger faith in the goodness of our remedy? Don't delay, but send in this coupon today, now.



There's Relief in Every Package.

Good for a \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to

FREE \$1 COUPON

Good for a \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to

Name.....
Address.....

Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1056 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

25 Thanksgiving Post Cards 10c



Keep card illustrated in rich line colors. The 25 different designs include Turkey, Pumpkin, etc. Just to introduce our Illustrated Wholesale Thanksgiving Post Card Album plan postage paid for only 10 cents. FREE Post Card Album plan postage paid for only 10 cents. T. HERMAN & CO., 2439 North Halsted St., Dept. 206, CHICAGO

RUPTURE CURED

By STUART'S PLAS-TR-PAOS means permanent relief, and you do away with the painful, irritating truss altogether, because it is made of rubber, it is self-adhesive, it adheres closely to the body, it supports the ruptured place without straps, buckles or apparatus—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soften relief—easy to apply—inexpensive. Write for TRIAL OF PLAPAO TODAY or FREE Trial of Plapao. Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 24, St. Louis, Mo.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why hesitate, if you have failed, send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address. W. H. PERKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 832-48 Van Buren St. Chicago

CACHOO! Make the whole family and all your friends "Just sneeze their heads off" without knowing why, with Cachoo, the new long distance harmless cure. Sent anywhere for 10c. Cash included FREE. P. T. & N. CO., Dept. 25, Chicago, Ill.

GALL STONES or any LIVER DISEASE. Write me ALL about it. Will tell of a cure FREE. Address ED. C. COVEY, R. F. D. 5, Lansing, Mich.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

J. L. M., Billings, Okla.—Write to the Kerfoot-Miller Co., Oklahoma City. If they cannot supply you they can tell you who can. Ask them to refer your letter to the proper dealer.

M. M. S., Winona, W. Va.—See advertisements in COMFORT.

W. L. B., Laurinburg, N. C.—Write to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C. for the information, if it can be had at all.

G. W. H., Gowanda, N. Y.—The old papers might be of value to collectors who are looking for those dates and they would pay well for them, but dealers would pay very little if they took them at all. Write to Thompson Pitt Co., No. 947 Eighth Ave., New York City.

Subscriber, Ft. Smith, Ark.—Put an advertisement asking for a ranch position in Denver newspapers, or Oklahoma City. That's the best way to get to it. Try the Republican or The Times of Denver, and the Oklahoman of Oklahoma City. Write for rates of "Want" notices.

H. P., Patchogue, N. Y.—The editors of the New York magazines and Sunday papers constitute the best market for poems in this country. Send samples of your work to them with postage for return if not available.

E. M. D., Aspen, Col.—Your daughter will have to go into the country where she wishes to teach and pass the examination necessary. Good teachers are in demand almost anywhere.

N. F., Carthage, Miss.—Write to H. Malkin, No. 42 Broadway, New York City.

E. L. N., Copenhagen, N. Y.—You have not been reading this column or you would know that your supposed Stradivarius is a fake fiddle and of no special value.

P. V., Newark, Ohio.—Write to Art League, West 57th St., New York City, inclosing postage for reply.

A. C. S., Ukiah, Cal.—You can only find what you are seeking, and only a small part of that by reference to several histories of those states. Write to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., for detailed information.

W. X. Y. Z., Parsons, Kans.—As the dwarfs are pretty much like other people they are not set off to themselves so all of them may be reached. Those in the show business are more public and you might find out about them by writing to Manager of the Hippodrome, New York City, inclosing postage for reply.

J. T. S., Crede, Ark.—Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

Mrs. D. L., Sullivan Lake, Can.—Advertise your iron lands in Chicago and St. Louis papers. The expense will not be great and results may be very satisfactory. You might write to U. S. Steel Co., New York City.

N. G. P., Grove Hill, N. C.—Haven't you a mason in your neighborhood? Give the job of cementing the cellar to him. If we would tell you how, you, being a lady, couldn't do the job like a man would.

Big One, Poole, Ky.—The COMFORT advertiser is reliable, but he wants to be paid for his services as any other business man does.

C. P. M., Wells, Minn.—A patent may be obtained from the Patent Office at Washington without the aid of an attorney, but usually the attorney can save you a lot of trouble and time. Write to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. for details.

S. G., Puxico, Mo.—We do not have the address. Write to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

I. V. H., Dulany, Ky.—Here are some farm journals that may be what you are looking for: Home and Farm, Live Stock Journal, Farmers' Home Journal, Louisville; Tri-State Farmer and Gardener, Chattanooga; American Farmer, Up-to-date Farming, Agriculture, Indianapolis, Ind.; Agricultural Epitome, Spencer, Ind. Write to them for rates.

Diamond, Bertrand, Texas.—Reliable song publishers are Oliver Ditson & Co., and Witmark & Co., New York City. There are many others and you can get all the addresses you wish by looking over such songs as you may have on your piano. (2) Don't know anything about the firm you mention.

G. H. R., Colfax, Idaho.—The chancery court property of England is a very uncertain proposition. If you have any show at all we recommend that you put it in the hands of a lawyer you know personally. The chances are that with any other all you will get will be bills for services.

Simple, Twin Falls, Idaho.—As far as we know the correspondence school has not yet got into the field of teaching persons how to teach. Better try some of the Normal schools in your own state.

E. S. A., Nebraska, Pa.—John Wilkes Booth was born at Bel Air, Md. in 1838 or 1839, not definitely known. Educated we believe at Baltimore and abroad.

M. O. D., Wellston, Ohio.—Only an expert can determine the value of your china and you will have to submit it to someone who can examine it.

E. W., Warsaw, Ill.—The correspondence schools teach telegraphy, as do some of the business colleges. You might learn in smaller places by becoming friends with a local operator and taking lessons from him. Write to any of the business colleges in Chicago, or all of them, for particulars and terms.

Mrs. D. H. S., Farmington, Ill.—We do not know the address. Can't your local druggist tell you?

C. M., Gonzales, Texas.—There may be firms that would permit you to open a branch in your town, but it could only be done on personal application and the very highest references with money behind it.

Mrs. E. J. S., Ovid, Idaho.—Suppose you try your own state orphan asylum. We suppose you don't want to send the baby to an Eastern city.

Subscriber, Harrodsburg, Ky.—There are many books on etiquette—Twentieth Century Etiquette being one of the latest. Write to Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, for list and prices.

B. A. S., Spangle, Wash.—There are only about 12,200 Quakers left in the United States. Write to Friends' Meeting House, Washington, D. C., where you may be able to get information.

Daisy, Gibson, Tenn.—Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

W. E. A., Herington, Kans.—After you have got the some definite information that will be of use put the case in the hands of a lawyer whom you know. It is like looking for a needle in a haystack now.

West Virginian, Wheeling, W. Va.—There is no license to sell goods as you propose unless it is local. Any druggist can tell you where you may get labels. (2) There are free hospitals in some cities, but they are only for persons resident in those cities. You are only for persons if you have some influence among those in power.

C. D. C., Pocahontas, Iowa.—The police are about the only persons in authority to find missing people, though an advertisement in the newspapers of the section where last seen might develop something. Give us his name and description and we will publish it in COMFORT's Lost Persons' Department. That is the best advertisement you could have.

Dixie, Belgrade, Neb.—Write to Brentano, New York City.

Queenie, Lincoln, Neb.—Such relics may be best found by advertising for them, but you will have to pay good prices.



W A R

On the Watch Trust!

The Smashing Anti-Trust
Fight Now On!

TRUST PRICES
ECLIPSED AT LAST!

An absolutely first-class high-grade watch at a price within the reach of the people—the Burlington Special No-Trust Watch.

The World's Masterpiece of watch manufacture—the BURLINGTON SPECIAL—now sold direct to the public at its rock-bottom, no-trust price [and besides without middlemen's profits.]

We do not care what it costs we will uphold our independent line and so we are making the most sweeping, baffling offer ever made on watches.

This is your opportunity—NOW while this great no-trust offer lasts—get the best watch made anywhere at one-third the price of other high-grade watches. Furthermore, to fight trust methods, we **\$2.50 a month** on our finest watch—easiest possible payments at the rock-bottom price, the identical price the Wholesale Jeweler must pay.

Some trusts are legal and some are not. We do not say that the watch trust is illegal; but we do say that the methods of the giant factories in making "contracts" with dealers to uphold double prices on watches are very unfair—unfair to us and unfair to you. Hence our direct offer in the Burlington at the very same price the Wholesale Jeweler must pay.

Watch Book Free on Request.

Now do not miss this opportunity. At least we want you to know about trust and no-trust prices on watches.

BE POSTED. Send the coupon or a postal or letter—that is all you need to do. But act now, today.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO., Dept. 2077, Millard Station, CHICAGO, ILL.
Please send me the watch book and the coupon for a \$2.50 a month watch. I will pay for it in 3 months. Name..... Address.....

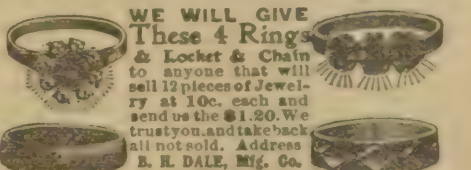
BURLINGTON WATCH CO., Dept. 2077, Millard Station, CHICAGO, ILL.

H. K., Bradley, Wis.—The flesh of some fish becomes wormy at times from the food they eat, or the water where they live. It is not advisable to eat them.

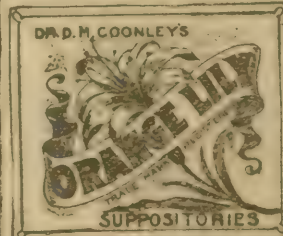
D. V. M., Scotch Hills, N. J.—Daily newspapers in Ohio: Equi-rer, Cincinnati; Flindeler, Cleveland; State Journal, Columbus. There are others, but these will answer your purpose, we think.

W. McG., Free, Ky.—December 26th, 1877 on Wednesday; February 22nd, 1878 on Tuesday.

Hazel Eyes, Shannon, Tex.—Chamois skin should be washed in warm water and soap, rubbing it thoroughly in the hands. Squeeze all the water out and rinse in cold water two or three times. Squeeze the water out and spread the skin out to dry. It may be pinned down at the corners to prevent shrinking.



BE A DETECTIVE: Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 452 SCARBITT BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.



A 50-CENT BOX OF ORANGE LILY FREE to all suffering ladies

A Remedy for the Local Treatment of all Diseases of Women, as Suppressed, Irregular and Painful Menstruations, Congestion, Inflammation, and Ulceration of the Womb and Ovaries, Change of Life, Tumors, Etc.

The superiority of ORANGE LILY over any, and all other preparations of this kind is proven by 20 years of use in every country and climate in the world. No other remedy is as dependable, nor gives such satisfactory results. It is the Safest, and Best, and its unlimited success is based upon its CURES. It cured me after years of suffering from diseases peculiar to our sex. Send to-day for a FREE 50c. BOX to MRS. L. W. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

32 BULBS FREE TO YOU FOR WINTER AND SPRING BLOOMING

This entire collection of 32 bulbs consisting of five of the most popular and beautiful varieties of winter blooming house plants and early flowering Spring bulbs can be obtained with very little effort on your part. We are just realizing the value of these pretty bulbous plants which give such an air of refinement and add so much cheer to home surroundings, rendering them attractive and interesting and we want every reader of COMFORT to possess this rare and beautiful assortment.



SINGLE and DOUBLE TULIPS.

10 - CROCUS - 10

The first flowers of Spring, how sweet and pretty they look and what charm they give the lawn as they lift their bright heads from the sod while the earth is yet cold and dormant from the long winter months. They bloom splendidly when planted on the lawn among the grass or a few planted in pots in the house will make a pretty show. The colors range through all the delightful blues and rich yellows making the flower for the million and the millionaire.

10 - OXALIS - 10

An unrivalled winter flowering plant of easy culture, succeeding everywhere requiring little attention and in fact producing better results in poor soil with a moderate amount of water than if given rich fertile soil and lots of attention. The little bulbs are strong luxuriant growers and when expanding in the sunshine the rich, varied and beautiful colors of their flowers present a picture of gorgeous beauty. The pots soon become a mass of pretty green foliage and the showy little flowers will appear in fine long-stemmed clusters.

5 - SNOWDROPS - 5

Lovely little blossoms and should be found in every garden. They are perfectly hardy and will hold their own and bloom well even when encroached by grasses and weeds. The growth is dwarf but sturdy pushing up through the snow in early Spring, from which habit arose their name. Indoors they are equally pretty and easily brought into bloom.

CLUB OFFER.

A Club of two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. secures the Complete assortment of 32 Flowering Bulbs. You may send 35c. to renew your own subscription for one year and obtain the set of 32 Bulbs free.



HYACINTH.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Wheel Chairs in September 59 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Although the wheel-chair subscriptions fell short of four hundred for the past month I sent two chairs in September, relying on you, my good friends, to make an extra effort to help me catch up on them next month. I prefer to borrow from the future rather than drop down to one wheel chair this month.

The September wheel chairs go to Miss Jane Cuddy, Atwood, Pa., and Miss Esther Rasner Rockbridge, Ky.

Below I print the Roll of Honor for the month, also a letter of thanks from one of COMFORT'S wheel-chair beneficiaries.

It looks good to see your own name in the Roll of Honor, try for it next month, but if you can't get the necessary five wheel-chair subscriptions don't fail to send in one at least.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of Comfort.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions in COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Her Heart Overflows with Gratitude for her Comfort Wheel Chair.

GARLAND, N. C. July 27, 1910.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have just received the splendid wheel chair you and Mr. Gannett sent me, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, I thank you for your noble kindness.

May God's richest blessing rest upon you and all those who have had a hand in thus contributing to my happiness. There is a sure reward for those who are ever ready to serve in the Master's cause, and I am sure there is a rich reward for you who are doing so much for suffering humanity.

Again thanking you and wishing you much happiness, I am,

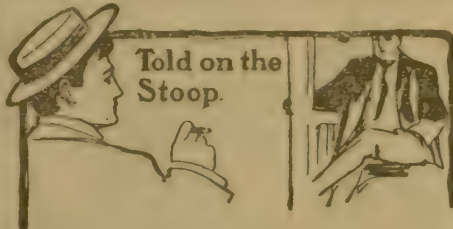
Sincerely,
MRS. HENRY K. HERRING.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Names	No. of Subs.
MRS. A. EDMONDS, Pa.	5
MRS. V. C. PAGE, N. Y.	5
MRS. LIZZIE DANK, Neb.	5
MRS. J. C. ADAMS, N. Dak.	5
MRS. A. H. MCGONICK, Mo.	5
MRS. BESSIE YOHIO, W. Va.	5
MRS. E. O. PERHAM, N. Y.	12
BESS KRAUSE, Minn.	5
MRS. EMIL POPE, Texas.	5
MRS. DWIGHT SHAPLEY, La.	5
JOHN M. STREWS, Ky.	5
MRS. E. L. HOWARD, Texas.	5
MRS. A. B. CLARK, Minn.	5
MRS. E. M. KIMMEL, Neb.	10
MRS. NELLIE HOWE, N. Y.	7
NATHALIE CRUISE, Iowa.	5
MRS. ANNA E. KOENNECKE, Texas.	5
MRS. J. C. TAYLOR, New Mex.	15
MRS. C. H. CLIFTON, Mont.	5
MAUDE STRUBINGER, Ill.	5
LAURA WELLS, Indiam.	5
MRS. M. G. ST'ANNA, Honolulu, Hawaii.	5
J. G. ROBINSON, Ohio.	5
MRS. A. PICKERD, Mich.	5

N. B. A number of others who sent in clubs of four subscriptions at 25 cents each, making one dollar for the club of four, might just as well have had their names in the Roll of Honor for the same money, because, as stated above, I accept Wheel-Chair Club subscriptions at 20 cents each provided they are sent in clubs of five or more. \$1.00 pays for five Wheel-Chair subscriptions; so if you get four at 25 cents each you have a right to make your club five by giving one subscription as a free present to a friend.



The Eating of Meat

"Although meat has only one third the nutritive value of the other foods, said a man who did not look like a pork packer or a butcher, 'three fifths of all the money spent for food by 19 million of families in the United States goes for meat and the majority of them believe that meat is necessary to their existence. Maybe it is, but vegetarians, that is those who eat no meat, seem to thrive well enough and their average health is better than that of the meat eaters. But that is not the point I want to make. Seeing that meat seems so necessary those who supply it seem to be anxious to make as much on it as they can and they do make the eaters pay for their taste. The Department of Agriculture has been looking up prices lately, and it finds that in the North Atlantic states the retail price is 31.4 per cent. higher than the wholesale price and in the South Atlantic states it is 38 per cent. higher. In the North Central states the per cent. is about as in the South Atlantic but in the South Central it is 54 per cent. In other words the butcher who pays from seven to 10 cents for his meat, sells it at 11 to 16 cents. Shreveport, La., has the record of the highest priced meat market in the country, 68 per cent., and Tacoma, Wash., the lowest, 12 per cent. The difference in price is remarkable in some localities. Holyoke, Mass., for example having butchers who make 47 per cent., while those in Springfield, only a few miles away, ask a profit of 19 per cent. In Baltimore the butcher's profit is but 17 per cent., while in Washington, 40 miles away, it is 42 per cent. Augusta, Georgia, butchers add 61 per cent. to the wholesale price. Kansas City, Kans., asks 50 per cent. profit on cheap meat, while across the river in Kansas City, Mo., only 28 per cent. is added. Lewiston, Idaho, leads the West with 62 per cent. profit, while San Francisco, asks only 29 per cent. Mobile, Ala., is a 64 per cent. town, and Nashville, Tenn., 63 per cent. Everywhere the profit seems to be more than it should be, and in some cases it is almost robbery, and certainly is extortion. Nor is there any reason for it except that the retailers can get their price and they don't care who suffers. And the worst thing about it all is that the biggest profit is made on the cheaper cuts of meat and those least able to pay must bear the burden. It looks like a pity, but I am not as sorry as I might be, because the fact is that the people insist upon buying meat, when it has been proved that 60 cents' worth of meat is not as nourishing as twenty cents' worth of other foods. Now if the people will only wake up to this and cut out most of their meat they will bring the retailers down as easy as falling off a log. It is a matter that is up to them, and they ought to settle it without asking government assistance."

DAINTY WALL ORNAMENT

Free with Each Subscription
and renewal makes it easy to raise subscription clubs for COMFORT. Our 1910 COMFORT Calendar was immensely popular; everybody wanted one and was bound to have it.

COMFORT'S 1911 Calendar is even more beautiful and attractive; with pretty, delicately colored pictures it is highly decorative. Especially designed and made only for COMFORT, and will be sent free, while our supply lasts, to each and every new subscriber and to all old subscribers who renew their subscriptions promptly.

All Free



Six Different Presents

Completely Dressed Life Size Doll
Doll's Push Cart
Fur Muff Fur Cap Fur Stole
and Doll's Chatelaine Watch
WILL MAKE ANY LITTLE GIRL
SPEECHLESS WITH DELIGHT

NOT ONE BUT
ALL SIX ARTICLES
GIVEN AWAY
NOW

If you have a little girl who wants a beautiful Doll, imported from Germany, and the other five presents, now is your opportunity. Our Bisque Doll is nearly two feet high, jointed legs and arms, curly waxen hair, trimmed hat, with large plumes, ribbons and lace, opens and closes her eyes, stylish sateen dress with yoke. Complete underwear, stockings and slippers with buckles. The Go-Cart is just right for Dollie to sit in and runs smoothly. Dollie's fur set is a dream of delight—three pieces: cap, muff, stole. The little imitation chatelaine watch is also very pretty. Think of the good times a girl can have dressing Dollie and taking her out riding.

NO MONEY

If you want these six presents just send us your name and address and we will send you by return mail 12 beautiful Gold Embossed Art Pictures in 12 colors, size 16x20 inches. You distribute these beautiful pictures free on a special plan—collecting 25c with each picture. Then you send us the \$3.00 and the same day received we will ship you this Doll, Go-Cart, 8-piece Fur Set and Doll's Chatelaine Watch. Just send us your name. If you do not care to distribute our pictures after receiving them, all well and good. We will send you postage for their return. Our capitalization is \$2,500,000.00, and we will show you when you reply that we do just as we agree.

O. C. FINNEY, Treas., 107-111 Clinton St., Dept. 31 CHICAGO, ILL.

Greatest Nerve Vitalizer Ever Known, Sent Free

A Recent Discovery. Trial Package Sent Free to Any Man or Woman To Prove Its Remarkable Results

This is the world's newest, safest, most reliable and effective nerve invigorator, revitalizer, brain awakener, body strengthener, without equal in the world's history of medicine. It brings about a change from the awful, dull, weak, laxy, don't-give-a-hang feeling to brightness, strength, clear headedness and courage which is remarkable. Its results are better than what you would obtain from a two weeks' vacation on a farm.

This change comes rapidly. The results are lasting. It is absolutely safe, containing no injurious ingredients whatever. Absolutely different from anything ever before been used for nerves.

Every man and woman suffering with fagged, weak nerves, nervous prostration, excessive nervousness, brain fog, insomnia, neuralgia, low vitality, general weariness, loss of strength and weight, or any condition which arises from poor, weak nerves, may now get "nerves of steel", clear head, courage, power, quick wit, energy, by taking this great discovery, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

FOR MEN. Nerve-force gone! You are what your nerves are, nothing else. If you feel all run-down from overwork or other causes, if you suffer from insomnia, "caved-in" feeling, brain fog, extreme nervousness, peevishness, gloominess, worry, cloudy brain, loss of ambition, energy and vitality, loss of weight and digestion, constipation, headaches, neuralgia, or the debilitating effects of tobacco or drink, send for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

FOR WOMEN. If you suffer from nervous breakdown, extreme nervousness, "blue" spells, desire to cry, worry, neuralgia, back pains, loss of weight and appetite, sleeplessness, headaches and constipation, and are all out of sorts, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers will make you feel that there is more to life than you ever realized before. Send today for the free trial package.

No more need of dieting, diversion, travel, tire-some exercises, dangerous drugs, electricity, massage or anything else—Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers do the work of each and all, give you nerve force and make you live.

A trial package of this great discovery will prove that they do the work. They are guaranteed—every wafer. Send your name and address today for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, to F. J. Kellogg Co., 124 Jefferson Ave., Battle Creek, Michigan.

A revelation is in store for you.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON
F. J. KELLOGG CO.,
124 Jefferson Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me by return mail, free of charge, a trial package of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
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10 Days' Free Trial

Send Us Your Name and Address:

We Will Send You

AT OUR EXPENSE ON APPROVAL

WATCH A WEEK

Exactly like this illustration

Sold by all retail stores for \$38.50

Hunting Case Model

If perfectly Satisfied After 10 Days' Free Trial, We Give You the Wholesale Factory Price

\$24.50

TO BE PAID ON THE VERY EASY TERMS OF 50c A WEEK or \$2.00 A MONTH

Remember we take the risk, not you. A high-class Elgin, Illinois, or Waltham 15-jeweled movement, in a heavy gold-filled case, guaranteed for 20 years. Stem wind and stem set, fancy gold hands.

Send for our FREE CATALOGS FURNITURE, RUGS, LACE CURTAINS. On easy terms at wholesale prices.

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Learn To Play The Piano or Organ In One Hour

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano and organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has just invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the piano or organ in one hour. With this wonderful new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands—and playing it well. The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method to examine merely by asking. You can keep it seven days, then if it is all that is claimed for it you pay \$1.50, and \$1.00 a month till \$6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days at our expense. Simply write and say, "Send me Easy Form Music method," as announced in COMFORT.

The method and 100 pieces of music, will be immediately sent, all charges prepaid. Be sure to state how many white keys on your piano or organ. Address Easy Method Music Company, 2017 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL BARGAIN

To introduce our new goods we send this beautiful Stone Garnet and Topaz Ring gold plate, also 50 Choice Silk Squares, 1 Gold-plate stone-set Bracelet, 1 yd. Silk Ribbon, 1 Pretty Shell Neck-lace, 10 Vignette Pictures, and lace. 10 Vignette Pictures, and lace. 10 Vignette Pictures, and lace. 10 Vignette Pictures, and lace.

our big bargain price list, all postpaid, only 10 cents. Address H. C. Buchanan & Co., Dept. A, P. O. Box 1528, New York.

SNAP LOCK FREE

Very handsome, gold-plated, set with sparkling diamonds. Given for calling 20 pleasant post cards to us, send post card to WE TRUST YOU, Western Division, Dept. 11, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

150 Gold Back Post Cards FREE

Send 10 post cards to us, we will send you 150 gold back post cards. Address IDEAL POST CARD CLUB, Dept. 105 CHICAGO, ILL.

25 THANKSGIVING CARDS 10c

New designs, bright colors and gold. Turkey, Pumpkin, etc. 75 for 25c. Kaiser Art Co., 6004 Westworth, Chicago, Ill.

\$1200 a year salary or commission. Man or woman in every county to collect and manage business with grocery stores. Permanent home work. No experience necessary. No investment. The Confido Mfg. Co., Lima, Ohio.

Inventor: First, read our five practical useful Book-lets concerning Obtaining, Financing, Selling Patents, Free, Advice Free. Patent obtained or Fee returned. PATENT DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Get a Signet Ring. 14kt gold finished with your initials on. Big value for money 10c. each or 3 for 25c. C. Minschwaner, Pennington, N. J.

AGENTS Earn \$25 to \$50 Weekly selling our Mexican and Swiss embroidery waist Patterns latest styles braided Princess dresses, and various embroideries. Catalogue Free. National Importing Co., Dept. 22, 609 Broadway, New York.

12 Beautiful Colored Flower Post Cards 10c

Your name or town greetings in gold on each. United States Art, 150 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

LADIES \$10 Weekly decorating postcards. Dime brings package beautiful samples and particulars. American Postcard Co., East Orange, N. J.

Extra Fine Post Cards Free

Send 10 cents for ten samples of our very best Gold and Silk Finish Friendship, Flower and Motto Post Cards, beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 863 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

TABLE NAPKINS

What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than his wife's effort to serve his meals temptingly. Table napkins for you to possess a set of one dozen of these superior quality napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

When goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these superior quality napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

We will send you post-paid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 5 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Grasshopper, New York, N. Y.—Nothing can be said definitely about ear troubles except on examination. We can say to you though that your habit of picking your nose with a long pin may have something to do with the pain in your ear. Quit that and let a physician examine your ear. (2) Sometimes a patient comes out of an insane asylum quite as well as ever, but only in cases of mania. A weak-minded person, unless a mere child, does not improve mentally to any extent. (3) We have heard of women with broken down nerves, as you describe your sister's symptoms to be, who have been cured by Christian Science treatment. Have you ever thought of that? Suppose you write to Mrs. E. T. Bell, No. 145 Meeting Street, Charleston, and hear what she has to say.

L. B. Commerce, Ga.—It is some form of cutaneous affection which can only be determined by examination. As you have had it all your life we suppose you have given it up as incurable.

Hattie R., Salko, Okla.—Take the child to a doctor right away, or nothing on earth can be done for it. (2) Deep scars cannot be made to disappear. (3) Physical culture exercise if persisted in will reduce the abdomen, or will strengthen the muscles of the region so that it will be held back from prominence. It is harder work though than you would undertake. Have you tried an abdominal corset which produces straight front results? You can get one where they sell dry goods and women's apparel.

Reader, Phillips, Wis.—You will have to be more definite in giving symptoms.

J. M. C. Hypocrite, Fla.—The combination is not recognized by the profession in this part of the country.

A. S. Averill Park, N. Y.—Adenoids may be removed after a person has passed his sixteenth year—but you do not say how far past he is. Better see the physician who looks after them in the public schools.

J. V. L., Wilson, Fla.—Consult a physician about the little girl's ear. You don't want to ruin her hearing, do you, by lack of proper care with it now? (2) Stuttering is a nervous affection. We gave last month what the writer assures us is a positive cure. See "B. E. Clark, Wauconda, Ill." in September COMFORT and try it. Then let us know the result.

Mrs. G. M. D., Paducah, Ky.—Christian Science, so-called, is one of the many forms that religious belief takes and it has arisen to its present prominence through the endeavors of Mrs. Baker Eddy, popularly known as the Mother of the faith. Just what it means is hard to say, because it means differently to those who believe in it and those who do not, and even among those who believe difference of opinion prevails. It has extended its branches all over the country with churches or readers or both, in numerous places, and in Paducah it has its place of meeting in the Three Link Building at Fifth St. and Kentucky Ave., with Miss Anna Webb as First Reader. If you will go there and listen at the services and make inquiries you will get all the information you want. One of the tenets of its beliefs is healing by the power of the spirit, and we recommend it in this column often because we believe that in many instances it can do what regular medical treatment cannot do.

G. S. Aya, Ill.—You will have to consult your family physician. State your case plainly to him and ask him to suggest to you what is best to be done.

B. C. I., Lampasas, Texas.—The recession of the gums from scurvy or other causes cannot be treated off hand. It is doubtful if the trouble can be overcome, but some dentists profess to be able to make them almost as good as new. Go to a dentist and have him make an examination. In any event you should keep your mouth and teeth perfectly clean, peroxide of hydrogen is a good wash, and you should have all the tartar removed from the teeth by a dentist.

Inquirer, Woodland, Wash.—If your friend is of the kind who is born to be thin, not much can be done against nature. Otherwise he should get fat by sleeping all he can, eating fats and sweets in plenty, drinking much water, and using a great deal of bread and potatoes in his diet. As to his turn-up nose, unless it is enough so to be a hindrance, he had better not do anything with it. Otherwise take it to a specialist in beauty-making and have it treated. It will cost money, but maybe he is vain enough to be willing to pay the price.

Anxious, San Jose, Cal.—As you have many good physicians in your city whom you can easily call on

and give them a chance to examine you, we advise that you go to one of them. If you cannot pay for service, go to the city hospital where the very best of treatment is given free of charge.

E. G., Terryville, Conn.—Stop taking medicine, except possibly a dose of Castor oil at long intervals, and try dieting, eating such things as digest easily and do not cause that stuffed-up feeling. Stop the tea and coffee if you use them. You must decide for yourself what food best agrees with you, but eat plenty of fruit, cooked and raw, and vegetables. Try the directions suggested below to Sufferer, Otter Tail, Minn.

Sufferer, Otter Tail, Minn.—Eat vegetables, fruit and very little meat, and that rare beef, or lamb. Constipation is natural to many people and it cannot be entirely cured, a very slight mistake in diet bringing it on again. Get a hot water bag at the drug store and use a hot water enema. They are cleansing, healthful and efficient when nothing else will avail.

J. J. B., Hamilton, Ohio.—See answers above to "Inquirer," and to "Reader." You might try the patent medicine you mention. That is the only way to test its virtues.

M. F. W., Savannah, Mo.—There is no instrument known that will enable you to hold your breath longer than your lung power. The only way to get at it is to practice deep breathing, holding the breath in as long as possible. Go about it gradually, as all singers must do, and in time you will, if your lungs are in good condition, have all the breath you want. If you are weak lunged, you can never accomplish it, but careful practice of deep breathing is very beneficial to weak lungs, though it must be done carefully, or harm will result. Don't try to do too much, and don't expect results in a short time. Do your breathing in the open air, or before an open window, making three or four deep breaths at first, and adding one every day until you can take twenty or more. Then continue at that every night and morning, and through the day when you think of it. Keep the air in the lungs as long as you can and gently work the arms up and down and forward and back, expanding the chest all you can. (2) See answer to bust question in Pretty Girls' Department.

H. C. S., Garber, Iowa.—The best cure for night sweats, when there is consumption in the family is to go to the dry climate of Colorado or Arizona and sleep in the open air and stay in it during the day. Even in Iowa if your brother sleep in a tent with the sides up, he would find it much better than sleeping in any room. Fresh air and all of it he can get in his best medicine. Let him sleep on a porch, if a tent is not convenient.

D. W. B., Charles City, Iowa.—There is no malaria in Arizona and it is as warm there in winter as in Florida with a much drier air which is what you need. See answers in this column on weak lungs and deep breathing.

S. S. K., Hugo, Colo.—High altitudes affect a good many people as you seem to be affected with difficulty of breathing, and some cannot live at all as high up as you are, 3500 to 5000 feet. As you seem to be in good condition in other respects we recommend that you live down nearer sea level, say two or three hundred feet above it. (2) Better have an examination made by a physician.

E. C. Cadiz, Ill.—Fistula, unless too far gone, may be cured, but not by printed directions. You will have to see a physician, and if he recommends an operation, have it done at once. Better suffer a little and lose some time, than to suffer for years and be finally incapacitated. The operation is painful, but not dangerous and after it you should be as well as ever you were.

V. W. X., Hainsville, Ala.—Nervousness in children cannot be cured, except by care and time for them to outgrow it, at least to a great extent. If your little girl's mind seems to be affected by it, we should advise that you have her examined by a physician as to whether or not she should be sent to a sanatorium where she would be cared for properly. Beyond the boarding and lodging, the cost would probably depend upon your ability to pay.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular. Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

QUICK GROWTH OF HAIR



Discovered at last, The true method.

Let us prove to you that the Keskott Method of Hair Growing is the genuine and scientific one. We will send you a DOLLAR BOX out of the box cost, treatment FREE. We guarantee to grow hair on any bald spot, or to remove the cause, the dermoxol folliculorum—living micro-organisms—"seeds"—and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, in dormant, like a seed, may be given facility & a chance to grow.

Ours is the treatment that MAKES GOOD or you can use it WITHOUT COSTING YOU A CENT. Keskott is for men's treatment & children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair & to promote growth of new hair. We especially want you to know how to grow hair on any bald spot, or to remove the cause, the dermoxol folliculorum—living micro-organisms—"seeds"—and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, in dormant, like a seed, may be given facility & a chance to grow.

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In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

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Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

W. W., New York.—We think an attachment will stand in the state you mention against the property of a non-resident debtor provided the claim upon which the attachment is based has matured.

C. E., Oklahoma.—If the property is, as we understand from your communication, real estate, we think your remedy is to bring a partition action for its division against the other heirs of the estate.

V. E. H., South Dakota.—We are of the opinion that, if you can establish that the woman you mention was of unsound mind at the time she made and executed the will, then the will can be broken and set aside on those grounds in the proper proceeding for that purpose.

Mrs. R. M. H., Arizona.—We think the person you mention had no legal right to remarry until the final decree was entered.

M. A. K., New York.—Under the laws of the state you mention, we are of the opinion, that he could not.

M. A. R., California.—Submit your question to the bank holding the deposit. The answer depends somewhat upon your arrangement with them as to the style of account; ordinarily he could not.

Miss E., Pennsylvania.—You do not state just what your agreement as to the property is, so that all I can tell you is that the contingencies you mention should be provided for in that agreement.

M. A. C., Michigan.—The disposition of your mother-in-law's estate upon her death would depend upon the terms of her will, which you say she has drawn. If under the terms of this will some of her property remains undisposed of, such property would descend according to the intestate laws; just who would get that would depend upon her descendants, left at the time of her death.

C. E. C., Kansas.—We think that, at your age, your parents are entitled to your custody and control without the appointment of any guardian. We do not think your friend could be punished for writing to you unless there was something legally objectionable in the letters, or unless the letters were annoying to you. We think the postmaster has no right to interfere with the mail, and that in case he does so a complaint to the Post Office Department at Washington, D. C., would speedily remedy this, but that, before making any such complaint, you should first obtain absolute proof that he has actually interfered in some way with the letters.

J. S. W., Alabama.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that C's title to the property is defective, and that the right of the two women you mention to dower, upon the death of their husbands, in the property is still undisturbed. (2) We think C has a right of action against his grantor for damages under the warranty in the deed.

A. K. McG., Kentucky.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the widow is entitled to dower in the real estate, and one half of the personal property in addition to the exemption, the balance going equally to the children.

Mrs. C. W. W., Missouri.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that you will receive no part of the estate of the man you mention except such as may be left by will. In case he leaves no will but leaves a parent, brother, or sister, or their descendants, we think his widow would receive all the personal property which came to him in right of the marriage also one half of the real and personal property of which the husband was the owner at the time of his death, provided she made a written election to take such property subject to the payment of the husband's debts, and also provided he leaves no descendants, such election must be properly drawn and acknowledged, and recorded, within twelve months after the granting of letters of administration upon his estate.

J. L. B. B., South Carolina.—We are of the opinion, that under the laws of your state children can be disinherited by will.

B. K. E., Nebraska.—We think it possible that such a marriage as you describe is not prohibited in your state.

Mrs. T. B., Massachusetts.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of husband or wife leaving no will and leaving no children or descendant, the surviving spouse would receive of the personal property five thousand dollars and one half of the balance and one half of the real estate, or the whole if there are no kindred.

W. K., Maine.—If the property you mention belongs to your wife absolutely, we think an easy way for her to regulate the matter would be to execute a will disposing of it upon her death. We think you should take an assignment of the mortgage you are paying and let it stand open of record in your name, instead of having it ratified.

N. E. V., New York.—As we understand your statement, we think he would be entitled to vote.

E. M. F., Oklahoma.—While upon the face of your papers you seem to be entitled to claim a forfeiture of the property, we still think it likely that, a court of equity might allow the present owner a right to hold the land upon some conditions, but, of course, much would depend upon the way your suit is conducted.

E. D. H., Wisconsin.—Communicate with the Commissioner of Public Lands, Washington, D. C.

A. M., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon your death leaving no will, your estate will be divided in equal shares between your children and husband, your husband taking a child's part. You can, we think, however, change this in any way you see fit by executing and leaving a will. (2) We think a will would be better in your case, than any form of a deed. (3) You should communicate with the Insurance Company in regard to the insurance matter.

Mrs. H. S., New York.—(1) We think the statute of limitations only applies as to the time of commencing the action, and that after the action is commenced, but not prosecuted, you should apply to have it dismissed for lack of prosecution. (2) If the title to the property is in the husband's name alone, we think that upon the death of the husband, the widow would be entitled to dower of one third for life in the property, and that in order to protect herself for the part of the purchase price she advanced, she should take from her husband a mortgage, note, or some other evidence of the indebtedness.

Miss N. H., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we think a young woman can marry without her parents' consent at eighteen years of age.

Mrs. D. D., Oregon.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the question as to whether you are legally entitled to support from your husband, depends somewhat upon the circumstances of your separation from him. (2) We do not think you will be entitled to dower, upon his death, in any of the

property not in his name until you have obtained a judgment or decree of some court of competent jurisdiction to the effect that the property belonged to him. (3) Upon your death we think he will have a life estate by curtesy in your real estate if he survives you.

Mrs. B. C. H., Michigan.—We think an injunction order might be procured against the young man to prevent his disposing of the pictures you mention. This would, however, be quite an expensive undertaking unless the annoyance became quite serious.

Mrs. H. E., Idaho.—We think that, under the laws of Kansas, if you have never been a resident of that state your husband can dispose of the land he owns there without your signature to the deed; otherwise not. We think the property could be sold for debt, without your consent.

Mrs. J. W. H., Missouri.—If the property was vested in the woman before her death, and she left no child and no will, we think the surviving husband would receive one half. We do not think his right of curtesy can be cut off by will.

Ben Dean, New York.—We are of the opinion, that, under a strict construction of the law, the executor and trustees under the will are the proper persons and are entitled to hold the deeds to the property, and collect the income thereof, after which they are bound and can be compelled to turn it over in accordance with the terms of the will.

T. A. J., Tennessee.—We are of the opinion, that a payment made as you mention would not bar B. from pleading the statute of limitation in an action brought for the recovery of the money, but we do think that in such an action, provided the plaintiff swore that he made a payment on account, the court would be apt to hold the payment was made rather than that A. simply made B. a present, as courts are rather inclined to subterfuges of this sort to beat a statute and the tendency is to rule against a plea of the statute of limitation whenever possible; however, much would depend on the evidence.

F. R., Iowa.—Depending upon other circumstances, we think it would be possible to have such a marriage annulled on the ground of fraud, but until annulled we think it would be binding. We think, however, the parties would be liable to punishment.

Gift of God

A Halloween Love Story

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

help arrived. When his father and the hired man bound the burglar securely, Howard's mother and sister, who had been awakened by this time, examined his wound, and discovered it was a mere scratch.

"Thank God!" his mother said reverently, when he was able to assure her that he was otherwise uninjured, and suddenly the young man felt a new light dawning. He caught his breath, then catching at his mother's hand, he whispered:

"Help me to thank Him, mother," and for the first time since he was a little boy, he knelt by his mother's side. Before he had breakfast the next morning, he went to Mr. Cloud, and told him the whole story, asking him if he thought he was converted.

"Of course, my boy. To some a realization of spiritual life comes slowly, to others it is the same blinding flash which changed Saul of Tarsus into St. Paul."

"It did come all at once. When my mother said that, 'thank God,' I suddenly knew that I thanked Him, and felt so mean and little beside the Mercy that spared me."

"Now, I am glad for you to marry Susie," Mr. Cloud said, warmly holding out his hand, and Howard clung to it, asking brokenly when he could be admitted into the church.

From the minister, utterly forgetting that he had had no breakfast, and disregarding his arm which was in a sling, Howard hurried to Susie. She met him at the door, with her little arguments ready prepared. She knew it was going to break her heart to dissolve the night-old engagement, but she was firmly resolved to do it, but when she saw his bandaged arm, she forgot everything, and throwing her arms about him, drew him into the house, eagerly asking him questions.

"And to think your life was spared!" she cried. Oh, Howard, can't you see the great mercy of God in it all?"

"Yes, dear, I can," he returned gently, "the life which was spared last night, Susie is going to be devoted to His service," and then he knew how much Susie had suffered by the light which dawned in her eyes.

Susie and he were married on Thanksgiving Day, and live in a beautiful little home in Mapledale. They are preparing for a big Halloween party this year in the church, but Susie's time is fully taken up with a little stranger who arrived at her home the fourth of October, and whom she calls Dora, which means "Gift of God."

DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

As the dinner concluded, John said to Mr. Carling: "Won't you go up to the smoking room with me for coffee? I like a bit of tobacco with mine, and I have some really good cigars and some cigarettes—if you prefer them—that I can vouch for."

As usual, when the unexpected was presented to his mind, Mr. Carling passed the perplexity on to his women-folk. At this time, however, his dinner and the two glasses of wine which Miss Blake had contrived that he should swallow had braced him up, and John's suggestion was so warmly seconded by the ladies that, after some feeble protest and misgivings, he yielded, and John carried him off.

"I hope it won't upset Julius," said Mrs. Carling doubtfully.

"It won't do anything of the sort," her sister replied. "He will get through the evening without worrying himself and you into fits, and, if Mr. Lenox succeeds, you won't see anything of him till ten o'clock or after, and not then, I hope. Mind, you're to be sound asleep when he comes in, and let him get to bed without any talk at all."

"Why do you say 'if Mr. Lenox succeeds'?" asked Mrs. Carling.

"It was his suggestion," Miss Blake answered. "We had been talking about Julius, and he finally told me he thought he would be the better of an occasional interval of masculine society, and I quite agreed with him. You know how much he enjoyed being with George Nollis, and how much like himself he appeared."

"That is true," said Mrs. Carling. "And you know that just as soon as he was alone again with us two women he began backsliding and filling as badly as ever. I believe Mr. Lenox is right, and that Julius is just petticoated to death between us."

"Did Mr. Lenox say that?" asked Mrs. Carling incredulously.

"No," said her sister, laughing, "he didn't make use of precisely that figure, but that was what he thought plainly enough."

"What do you think of Mr. Lenox?" said Mrs. Carling irrelevantly. "Do you like him? I thought that he looked at you very admiringly once or twice tonight," she added, with her eyes on her sister's face.

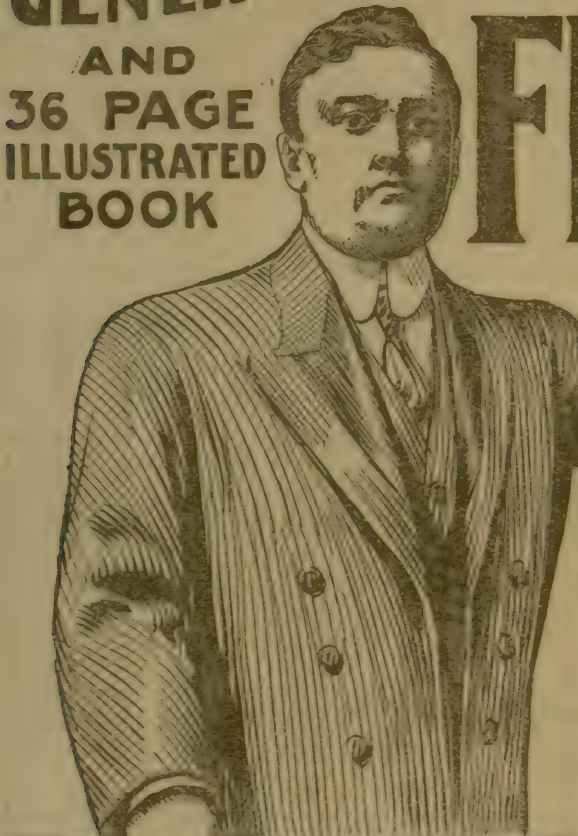
"Well," said Mary, with a petulant toss of the head, "except that I've had about an hour's talk with him, and that I knew him when we were children—at least when I was a child—he is a perfect stranger to me, and I do wish," she added in a tone of annoyance, "that you would give up that fad of yours, that every man who comes along is going to—to be a nuisance."

"He seems very pleasant," said Mrs. Carling, meekly ignoring her sister's reproach.

"Oh, yes," she replied indifferently, "he's pleasant enough. Let us go up and have a walk on deck. I want you to be sound asleep when Julius comes in."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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☐ If you belch up wind from the stomach.
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☐ If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
☐ If you have sparks floating before the eyes.
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☐ If you have itching or burning of the skin.
☐ If you have hot and cold flashes over the body.
☐ If you have boils & pimples on the face & on neck.
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X-RAY CATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket novelty. Every-body wants it. Apparently tell time or see finger through stone or wood. Used everywhere. 35 cts., stamps or coin. C. RANO CO., Box 542, Phila. Pa.

Be a Magician There's Money in It. Complete book tells you how you can give performing mysteries. Astonish your friends. By mail 25 cents. C. C. SMITH, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Solid Gold Ring Free

Write for 6 boxes Standard Blood Tablets to sell at 25 cts. each. We send Tablets postpaid and allow 30 days to sell them. When sold return \$1.50 and we send this genuine Solid Gold Band Ring.

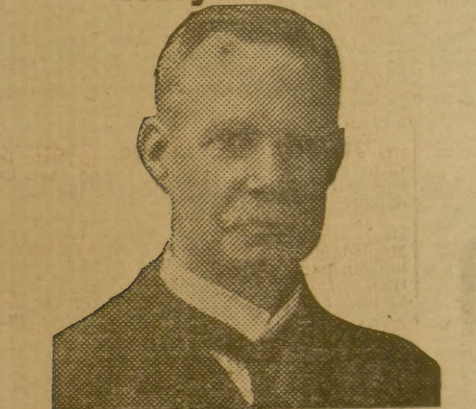
Standard Remedy Co., 5 Cortlandt St., Dept. 3, New York City.

FREE WATCH, RING FREE For Selling Post Cards. We give a famous black chief watch, stem wind and set, American movement, factory turned, guaranteed 5 years, also silver plated chain, for selling 20 packages of beautiful Art Post Cards, at 10 cents a package. Order to-day. When sold send us \$2 and we will positively send you the watch, ring and chain, FREE.

Crescent Card Co., Dept. 103, Chicago

I WAS A Heavy Drinker

Consumed quart of whiskey every 24 hours.



CURED IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my ring and chain, for selling 20 packages of whiskey, rum or gin daily. And some mixed drinks and beer additionally!

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloon-keepers, who cheerfully took my money for the vile poison.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyful message for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased, I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to alcoholism.

WONDERFUL

My cure lasted 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has no will power while drinking. I rejoiced greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous. During eight years I have personally attended to over 6000 men and women who were addicted to drink; the list includes very many persons not able in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. If I were permitted to mention names of those who have been saved through this quick, permanent cure the public would be astonished. They include senators, congressmen, public officials, great lawyers, bankers, clergymen, noted merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted managers and clerks, farmers and others in all vocations.

I tell about the secrets in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to cure the drunkard. I rejoice in every cure, each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for either steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night—or any other 72 hours!

Men or Women, Any Age, Quickly Cured. To relatives, friends or employers I say—if you want to cure a drinker in the quickest time and permanently with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—changes despair to joy.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who had wasted money on treatments or remedies which have no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Cut this out and keep it.

EDWARD J. WOODS,
534 Sixth Ave., 359 E New York, N. Y.

The Family Doctor

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

Reader, Abbeville, S. C.—You will have to determine for yourself what food you should eat, as what is one man's meat is another's poison. Generally speaking bread, potatoes, sugar, fats and water are flesh makers. Take milk instead of coffee and tea, and put sugar in it. Watch your diet so that you will not take into your stomach what you cannot digest easily, for the fat producing foods are rich and are not always digestible. Get as much rest as you can and don't work hard enough to turn what fat you do make into muscle.

E. E. M., Todd, Okla.—Your symptoms indicate that you have jaundice, which is not strictly a disease, but a symptom of many diseases. You should see a physician and have him prescribe a diet for you of such foods as are the easiest for you to digest, and you should drink no coffee or tea. We offer this merely as a suggestion. You must have a physician take charge of your case and bring you through it. A woman of twenty-three should be able to get the better of any ordinary illness and you can if you will follow capable advice. There is no economy in bad health. Pay the doctor and get well.

M. E. S., Auburn, Mich.—As your many doctors have tried all their medicines on the cankers in your mouth and failed, why don't you try what there is in dieting? Nobody can tell you what to eat, but if you will begin by starving yourself for several days, beginning when the cankers are giving you the most trouble—and then starting in with milk thoroughly insalivated by stirring around in the mouth before swallowing and adding eggs and solid foods gradually, you will see what the effect will be. By the way, when we say starving yourself, we mean taking nothing but water, which you may take in large quantities. As this is an experiment—many medicines are no more than that—you may be your own doctor and treat yourself according to your own ideas. Eleven years of suffering should be enough to warrant you in making almost any kind of an experiment, and this starving idea has lately been adopted very successfully by a good many people for various ailments, so you are not doing anything new and novel, except as it applies to yourself.

D. D., Pawnee Knob, Kans.—Take the tickling in your throat to a doctor and let him look in and see if it is not caused by a drooping palate. If it is, he can cure it in short order, and no medicine will do it. Also ask him about perspiring on one side of your face only, though we think that is more in your mind than in your body.

M. A. B., Merrill, Miss.—Eruptive diseases except those well known are due to so many causes that we hardly feel able to prescribe for them. They must be seen by the physician so that he can diagnose properly, and apply the remedy. The trouble evidently is not ordinary scabs, or itch, and requires the personal attention of a physician. We might ask if you have tried sulphur ointment? If not rub it into the feet and sleep with your stockings on to prevent scratching.

H. V. M., Camacks, Y. T., Canada.—Your headaches are no doubt the result of your weak eyes. You do not say that you have glasses for your nearsight, but if not, you should get them at once. If you have, you should have an oculist examine your eyes and tell you what to do. We do not know how far you live from an oculist or a physician who could tell you, but you had better go to him at any distance than lose your sight.

O. J., DeKalb, Miss.—You have such a complication and quantity of ailments that we pause and wonder how you manage to survive at all. As the regular physicians don't seem to be able to do anything for you, why don't you give up medicine and try mental treatment—Christian Science for example? That is the best prescription we can offer.

Sweet Clover, Centralia, Ill.—As your doctor, who seems to be a good one, has failed to cure your supposed hay fever, we do not feel like offering any medicine, but would suggest that you go out in Colorado, to Arizona and try that climate. You can get something to do out there to pay your expenses, and we think it will be well worth trying.

The Revolution and the Civil War

"Nobody has any wish not to give all glory to the war of the Revolution," said an old soldier, "but it wasn't in it a minute with the Civil War, as far as real war was concerned. First off there were only about 300,000 troops engaged as compared with 2,772,498 in the Federal armies. Though it lasted seven years only fifty-five fights took place, while in the four years of the Civil War there were 2,235 battles, or an average of nearly one every day, of some kind or another. The total number of killed during the entire Revolution was 1,735, which was less than our loss in killed, wounded and missing at the first battle of Bull Run. At the battle of the Brandywine our total loss was 1,300, while at Gettysburg it was over 23,000. Our loss in killed during the Civil War was over 67,000, and all losses reached the total of 349,944. Of course we were a good deal bigger country in 1865 than we were in 1775, but the Revolution wasn't so much of a war as some people think it was, though its results were something great, all right."

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

a 1,001 curious facts about Human Nature, read "Wonder Books" on the delicate subjects of LOVE, MARRIAGE, PARENTAGE, and HEALTH. Contain more truth, good sense, and valuable advice and information about SELF and SEX than obtainable for five times the price. 240 pages, 40 illus. Send for them TO-DAY and judge for yourself. Thought awakeners. Price 10c. by mail, postpaid. MURRAY HILL BOOK CO., 131 East 28th St., N. Y. CITY.

5 FINE POST CARDS FREE

Send only 2c. stamp and receive 5 colored Gold and Embossed Cards FREE, to introduce Post Card offer. Capital Card Co., Dept. 68, Topeka, Kan.

EASY CHILD BIRTH explained.

Book free. Address, Motherine Co., Dept. 4, Dayton, O.

Uncle Charlie's Poems

Sure cure for the blues. Uncle Charlie, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Solid Gold Wedding Ring

The genuine article. No sham, no substitute, this is a genuine Gold Ring, as such we advertise and guarantee it. Our illustration merely shows the general style, a wide, heavy band ring for either ladies or gentlemen, it is in proper size and style to-day. If you are about to be, or are married, and require a real wedding ring this is an unusual opportunity to procure the correct thing in a ring and at a reasonable cost. We fully and we unequivocally guarantee this Wedding Ring to be genuine solid gold, not rolled, plated or gold shell or other ingenious imitation. Your money back at any time, so don't go to storekeepers and pay enormous profits but avail yourself of our

Club Offer. For a club of only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these genuine Solid Gold Wedding Rings in a plush-lined ring box. Send your measurement. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Items of Interest

IRON DEPOSITS OF CANADA.—It is now practically known that iron ore is abundant in almost every province in Canada. Only eight iron mines are in operation, and only one of these is producing as much as 100,000 tons of ore in a year. New Foundland is very rich in iron ores and nearly 1,000,000 tons are raised annually, most of which are used in Canada. Deposits of huge quantity and high quality have also been proved in the east, and in Vancouver. Recent investigations conducted by the department of mines inspire the hope that Canada is as rich in iron and steel-making materials as the United States.

A DISCOVERY ON MOUNT BLANC.—Italian zoologists have a puzzle to solve owing to the discovery on Mt. Blanc of the body of a white bear. It was thought at first that the bear must have died some 300 years ago, and must have been preserved by the ice, since it has always been held that white bears vanished from the Alps three centuries ago. But it has since been demonstrated that the death could only have taken place a few days previous to discovery. As this would seem to show that there are still white bears in the Alps, expeditions are to be sent to test the theory.

CAN A MAN SWALLOW FORTY NAILS AND NOT DIE?—A man aged forty entered a Vienna hospital and asked that an operation should be performed on his stomach, as he had swallowed forty 2-inch nails for a bet. He is in a serious condition but the doctors have said that he has a slight chance to recover.

UNITED STATES TO ESTABLISH "LAUNDRY" TO WASH PAPER MONEY.—A laundry to wash paper money will be established in the Government Building in Cincinnati if new process proves successful. Uncle Sam is to be the proprietor, and while it is to be for the benefit of the public, the populace will not be allowed to wash its dirty linen there. If it is secured, it will be a unique enterprise and be the first of its kind to be regularly established in the United States and probably the first of its kind in the entire world. In fact the laundering will be done free to the general public. If the efforts of the United States Treasurer are successful, it will be established in the Subtreasury. His chief deputy has just returned from a trip through the East and while it is to be for the benefit of the public, the Treasury Department and there was shown a new process whereby it is intended to wash clean all dirty bills that are still capable of being placed in circulation.

TORNADO-PROOF HOUSE.—Residents of Kansas and other states in the cyclone belt who are forced to retire frequently to cyclone cellars, and then organize searching parties to find their homes when the storm has passed, will be pleased with the invention of a tornado-proof house. This is built in the form of a submarine or a dirigible balloon. From one end there is a vane, or tail which is designed to keep the other pointing in the direction of the wind, the house being mounted on a pivot at its center, and turns freely on a circular track.

SELF-TIPPING HAT.—One of the strongest of the scheme to lighten the world's work is a patent recently obtained by an ingenious person in Iowa. It is called the self-tipping hat, and is designed to save the popular person from the fatiguing labor of removing his hat every time he meets one of the fair sex with whom he is acquainted. "Much valuable energy is utilized in tipping the hat repeatedly," says the inventor. This invention is a novel device, in other words, for effecting polite salutations by the elevation and rotation of the hat on the head of the saluting party, when said person bows to the person saluted, the actuation of the hat being produced by mechanism within it, and without the use of the hands in any manner.

AGENTS New invention; never before sold in your territory; horse owners wild about them; automatic fastener sells at sight; coin money; a fortune in your territory; free sample to workers; write at once. Automatic Fastener Co., 61123, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Good For \$1.00

Sign and mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Co., Dept. 1056 Jackson, Mich.

Name

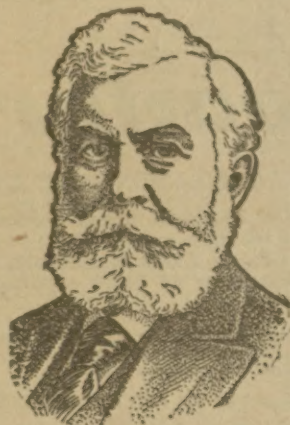
Address

By return mail you'll get a \$1 pair of Magic Drafts To Try Free, as explained below.

IF YOU HAVE

RHEUMATISM

write your name and address plainly on the above coupon and mail to us. Return post will bring you, prepaid, a regular \$1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan External Cure for Rheumatism of every kind—chronic or acute—muscular, sciatic, lumbago or gout. Then after you try them, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. You decide and we take your word.



FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Magic Foot Drafts are curing old chronic cases of 30 and 40 years standing, after everything else had failed, as well as all the milder stages. We have the evidence to prove all our claims. It must be plain that we couldn't send the drafts out everywhere as we do on approval if they didn't cure. We want every sufferer to try them, so send us your full address on the coupon today. Our valuable illustrated Book on Rheumatism comes free with the trial Drafts. Send no money—only the coupon.

SMALLEST BABY EVER BORN.—Alice, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baner of New York, was one of the smallest babies ever born. At her birth she weighed two and one half pounds, but in every other way was perfectly normal and is now said by her nurse to be one of the healthiest babies she has ever seen. There are two other children in the Baner family, a boy and a girl, and when they were born they weighed from ten to twelve pounds each.

I Guarantee to Cure

ECZEMA

TO STAY CURED!

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID. My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc. SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

MY BOOK

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY

636 Park Square

Sedalia, Mo.

Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK

200-210 State Street, Sedalia, Mo. Jan. 3-1910.

TO SHOW IT MAY CONCERN:

Dr. Cannaday, of our city is a physician, making a specialty of ECZEMA. He has handled his business exclusively for one year and eighty four days. His patients deposit their money with him, in their own BANK, to be paid to the doctor, if his treatment is satisfactory. If we remember correctly, we have been called upon by only FOUR of his patients for their own money, and it seemed then, that the fault was more with the Express Companies than with the treatment failing.

Considering the number of cases he treats, we regard his success as remarkable. We consider him perfectly reliable, and assure these placing their money with us a fair, square, business deal.

Yours truly,

Dr. J. E. Cannaday,

636 Park Square

Sedalia, - Mo.

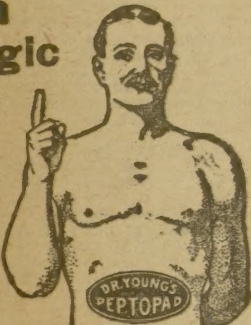
Please send without cost to me prepaid Free trial treatment, also copy of your Free Book.

Name

Address

Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

to
**Every
Man
or
Woman**



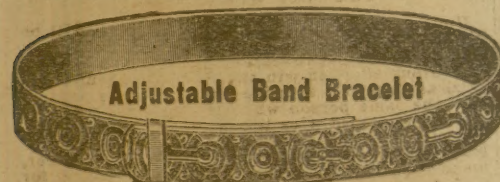
Moving Picture Machine

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SO EASY TO EARN

BOYS AND GIRLS, send us your full name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you postage paid, on credit, **two boxes Wonder Healing Ointment and Complexion Cream** to dispose of among your friends at 25 cents a box. When sold, send us the \$3.00 and we will forward the **New Model Moving Picture Machine Outfit, complete with extra films, glass Slides etc.** Write us at once for two boxes **Golden**. We trust you. Address,

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56 Thompson Building, Bridgewater, Conn.



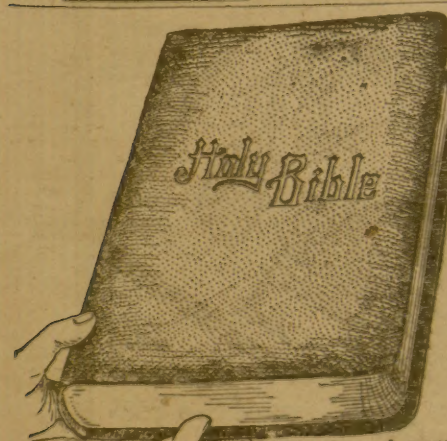
for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

Send us only one new fifteen-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of Club Offer, these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for a renewal.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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For a Club of Five.

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is the thorough manner in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded covers are the same as in **FULL MOROCCO BIBLES** costing \$10.00 each. Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big Bible by express. we offer the **FAMILY BIBLE** elsewhere. This small Bible is for the family use, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

OUR OFFER. We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift only for 15 mo. subscribers to this magazine at 25 cents each, delivered post-paid to your home. Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a faded but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send three trial ten-cent six-months subscriptions to COMFORT, and 50 cents for same. We will send you a very fine First Card Album free of charge, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

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We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT if cash request printed; so in sending your notice of insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making an additional 25-cent 15-months notice is required, so that an additional 25-cent 15-months notice is required for every seven words.

George Coulter, brown eyes and hair. Last heard from at Red Lodge, Mont. Please write Mrs. Leah Coulter, Muscatine, E. B. C. Iowa.

Information of Joseph and William Elder, age twenty-six and thirty-two. Last heard from in California and Washington. James T. Elder, Forbes, Mo.

Frank P. Phillips, Emerson, Neb. would like to hear from any of his relatives, also an uncle, Sam A. Morey, last heard of in Wash. Mrs. F. P. Phillips, Emerson, Neb.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Fred Patnaud, mechanic by trade, lame in right leg. Last heard of in Springfield, Mass., write to Mrs. Mary Patnaud, North Ave., Washington, Vt.

My brother was a volunteer soldier, died at Saver-ton, Mo. If any of his brothers read this please write to Ida Hardy, Box 163, Williams, Mo.

with condensed almanac and weather predictions, and beautifully embellished with a charming picture lithographed in ten colors from original paintings.

Dainty and Decorative

will be sent free, while our supply lasts, to each and every new subscriber and to all old subscribers who renew their subscriptions promptly.

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years;** meaning, the gold finish is durable.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for them. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical purposes, for everyday use they are no better timekeepers. We know, too, that no watch is perfect, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we will give with every one a guarantee, just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service. We will give you a watch if you will send us a subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for the sake of the paper, but to get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT. A valuable watch, if you reward you for it. You can easily get COMFORT at our special subscription price of 25 cents for 12 months. Do this, sending us the money, with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will give you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what COMFORT can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get 5 subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

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After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a **COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE**, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; it is a **thoroughly complete Bible**, consisting of **over 850 pages**, with **nine colors** and a **soft binding**, **half padded**, **round corners**, **finished with red edges**, is **five and a half inches long**, **three and a half inches wide** and **nearly an inch thick**, weighing **half a pound**. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. It is a **Sunday School workers' teachers and students' or for a convenient** **pocket Bible**, it is an unequal opportunity to secure a **little Bible** at a **low price**. By co-operating with a **Bible maker and a Bindery**, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give it to our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their loved ones, thus giving knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen will produce these Bibles in quantities made in the **best order of workmanship**. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in **color and every detail**; and what will please you most is in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded **FULL MOROCCO BIBLES** costing **\$10.00 each**. This Bible expecting to receive a great, big book for express. This small Bible for the same purpose, but is more can receive second orders from those who send for one of these in proposition below.

of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift only four
magazine at 25 cents each, delivered post-paid to you
address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine**

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any willing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the most common ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and, if you are not satisfied, I will refund you anything. Write at once to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cure woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to the credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Dysmenorrhoea, Menstrual Disturbance, Inflammation, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 80-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once, and I will send you this remedy absolutely free by registered mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cure that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. I will be glad to place an actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 80-cent box of this remedy absolutely free.

Address: **MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box A21, Joliet, Ill.**



THE ANCIENT CODE OF SECRET WRITING

Learn this Code and you can decipher the sentence herewith shown
You take the alphabet and arrange it as follows:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z	S T U V W X Y Z
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and the portion of the straight line that encloses the letters represents the message. The above code was adopted to represent a fact. This is a great code for those to use who want to keep their secrets safe from being read by a third party, should it be lost or go astray. An example of how to bring your own message into cipher as you might on first glance suppose, are the characters taken from our great Ancient Code to communicate with your friends what you have written.

Code of secret writing, which enables you to send your friends without danger of discovery a PUZZLE—the best you have ever seen. \$425.00 REWARD FOR WORKING IT. Can you find out what sentence is above represented. It will pay you to work it out. All you have to do is to learn the secret code. Get your friends to help you if you cannot do it yourself. Some one will get the \$425, why not you? The above secret sign writing makes a sentence which we will pay you to work out. \$425 PRIZE will surely be paid without quibble or fail and if you have any use for money, you should not pass this by. You might just as well win the gold prize as make a mistake. Write out your answer at once, enclosing 25 cents for postage the next day. To the person who correctly reads the above sentence, we will pay \$425. If there is more than one correct answer, we will divide the prize between the contestants. Every correct answer gets the prize. Do not miss this chance. Everyday life contains only 25 cents and correct answers are everywhere.

EVERYDAY LIFE, SEPT. 18, CHICAGO,

It is Unsightly, Uncomfortable, Spoils the Figure, Causing Wrinkles, Flabbiness and Loss of Vigor.

**Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free;
you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.**



Note what my treatment has done for others; it can do the same for you.

Lost 115 Pounds. Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, Lehigh, Iowa, writes: "When I began your treatment I weighed 285 lbs. I now weigh 170 lbs. and never feel better in my life. My bust measure is reduced from 54 inches to 46 inches. It is just what I needed."

Lost 60 Pounds. M. E. Kling, 5434 Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes: "By the Dr. Bradford Method, I reduced 55 lbs. in 8 years ago haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."

Lost 112 Pounds. W. G. Newburn, Contact, Nev., writes: "I have lost 112 lbs. am wonderfully benefited in heart and general health. Give me your treatment."

Lost 26 Pounds. Mrs. J. H. Woodbridge, Galena, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved, have lost 26 lbs. Friends amazed."

Many other testimonials from well known persons will be mailed you FREE PROOF TREATMENT.

I would like to send this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable, and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, kidneys, bladder, bowels, and stomach are all cramped and hindered.

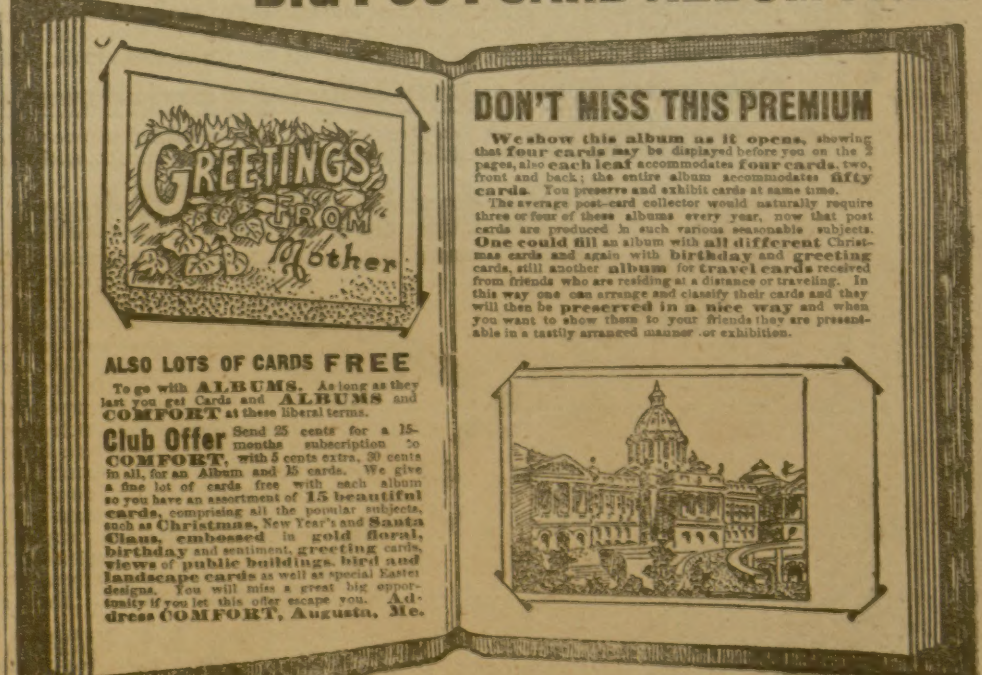
Dr. Bradford is a diplomated, practising physician, famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment of the breathing becomes difficult and the end comes in heart FAILURE and death. You can save yourself from these DANGERS.

I want to prove to you that my treatment will positively reduce you to normal and no matter where the excess fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, it will quit and quickly be reduced without exercising or dieting. Your figure will be beautified; flabbiness and wrinkles disappear. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, indigestion, and all ailments will be sent you without a cent of expense on your part, my PROOF TREATMENT FREE. It reduces fat at the rate of a pound a day and does it safely and permanently.

Don't wait this free, MY PROOF TREATMENT is FREE. It will make you feel better at once. I will also send you Free my new book of advice, together with testimonials from many well known people. Write to-day, Dr. A. C. Bradford, 277 Broadway, N. Y., 277 Broadway, 20 East 22nd Street, New York.

Yours truly, Dr. Bradford is a diplomated, practising physician, famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment

THIS BIG POST CARD ALBUM FREE



Current Events

GOLD DISCOVERED IN LOUISIANA.—Reports of discoveries of gold in Louisiana have caused great excitement and a company has been formed for the purpose of looking into the finds and ascertaining the extent of the deposits with a view of development if feasible.

AMERICA'S HIGHEST DAM.—The highest dam in America will be the barrier now under construction in the state of Wyoming in connection of the Shoshone project. The dam will rise no less than 310 feet above its foundation, and so narrow is the canyon that the masonry will measure only 175 feet along its crest. Here as at the Roosevelt dam, it will be necessary to cut a road many miles in length out of the solid rock in order to gain access to the site. The dam will provide a reservoir with a storage capacity of 456,000 acre-feet, and by 1911 enough water will be available on over 100,000 acres of land. The dam will regulate the flow of water and thirty miles below the dam the stream will be turned into a tunnel three and a quarter miles in length which will conduct it by a large canal into the district to be irrigated. This will be thirteen feet higher than the famous Croton Dam. A great benefit will be derived from the dam by the many Western farmers.

A MAGNETIC ISLAND.—Borholm, an island in

the Baltic Sea, 90 miles east of Sjælland, is formed of magnetic rocks. They so affect the compass that navigators, when in their vicinity, have to rely on stationary objects for steering guides. One submerged rock is so charged with magnetism that the compass on a vessel passing over it dips perpendicularly downward.

ALASKA ONE BIG MONEY BOX.—A table of statistics show Alaska's wealth to be anywhere from fifteen billion dollars to a trillion and a half. It has been discovered that only 20 per cent. of Alaska has been surveyed at all. Survey in detail has covered less than one per cent. of the territory. As for gold mining there is only one deep gold mine being worked in Alaska. As for copper, this one item alone will some day make a big crop of Alaskan millionaires. There are thousands of tons of other minerals. There is also petroleum, tin, lead, iron and silver.

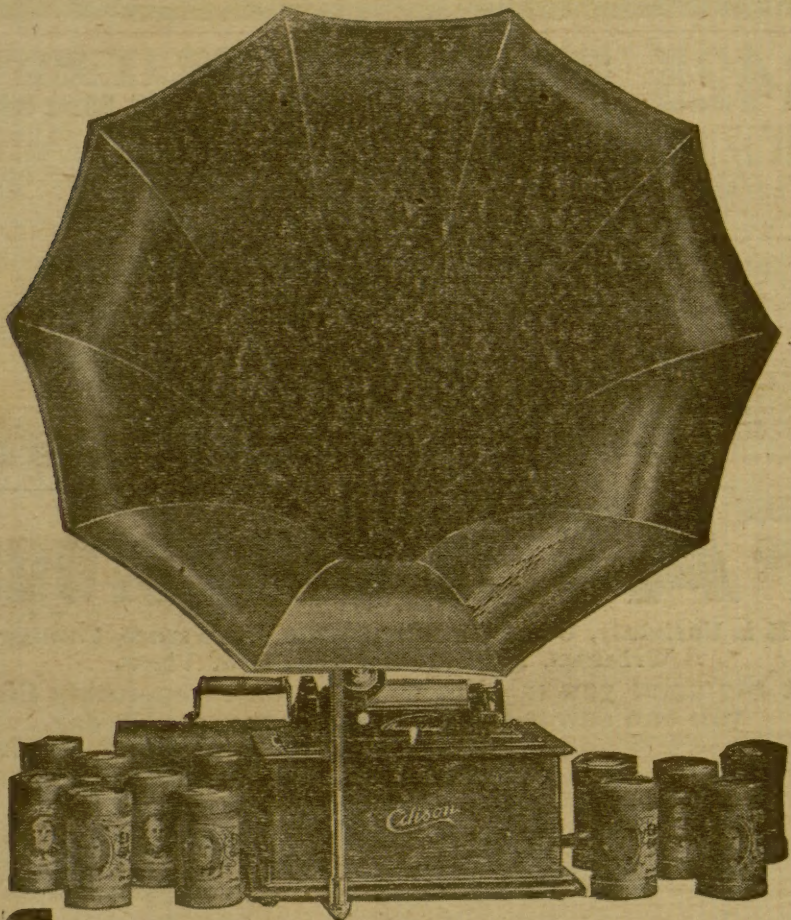
PATHOS OF OLD LETTERS.—In an unlighted corner of the attic, of the house of Representatives, covered with dust and yellow and falling to pieces with age, the house committee on accounts has rescued a large number of letters and documents of the early republic days, which are of the greatest historic value. Among them are letters from Washington, Jefferson, LaFayette and two from Martha Washington and Mary Lincoln.

THE PANAMA CANAL.—This canal was first

given the right to build by some French capitalists, who after having spent a considerable amount of money and then not having succeeded in building the canal finally gave up and sold their rights to the United States Government. The United States Government is now trying to build the canal and have some of the finest and most successful engineers that can be obtained on its construction. The canal will be about 50 miles in length from deep water in the Caribbean Sea to deep water in the Pacific Ocean. The distance from deep water to the shore line in Limon Bay is about four and one half miles, and from the Pacific Ocean's shore line to deep water is about five miles; hence the length of the canal from shore to shore will be 40½ miles. The bottom width of the canal will vary from 200 feet in Culebra Cut to an indefinite width in the deep waters of the lakes. The approaches from deep water to land on both sides of the canal are to be 500 feet wide, and the cuts in the shallow parts of the lakes are to be from 500 to 1000 feet wide. The depth will be 41 feet. Its summit elevation will be 85 feet above the sea, to be reached by a flight of three locks located at Gatun, on the Atlantic side, and by one lock at Pedro Miguel and a flight of two at Miraflores, on the Pacific side; all these locks to be in duplicate. Each to have a length of a thousand feet and a width of 110 feet. The summit level will be maintained by a large dam at Gatun and a small one at Pedro

Miguel, making the great Gatun Lake, which will have an area of 165 square miles. A small lake about two miles in area, with a surface elevation of 55 feet, will be formed on the Pacific side. The valley of the Rio Grande being closed by a small dam and the locks at Miraflores. The total disbursements of the United States Government on account of the canal to June 30, 1909, were \$137,709,230.82. There were about 45,000 men at work on the canal and the future work planned for the Panama Canal diggers will require the use of ten thousand tons of dynamite.

HEART-BEATS MAY BE HEARD MILES AWAY.—New Electrical Stethoscope is exhibited before crowded meeting of Physicians in London. The Stethoscope is such an invention that heart-beats are heard with such intensity that they can be transmitted for more than 100 miles over an ordinary telephone. At a recent experimental test of the stethoscope, Prof. Milne and four physicians on the Isle of Wight listened over the ordinary telephone to heart-beats of a lady in Kensington. The apparatus by itself reproduces the sound of the heart-beats three times as loud as the ordinary stethoscope. By attaching to the wires of the transformer his telephone relay (a new invention for magnifying the very feeblest telephone currents), sounds are heard through the electric stethoscope 60 times as loud as the ordinary instrument.



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I want you to get this free outfit—the masterpiece of Mr. Edison's skill—in your home. I want you to see and hear Mr. Edison's final and greatest improvement in phonographs. I want to convince you of its wonderful superiority. Give a free concert; give a free minstrel show, music, dances, the old fashioned hymns, grand opera, comic opera—all this I want you to hear free of charge—all in your own home—on this free loan offer.

MY REASON—My reason for this free loan offer, this extra liberal offer on the finest talking machine ever made—see below.

MR. EDISON Says: "I Want to see a Phonograph in every American Home."

The Phonograph is the result of years of experiment; it is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He realizes fully its value as an entertainer and educator; for the phonograph brings the pleasure of the city right to the village and the farm home. Now, the new Fireside Edison Phonograph of our outfit No. 9, 1911 Model, is the latest and greatest improved talking machine made by this great inventor. Everybody should hear it; everybody must hear it. If you have only heard other talking machines before, you cannot imagine what beautiful music you can get from the outfit No. 9. This new machine is just out and has never been heard around the country. We want to convince you; we want to prove to you that this outfit is far, far superior to anything ever heard before. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

My Reason

I don't want you to buy it—I don't ask you to buy anything. But I do feel that if I can send you this great phonograph and convince you of its merits, of its superiority, you will be glad to invite your neighbors and friends to your house to let them hear the free concert. Then, perhaps, one or more of your friends will be glad to buy one of these great outfits No. 9. You can tell your friends that they can get an Edison Phonograph outfit complete with records for only \$2.00 a month—\$2.00 a month—the easiest possible payment and, at the same time, a rock-bottom price. Perhaps you, yourself, would want a Phonograph, and if you ever intend to get a phonograph, now is the chance to get the brand new and most wonderful phonograph ever made, and on a most wonderfully liberal offer. But if neither you nor your friends want the machine, that is O. K.; I simply want you to have it on a free loan, and perhaps somebody who heard the machine will buy one later. I am glad to send it on a free loan offer anyway. I will take it as a favor if you will send me your name and address so I can send you the catalog—then you can decide whether you want the free loan. There are no strings on this offer, absolutely none. It is a free loan that is all. I ask not for one cent of your money, I only say if any of your people want to buy a phonograph, they may get one for \$2.00 a month, if they want it.

Now, remember, nobody asks for a cent of your money

his home cheerful and his family entertained, every good father, every good husband, to write and get these free concerts for his home. Remember, the loan is absolutely free from us, and we do not even charge you anything C. O. D.

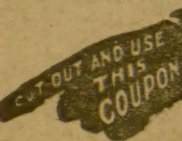
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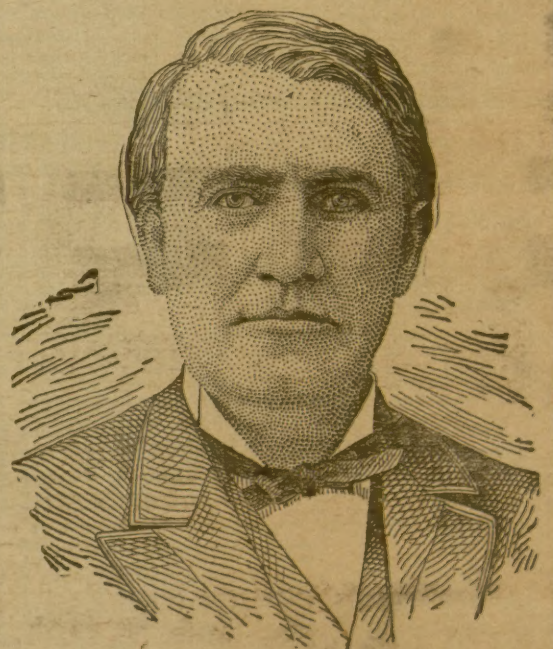
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